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St. Nicholas

Mary Mapes Dodge

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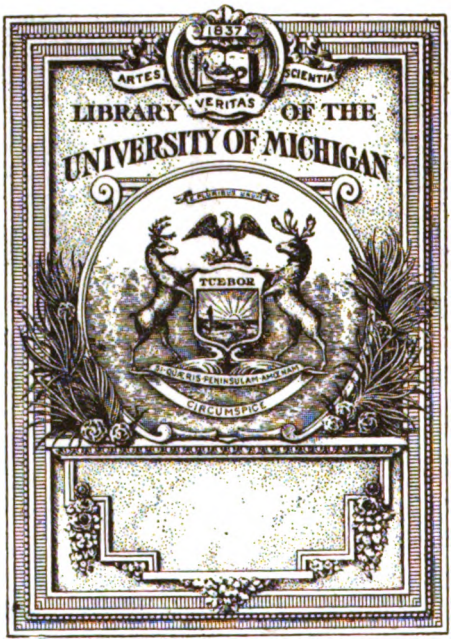

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JOHANNA SEBUS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. MAY, 1874. No. 7.

JOHANNA SEBUS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THE poet Goethe tells a sad and beautiful story —and it is the more sad and beautiful because it is true—of a young girl, Johanna Sebus, who, in the year 1809, when the sea broke down the dykes and overflowed her native village, proved herself worthy of a great poet's song.

Johanna, or Joanna, as we would call her, was only seventeen years old, but no one in the village had the noble spirit and quiet courage of this strong, true-hearted girl.

When the waters rose around the houses, and the waves washed up to the very door-steps, Johanna knew that there was no longer safety, excepting on the high grounds near the village. But how were they to reach those high grounds? The water was nearly knee-deep and rising every moment. The roaring and surging of the waves and the wind was heard in every direction, and the dyke was giving way, piece by piece, before the rushing flood. Every moment the danger increased. There was no time to hesitate.

Johanna's mother, an aged woman, could not force her way through those raging waves. But Johanna was tall and strong. She took her old mother in her arms and stepped boldly into the water. The waves dashed against her, but she pressed on. Her neighbors, a mother and three children, seeing her leave them, were seized with a sudden terror. Not until this moment did they know how much they depended on the brave Johanna, the only person to whom they could look for counsel or help in this hour of peril.

After a word or two of encouragement to her mother, who trembled as she saw the waters boiling beneath her,—so terribly near to her, Johanna turned to her neighbors and called to them to fly to the hill close by, which was yet dry, and would afford them safety for a time, and assured them that she would return to them as soon as she had placed her mother on the high ground. "And my poor goat," she cried, as she heard her favorite bleating after her; "take him with you. Don't leave him to die."

As soon as she reached a place of safety, Johanna set her mother upon the ground, and, without a moment's pause, turned around to hurry back through the ever-deepening water. Her old mother cried out:

"Oh! where are you going? The path is washed away! Oh, my daughter! will you go into that dreadful flood again?"

"Mother, they must be saved!" said Johanna, as she plunged into the water, by this time more than knee-deep.

The dyke was now on the point of giving away entirely. A hill of water seemed roaring and foaming towards the village.

But Johanna pressed on over the path which she knew so well, although it was now covered with water. The waves dashed against her, almost knocking her down, and drenching her from head to foot. At last she reached the little hill where she had left her neighbors. But almost at this moment the dyke gave way; a mad deluge rushed in, sweeping over everything before it, and around the little hill soon boiled a turbulent sea, rising above its highest point.

As the great waves roll over the ground on which they stand, clinging in terror to each other, Johanna's poor neighbor and her children cannot

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keep their foothold. They are washed away, and disappear beneath the raging flood. As they sink, one of the children seizes the goat by one horn and drags him down. Thus, all but Johanna are lost.

Johanna stands alone, still firm and strong, but the waters are rising and rising around her.

Who is there now to save this noble girl? She has many friends and many lovers, but no one of them comes to her now. Nothing comes to her but the salt, angry waves. Nowhere can she see even a boat.

She casts one look up to heaven, and then the waters surge fiercely against her, and she is gone!

Now nothing is to be seen where the village stood but a wild waste of waters, with here and there a steeple or a tree rising up above the flood.

But as the survivors gaze upon the wide-spread desolation, the thought of the brave and beautiful girl who gave her life for others throws a deeper gloom upon the mournful scene.

And even when the waters subside and the land reappears, no one who knew Johanna can be glad. They weep for her and cannot forget her.

This is a sad story of a noble girl. Only those who have read it as Goethe so tenderly and dramatically tells it in his poem, "Johanna Sebus," can appreciate its true pathos and force.

ALL ABOUT BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ALL of our young readers like to play Blind Man's Buff, when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But everyone may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses, before it became the favorite holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind Man's Buff is one of the sports that came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege,—one of the fair provinces of France, in the prosperous days of Robert the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hugues Capet, in the year 996.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegeois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not "head-hitter," of course; but the poetical designation, *Maillard*, or Jean Colin of the *Mallet*.

Feuds were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him.

We cannot say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but, as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight. There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such fearful execution that his enemies fell around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

"But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt
Such blows as never foemen felt;
To shun them, were in vain.
This way they fled, and that they run;
But, of an hundred men, not one
Ere saw the light again."

Robert the Devout, of France, whose troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his

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contest with Count de Louvain for the pleasure of the court. The court were delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now. The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blindfolded and given a stick; and thus Blind Man's Buff soon became the popular diversion of the young in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of *Colin Maillard*. This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

"The king repeated oft the play;
The children followed, day by day,
In merriment, as rough.
And to this time do sportive feet
Young Robert's pantomime repeat—
The play of *Blind Man's Buff*."

The plays of Blind Man's Buff are numerous, each country having some games which had their origin in the exploit of Colin Maillard. Besides the rough play that we have described, the French have a refined and delightful parlor play, which is a variation of *Colin Maillard*, and which is called *Portraits a la Silhouette*.

In this play, "Colin," who is usually a girl, has not her eyes bandaged, but on the contrary, has need of all her powers of penetration. A large white sheet is hung from the ceiling, as though for the performance of shadow pantomimes, and the person selected to represent Colin Maillard takes her place before it in such a manner that her own shadow may not fall upon the cloth. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a single candle, which is placed on a stand or table at some little distance behind "Colin." The players, one after another, pass between "Colin" and the stand or table on which the lighted candle is placed, each one, of course, intercepting the light and casting a grotesque shadow on the cloth. Each player, on passing before the light, endeavors to change as much as possible her ordinary appearance. It is the office of "Colin" to name the shadows as they pass, her mistakes, of course, being received with shouts of laughter. For each correct guess "Colin"

"THE PLAY OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

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may exact a forfeit. Another parlor game of *Colin Maillard* is played as follows:

The company form a circle, with "Colin" in the midst,—her eyes having been carefully bandaged. "Colin" walks around the circle, and sits down on the knee of one of her companions. If "Colin" guesses correctly on whose lap she is seated, the detected person must pay a forfeit, and take "Colin's" place. The principal amusement in this play arises from the stratagems by which the players deceive "Colin" in respect to their identity.

The old English games of Blind Man's Buff, associated with the halls of the barons, the mistletoe and the yule log are well known.

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

Blind Man's Buff in England is a game of the Christmas holidays, which last from Christmas eve to Twelfth Night. Some of the varieties of the English game are quite amusing; among them the *Blind Man's Wand.*

In this play the blind man carries a cane, which he points in every direction. The person whom he happens to touch must do three things at the command of the blind man, and from his manner of doing these things the blind man tries to guess who the person is. If he guess rightly he may exact a forfeit, or require the detected person to take his place.

Another game of Blind Man's Buff is played by arranging the players around the sides of the room, a few feet apart. Each player in turn must speak the name of the blind man, who must start from the centre of the room, and, guided by the sound, endeavor to go directly to the person whose voice he has heard. The speaker must not change his position, and if caught must pay a forfeit.

A really good game is almost certain to outlive the national customs of the age in which it had its origin. The rude gladiatorial contests are things of the far past; but the children of to-day play "Tag" and "Hide and Seek," as in the best days of Greece and Rome.

The old Highlander's game of "Golf" is known in our cities under the name of *Shinny*; and Blind Man's Buff is as popular to-day as when Colin Maillard's deeds were celebrated in the fair provinces of France and "merrie Normandy," or in the gay succession of festive holidays in the old halls of the English barons.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XV. *(Continued.)*

THINK," said Harry, "that we have now about all the officers we want, excepting, of course, an Engineer, and I shall be Engineer; for I have planned out the whole thing already."

"I did n't know there was to be an engine," said Kate.

"Engine!" exclaimed Harry, laughing. "That's a good one! I don't mean an engineer of a steam-engine. What we want is a Civil Engineer; a man who lays out railroad lines and roads and all that kind of thing. I 'm not right sure that a Civil Engineer does plan out telegraph lines; but it don't make any difference what we call the officer. He 'll have to attend to putting up the line."

"And do you think you can do it?" said Kate. "I should suppose it would be a good deal harder to be Engineer than to be President."

"Yes, I suppose it will; but I 've studied the matter. I 've watched the men putting up new wires at Hetertown, and Mr. Lyons told me all he knew about it. It 's easy enough. Very different from building a railroad."

"It must be a good deal safer to build a railroad, though," said Kate. "You don't have to go so high up in the air."

"You 're a little goose," said Harry, laughing at her again.

"No, I 'm not," said Kate. "I 'm Treasurer and Secretary of the —— What shall we call the company, Harry? It ought to have a name."

"Certainly it ought," said her brother. "How

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would 'The Mica Mine Telegraph Company' —— No, that would n't do at all. It is n't theirs. It 's ours."

"Call it 'The Loudon Telegraph Company,'" said Kate.

"That would be nearer the thing, but it would n't be very modest, though people often do call their companies after their own names. What do you think of 'The Akeville and Hetertown Company?'"

"But it won't go to either of those places," said Kate. "It will only cross the creek."

"All right!" exclaimed Harry. "Let 's call it 'The Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.'"

"Good!" said Kate. "That 's the very name."

So the company was named.

"Now," said Kate, "we 've got all the head officers and the name; what do we want next?"

"We want a good many other things," said Harry. "I suppose we ought to have a Board of Directors."

"Shall we be in that?" asked Kate.

Harry considered this question before answering it. "I think the President ought to be in it," he said, "but I don't know about the Secretary and Treasurer. I think they are not generally Directors."

"Well," said Kate, with a little sigh, "I don't mind."

"You can be, if you want to," said Harry. "Wait until we get the Board organized, and I 'll talk to the other fellows about it."

"Are they going to be all boys?" asked Kate, quickly.

"I reckon so," said Harry. "We don't want any men in our Board. They 'd be ordering us about and doing everything themselves."

"I did n't mean that. Will there be any girls?"

"No," said Harry, a little contemptuously, it is to be feared. "There is n't a girl in the village who knows anything about telegraph lines, except you."

"Well, if it 's to be all boys, I don't believe I would care to belong to the Board," said Kate. "But who are we going to have?"

This selection of the members of the Board of Directors seemed a little difficult at first, but as there were so few boys to choose from it was settled in quite a short time.

Tom Selden, Harvey Davis, George Purvis, Dr. Price's youngest son, Brandeth, and Wilson Ogden, were chosen, and these, with the addition of Harry, made up the Board of Directors of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.

"Well," said Kate, as the council arose and adjourned, "I hope we 'll settle the rest of our business as easily as we have settled this part."

CHAPTER XVI.

COMPANY BUSINESS.

AFTER the selection of the Directors, all of whom accepted their appointments with great readiness, although, with the exception of Tom Selden, none of them had known anything about the company until informed by Harry of their connection with its management, it remained only to get subscriptions to the capital stock, and then the construction of the line might immediately begin.

Harry and Kate made out a statement of the probable expense, and a very good statement it was, for, as Harry had said, he had thoroughly studied up the matter, aided by the counsel of Mr. Lyons, the operator at Hetertown.

This statement, with the probable profits and the great advantages of such a line, was written out by Harry, and the Secretary, considering all clerical work to be her especial business, made six fair copies, one of which was delivered to each of the Board of Directors, who undertook to solicit subscriptions.

A brief constitution was drawn up, and by a clause in this instrument, one-quarter of the profits were to go to the stockholders and the rest to Aunt Matilda.

The mica mine men, when visited by Harry, who carried a letter from his father, at first gave the subject but little consideration, but after they found how earnest Harry was in regard to the matter and how thoroughly he had studied up the subject, theoretically and practically, under the tuition of his friend, Mr. Lyons, they began to think that possibly the scheme might prove of advantage to them.

After a good deal of talk,—enough to have settled much more important business,—they agreed to take stock in the telegraph company, provided Harry and his Board purchased first-class instruments and appliances.

Their idea in insisting upon this was the suggestion of their manager, that if the boys failed in their project they might get possession of the line and work it themselves. Consequently, with a view both to the present success of the association and their own possible acquisition of the line, they insisted on first-class instruments.

This determination discouraged Harry and his friends, for they had not calculated upon making the comparatively large expenditures necessary to procure these first-class instruments.

They had thought to buy some cheap, but effective apparatus of which they had heard, and which, for amateur purposes, answered very well.

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But when the mica mine officers agreed to contribute a sum in proportion to the increased capital demanded, Harry became quite hopeful, and the other members of the Board agreed that they had better work harder and do the thing right while they were about it.

The capital of the company was fixed at one hundred and fifty dollars, and to this the mica mine people agreed to subscribe fifty dollars. They also gave a written promise to give all the business of that kind that they might have for a year from date, to Harry and his associates, provided that the telegraphic service should always be performed promptly and to their satisfaction.

A contract, fixing rates, &c., was drawn up, and Harry, the Directors, the Secretary and the Treasurer, all and severally signed it. This was not actually necessary, but these officers, quite naturally, were desirous of doing all the signing that came in their way.

Private subscriptions came in more slowly. Mr. Loudon gave fifteen dollars, and Dr. Price contributed ten, as his son was a Director. Old Mr. Truly Matthews subscribed five dollars, and hoped that he should see his money back again; but if he did n't, he supposed it would help to keep the boys out of mischief. Small sums were contributed by other persons in the village and neighborhood, each of whom was furnished with a certificate of stock proportioned to the amount of the investment.

There were fifty shares issued, of three dollars each; and Miss Jane Davis, who subscribed one dollar and a-quarter, got five-twelfths of a share. The members of the Board, collectively, put in thirty dollars.

The majority of the shareholders considered their money as a donation to a good cause, for, of course, it was known that Aunt Matilda's support was the object of the whole business; but some hoped to make something out of it, and others contributed out of curiosity to see what sort of a telegraph the company would build, and how it would work.

It was urged by some wise people that if this money had been contributed directly to Aunt Matilda, it would have been of much more service to her; but other people, equally wise, said, that in that case, the money could never have been raised.

The colored people, old and young, took a great interest in the matter, and some of them took parts of shares, which was better. Even John William Webster took seventy-five cents' worth of stock.

The most astonishing subscription was one from Aunt Matilda herself. One day she handed to Kate a ten cent piece,—silver, old style,—and desired that that might be put into the company for her. Where she got it, nobody knew, but she had it, and she put it in.

Explanations were of no use. The fact of the whole business being for her benefit made no impression on her. She wanted a share in the company, and was proud of her one-thirtieth part of a share.

Taking them as a whole, the Board of Directors appeared to have been very well chosen. Tom

A SHAREHOLDER.

Selden was a good fellow and a firm friend of Harry and Kate. They might always reckon upon his support, although he had the fault, when matters seemed a little undecided, of giving his advice at great length. But when a thing was agreed upon he went to work without a word.

Harvey Davis was a large, blue-eyed boy, very quiet, with yellow hair. He was one of the best scholars in the Akeville school, and could throw a stone over the highest oak-tree by the church—something no other boy in the village could do. He made an admirable Director.

Dr. Price's son, Brandeth, and Wilson Ogden, lived some miles from the village, and sometimes one or the other of them did not get to a meeting of the Board until the business before it had been dispatched. But they always attended punctually if there was a horse or a mule to be had in time, and made no trouble when they came.

George Purvis lived just outside of the village. He was a tall fellow with a little head. His father had been in the Legislature, and George was a great fellow to talk, and he was full of new ideas. If Harry and Kate had not worked out so thoroughly the plan of the company before electing the Directors, George would have given the rest of the Board a great deal of trouble.

When about four-fifths of the capital-stock had been subscribed, and there was not much likelihood of their getting any more at present, the Board of Directors determined to go to work.

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Acting under the advice and counsel of Mr. Lyons (who ought to have been a Director, but who was not offered the position), they sent to New York for two sets of telegraphic instruments,—registers, keys, batteries, reels, &c., &c.,—one set for each office,—and for about half-a-mile of wire, with the necessary office-wire, insulators, &c.

This took pretty much all their capital, but they hoped to economize a good deal in the construction of the line, and felt quite hopeful.

But it seemed to be a long and dreary time that they had to wait for the arrival of their purchases from New York. Either Harry or one of the other boys rode over to Hetertown every day, and the attention they paid to the operation of telegraphy, while waiting for the train, was something wonderful.

It was a fortunate thing for the Board that, on account of the sickness of the teacher, the vacation commenced earlier than usual in Akeville that year.

More than a week passed, and no word from New York. No wonder the boys became impatient. It had been a month, or more, since the scheme had been first broached in the village, and nothing had yet been done—at least, nothing to which the boys could point as evidence of progress.

The field of operations had been thoroughly explored. The pine-trees which were to serve as telegraph-poles had been selected, and contracts had been made with "One-eyed Lewston," a colored preacher, who lived near the creek on the Akeville side, and with Aunt Judy, who had a log-house on the Hetertown side, by which these edifices were to be used as telegraphic stations. The instruments and batteries, when not in use, were to be locked up in stationary cases, made by the Akeville carpenter, after designs by Harry.

Of course, while waiting for the arrival of their goods from New York, the Board met every day.

Having little real business, their discussions were not always harmonious.

George Purvis grew discontented. Several times he said to Brandeth Price and Harvey Ogden that he did n't see why he should n't be something more than a mere Director, and a remark that Harvey once made, that if Harry and Kate had not chosen to ask him to join them he would not have been even a Director, made no impression upon him.

One day, when a meeting was in session by the roadside, near "One-eyed Lewston's" cabin,—or the Akeville telegraph station, as I should say,—George and Harry had a slight dispute, and Purvis took occasion to give vent to some of his dissatisfaction.

"I don't see what you 're President for, anyway," said he to Harry. "After the Board of Directors had been organized it ought to have elected all the officers."

"But none of you fellows knew anything about the business," said Harry. "Kate and I got up the company, and we need n't have had a Board of Directors at all, if we had n't wanted to. If any of you boys had known anything about telegraphs we would have given you an office."

"I reckon you don't have to know anything about telegraphs to be Secretary, or Treasurer either," said George, warmly.

"No," answered Harry, "but you 've got to know how to keep accounts and to be careful and particular."

"Like your sister Kate, I suppose," said George, with a sneer.

"Yes, like Kate," answered Harry.

"I 'd be ashamed of myself," said George, "if I could n't get a better Secretary or Treasurer than a girl. I don't see what a girl is doing in the company, anyway. The right kind of a girl would n't be seen pushing herself in among a lot of boys that don't want her."

Without another word, the President of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company arose and offered battle to George Purvis. The contest was a severe one, for Purvis was a tall fellow, but Harry was as tough as the sole of your boot, and he finally laid his antagonist on the flat of his back in the road.

George arose, put on his hat, dusted off his clothes, and resigned his position in the Board.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING KATE.

DURING all this work of soliciting subscriptions, ordering instruments and batteries and leasing stations, Kate had kept pretty much in the background. True, she had not been idle. She had covered a great deal of paper with calculations and had issued certificates of stock, all in her own plain handwriting, to those persons who had put money into the treasury of the company. And she had received all that money, had kept accurate account of it, and had locked it up in a little box which was kindly kept for her in the iron safe owned by Mr. Darby, the store-keeper.

When the money was all drawn out and sent to New York, her duties became easier.

School had closed, as has been before stated, and although Kate had home duties and some home studies, she had plenty of time for out-door life. But now she almost always had to enjoy that life alone, if we except the company of Rob, who generally kept faithfully near her so long as she saw

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fit to walk, but when she stopped to rest or to pursue some of her botanical or entomological studies he was very apt to wander off on his own account. He liked to keep moving.

One of her favorite resorts was what was called the "Near Woods," a piece of forest land not far from Mr. Loudon's house, and within calling distance of several dwellings and negro cabins. She visited Aunt Matilda nearly every day; but the woods around her cabin were principally pine, and pine forests are generally very sombre.

But the "Near Woods" were principally of oak and hickory, with dog-wood, sweet gum, and other smaller trees here and there; and there were open spots where the sun shone in and where flowers grew and the insects loved to come, as well as heavily-shaded places under grand old trees.

She thoroughly enjoyed herself in a wood like this. She did not feel in the least lonely, although she would have found herself sadly alone in a busy street of a great city.

"SHE WOULD SIT AND SWING ON A LOW-BENDING GRAPE-VINE."

Here, she was acquainted with everything she saw. There was company for her on every side. She had not been in the habit of passing the trees

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and the bushes, the lichens and ferns, and the flowers and mosses as if they were merely people hurrying up and down the street. She had stopped and had made their acquaintance, and now she knew them all and they were her good friends, excepting a few, such as the poison-vines, and here and there a plant or reptile with which she was never on terms of intimacy.

She would often sit and swing on a low-bending grape-vine, that hung between two lofty trees, sometimes singing and sometimes listening to the insects that hummed around her, and all the while as happy a Kate as any Kate in the world.

It was here, on the grape-vine swing, that Harry found her, the day after his little affair with George Purvis.

"Why, Harry!" she cried, "I thought you were having a meeting."

"There 's nothing to meet about," said Harry, seating himself on a big moss-covered root near Kate's swing.

"There will be when the telegraph things come," said Kate.

"Oh, yes, there 'll be enough to do then, but it seems as if they were never coming. And I 've been thinking about something, Kate. It strikes me that, perhaps, it would be better for you to hold only one office."

"Why? Don't I do well enough?" asked Kate, quickly, stopping herself very suddenly in her swinging.

"Oh, yes! you do better than anyone else could. But, you see, the other fellows—I mean the Board—may think that some of them ought to have an office. I 'd give them one of mine, but none of them would do for Engineer. They don't know enough about the business."

"Which office would you give up, if you were me?" asked Kate.

"Oh, I 'd give up the Secretaryship, of course," said Harry. "Nobody but you must be Treasurer. Harvey Davis would make a very good Secretary, considering that there 's so little writing to do now."

"Well, then," said Kate, "let Harvey be Secretary."

There was no bitterness or reproachfulness in Kate's words, but she looked a little serious, and began to swing herself very vigorously. It was evident that she felt this resignation of her favorite office much more deeply than she chose to express. And no wonder. She had done all the work; she had taken a pride in doing her work well, and now, when the company was about to enter upon its actual public life, she was to retire into the background. For a Treasurer had not much to do, especially now that there was so little money. There was scarcely a paper for the Treasurer to sign. But the Secretary —— Well, there was no use of thinking any more about it. No doubt Harry knew what was best. He was with the Board every day, and she scarcely ever met the members.

Harry saw that Kate was troubled, but he did n't know what to say, and so he whittled at the root on which he was sitting.

"I should think, Harry," said Kate, directly, "that George Purvis would want to be Secretary. He 's just the kind of a boy to like to be an officer of some kind."

"Oh, he can't be an officer," said Harry, still whittling at the root. "He has resigned."

"George Purvis resigned!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, what did he do that for?"

"Oh, we did n't agree," said Harry; "and we 're better off without him. We have Directors enough as it is. Five is a very good number. There can't be a tie vote with five members in the Board."

Kate suspected that something had happened that she was not to be told. But she asked no questions.

After a few minutes of swinging and whittling, in which neither of them said anything, Kate got out of her grape-vine swing and picked up her hat from the ground, and Harry jumped up and whistled for Rob.

As they walked home together, Kate said:

"Harry, I think I 'd better resign as Treasurer. Perhaps the officers ought all to be boys."

"Look here, Kate," said Harry; and he stopped as he spoke, "I 'm not going to have anybody else as Treasurer. If you resign that office I 'll smash the company!"

Of course, after that there was nothing more to be said, and Kate remained Treasurer of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.

Before very long, of course, she heard the particulars of George Purvis' resignation. She did n't say much about it, but she was very glad that it was not Harry who had been whipped.

The next morning, quite early,—the birds and the negroes had been up some time, but everybody in Mr. Loudon's house was still sleeping soundly,—Harry, who had a small room at the front of the house, was awakened by the noise of a horse galloping wildly up to the front gate, and by hearing his name shouted out at the top of a boy's voice.

The boy was Tom Selden, and he shouted:

"Oh, Harry! Harry Loudon! Hello, there! The telegraph things have come!"

Harry gave one bound. He jerked on his clothes quicker than you could say the multiplication table, and he rushed down stairs and into the front yard.

It was actually so! The instruments and bat-

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teries and everything, all packed up in boxes,—Tom could n't say how many boxes,—had come by a late train, and Mr. Lyons had sent word over to his house last night, and he 'd been over there this morning by daybreak and had seen one of the boxes, and it was directed, all right, to the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and ——

There was a good deal more intelligence, it appeared, but it was n't easy to make it out, for Harry was asking fifty questions, and Kate was calling out from one of the windows, and Dick Ford and half-a-dozen other negro boys were running up and shouting to each other that the things had come. Mr. Loudon came out to see what all the excitement was about, and he had to be told everything by Tom and Harry, both at once; and Rob and Blinks were barking, and there was hubbub enough.

Harry shouted to one of the boys to saddle Selim, and when the horse was brought around in an incredibly short time,—four negroes having clapped on his saddle and bridle,—Harry ran into the house to get his hat, but just as he had bounced out again, his mother appeared at the front door.

"Harry!" she cried, "you 're not going off without your breakfast!"

"Oh, I don't want any breakfast, mother," he shouted.

"But you cannot go without your breakfast. You 'll be sick."

"But just think!" expostulated Harry. "The things have been there all night."

"It makes no difference," said Mrs. Loudon. "You must have your breakfast first."

Mr. Loudon now put in a word, and Selim was led back to the stable.

"Well, I suppose I must," said poor Harry, with an air of resignation. "Come in, Tom, and have something to eat."

The news spread rapidly. Harvey Davis was soon on hand, and by the time breakfast was over, nearly everybody in the village knew that the telegraph things had come.

Harry and Tom did not get off as soon as they expected, for Mr. Loudon advised them to take the spring-wagon, — for they would need it to haul their apparatus to the telegraphic stations,—and the horse had to be harnessed and the cases which were to protect the instruments, when not in use, were to be brought from the carpenter-shop, and so it seemed very late before they started.

Just as they were ready to go, up galloped Brandeth Price and Wilson Ogden. So away they all went together, two of the Board in the wagon and three on horseback.

Kate stood at the front gate looking after them. Do what she would, she could not help a tear or two rising to her eyes. Mr. Loudon noticed her standing there, and he went down to her.

"Never mind, Kate," said he, "I told them not to unpack the things until they had hauled them to the Creek, and I 'll take you over to Aunt Judy's in the buggy. We 'll get there by the time the boys arrive."

(To be continued.)

THE PEACH-BOY.

A JAPANESE FAIRY STORY.

TRANSLATED BY ISAAC YAUNKAHAMA.

ONCE upon a time, there was a very old couple living in a wood, which was full of all kinds of wild animals.

One morning the old man went to gather some wood in the forest, leaving his old wife at home. A little before noon, the good woman went to the creek to wash clothes, when, to her astonishment, she saw a fine, large peach floating upon the water directly in front of her. She picked it up, but did not eat it at once, but thought she would save it and share it with her dear old man at dinner. So she put it safely away in the cupboard.

At noon, when her husband came home, she cooked him a nice dinner. While they were sitting at the table, she thought of the peach she had found in the creek, and went to get it. When she opened the door of the cupboard, to her great surprise she saw a dear little baby coming out of the peach.

"Oh, wonderful! Oh, wonderful!" was all the old woman could say. The old man, hearing the exclamation, immediately went to see what was the matter. He was as much astonished as his wife at the sight of the baby.

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"It is very good, dear wife," said he, "for we have no child of our own, so we will take this one, and bring it up as ours."

So she took the baby and wrapped it carefully, and put it into a basket, and placed it by the window.

In a few days the child grew so large that it was almost impossible to keep it in the basket. So she took a strong string and tied one end to the baby and the other to a millstone to keep it from getting away. But, notwithstanding, the child was so strong that it went about through the woods with the millstone and did a great deal of mischief.

In a few days, the baby had grown to the size of a giant, and worked with all a giant's strength, helping the old man work upon his little farm.

About this time the daughter of the Japanese king had been stolen by an Oni (a devil), and carried far away to an iron castle on the Oni's island, where she was imprisoned and tormented by fierce and ugly creatures. The chief of the Onis often tried to persuade her to marry him and become his queen, but she would not accept the Oni's throne. But the Oni persisted in wooing her, and tried in many ways to make her consent. When all his attempts had failed he became much exasperated, and began to torment her even more than he had done before. She was sometimes ordered to carry water in a basket to fill a tub; and another time she was to fill bottomless sacks with chestnuts; and again, she was forced to kindle a fire without matches or wood, and sometimes the Oni would send her out to buy things for him and would not give her any money. All these torments she gladly bore rather than be the wife of such a monster. The Oni, however, promised her if she would perform any of the tasks which he had given her to do, he would set her free and send her back to her father. So this beautiful princess tried her best to do as she was bid, but all in vain. As it was impossible for her to comply with his wishes, he tried to force her again to be his queen.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE BEHOLD THE BABY COMING OUT OF THE PEACH.

(Fac simile of a drawing by a Japanese girl.)

While she was suffering by the cruel tasks that had been imposed on her, and was expecting every day to be forced to marry the Oni, her father was trying to devise some plan by which he might take his daughter from the castle of this cruel suitor, as it had been reported to him that she was in the possession of the Oni, in the Oniga Shnia (devils' land). He searched among his soldiers, but could

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not find any one who would undertake this perilous enterprise. However, he heard that there was a child in his kingdom who, though only a few years old, was yet very strong and as large as a giant, and was able and willing to undertake the king's design to rescue his daughter from the Oniga Shnia. Whom do you suppose that child was? Do you think he was a Japanese? Yes, he was by birth, but not by race. He was called Monirtaro (peach-child), because he came out of a peach, and was no other than the child that the old woman had found in the cupboard where she had put the peach that she had taken from the river!

When the old king heard of this wonderful child who was so young, and yet so very strong, he sent one of his servants to bid him come to his palace at once. So the child obeyed the king's order and went to the palace, and was carried into the king's private chamber.

The king asked him if he would bring back his daughter from the Oniga Shnia. The peach-child told him he would try to do it, as he did not feel at all afraid of the Oni. Then the king promised him, that if he should succeed, he would give him his daughter's hand in marriage as a reward for his great service.

Early the next morning, the peach-child assembled all the warriors together that were to accompany him on his expedition to Oniga Shnia, and made them a speech, and he promised to reward all that would serve the king's cause faithfully in the expedition against the Oni. They were to have three rice biscuits apiece.

Then all agreed to obey the commands of the peach-child, who at once assumed control of these loyal warriors, and the perilous journey was commenced.

When the whole army reached the Oniga Shnia, all the Onis made great preparation to give the peach-boy's warriors battle.

Next morning, both armies met on the great plains of the Oniga Shnia, where they fought a terrible battle, until night put an end to the conflict. The fortune of the day decided against the Oni's party, and an immense number were slaughtered, and their blood covered the plain.

Next morning, the peach-child's army having completely routed the Oni's hosts and captured the iron castle of their prince, after a diligent search in the castle they found the beautiful and lovely daughter of the king confined in a dark dungeon.

When the victorious army opened the Oni's treasury they found numerous precious things. Among them were two suits of winged dresses and a mysterious Japanese box. The peach-child and the king's daughter put on the winged dresses and flew back to the king's palace in a few minutes, and told the king what had happened in the Oniga Shnia.

The old king was very much pleased, and gave his daughter in marriage to the peach-boy, who, after the old king's death, ascended the Japanese throne.

The wonder of his age and reign was the mysterious box which was taken from the Oni, out of which the king could obtain anything he wanted.

THE MAGIC KEYS.

By James H. Flint

THE music of the Magic Keys, played in New York, is heard instantly on the Pacific Coast, on the rocky shore of Newfoundland, or, in spite of the raging ocean between, on the far-away coast of Ireland. Every day they tell us what is transpiring in the Old World; every day they herald the approach of fair or foul weather, and warn the seaman of coming storms.

Suppose you put on your hats and coats, and come with me. I am going to look at the Magic Keys.

Here we are, at the corner of Broadway and Liberty street, New York, before the building of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Climbing up stairs, by permission of the superintendent we enter a large room, where we hear a sharp, clicking sound, like a multitude of little tack-hammers, all going at once.

We soon see what makes all this clicking. It is the Magic Keys.

"That is the kind of a tune they play," says our guide, taking us to another instrument, at which a gentleman was sitting quietly. "It is nothing but click, click, click."

But see that strip of white paper moving from a reel, and coming out between two little wheels. It has nothing on it before it goes between the wheels,

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but when it comes out there are *printed letters on it*, in plain Roman characters.

"Who is doing that?" I ask.

"The operator in Philadelphia," replies our kind informant, "who is playing there upon the Magic Keys."

Messages are private, but this one happens to be addressed to me, and so the superintendent clips the strip of paper from the large white roll, and hands it to me. Here is part of it for you to read:

I may tell you, confidentially, that I have had this message sent to me on purpose, just to show you the operation. It is from my little niece, who is anxiously waiting in the Philadelphia office for an answer. So I write one on a piece of paper, and hand it to the operator, who at once places it before him and begins to play as if it were a piece of music. He stops. What! there already? Yes; and Annie has read it, and knows that I will send the new dress.

Another instrument, much more extensively used than the combination printing machine, is the Morse register, or rather, what has since taken its place on most lines in this country, the Morse sounder. The latter instrument communicates messages by sounds. The Morse register recorded the message by embossing dots and dashes on a strip of white paper; the sounds correspond to these dots and dashes. By manipulating a single key the operator in New York is enabled to send signals all the way to Chicago, or even to San Francisco. It is very easy to arrange the connections of a telegraph wire so that by touching the Magic Key in New York, cannon could be fired off, or bells rung, in another city. These feats were actually accomplished during the great Boston Jubilee. Of the principles upon which the telegraphic apparatus is worked I will soon speak.

The most beautiful and impressive of all the methods of telegraphic communication can be seen in the telegraph houses of the Atlantic Cable. Taking our leave of the "Western Union" office at New York, let us transport ourselves on fancy's wing to the ocean-bound lands of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

From New York to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, is more than a third of the way to Europe. Sweeping up near the coast, through New England, we reach the Queen's Dominions. The Gulf of St. Lawrence must be crossed, and then we must pass over a wild and rugged country to the sea. Standing, at length, on the eastern cliffs of Newfoundland, we look out upon the boundless ocean. Underneath that great deep lies the Atlantic Cable, the thick shore end of which rests quietly in the peaceful harbor at Hearts' Content, on Trinity Bay, and is brought up from there to the telegraph house on the rocks.

Entering this building, we find ourselves in a darkened room. We discern, in the gloom, two men standing before a table, upon which is a small flat box, on which is mounted a round brass case. Directly before this case, at the distance of about one foot and a-half, we notice a bright beam of light coming from a small slit in a screen, and just above this luminous slit appears a brighter spot of light, resting upon a white graduated scale. The figures of the two men move weirdly before it as they adjust some part of their apparatus, and speak in low, mysterious tones to each other. Suddenly, a bell sounds sharply, vibrating through the room with a strange thrill, and the round spot steals like a ghost across the face of the scale, moving, now to the right and now to the left. Its movements, in one direction, denote the dots, and in the other direction, the dashes of the Morse alphabet, which is used for signaling through the Atlantic Cable. As this bright spot moves from side to side, it is difficult to believe that its motions are made by the fingers of a man two thousand miles away, on the coast of Ireland; and yet this is the astounding fact. The operator in Ireland is manipulating a Magic Key, and now you are almost prepared to believe that it is his voice which sounds in the darkened room, announcing the messages from the other side of the vast Atlantic.

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The instrument used to regulate these significant movements of the little spot of light is called a reflecting galvanometer. It is the invention of Sir

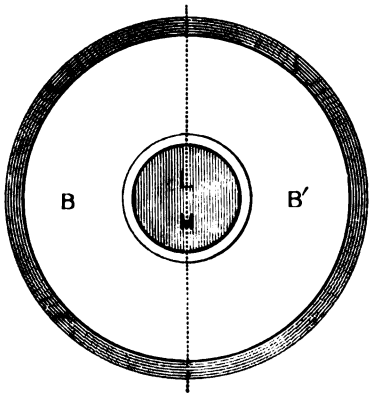

FIG. 1. FRONT VIEW OF BOBBIN.

William Thomson, of Glasgow University, and is the most delicate apparatus of the kind ever devised. Because it is so sensitive as to be worked by a very feeble current of electricity, it is preferred to every other method for ocean telegraphy, as a current of great intensity is liable to injure the cable, especially if there should happen to be an imperfection in the covering of the wires, so as to permit the escape of any portion of electricity. In such a case the conductor would become corroded at the weak point, and finally all communication would be destroyed. A very small battery is used to work the cable, for the galvanometer reveals the presence of the least particle of electricity, and its action is almost as delicate as the twinkling of an eye. The little spot of light, which is the tell-tale of the great cable, originates from an ordinary kerosene lamp placed behind a screen having a slit in it, in front of the mirror. Instead of a glass chimney, a metal one is sometimes used, hiding the light, except at a small opening opposite the flame. If the metal chimney be adopted, a screen is not so necessary,

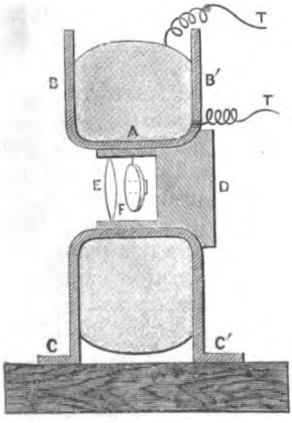

FIG. 2. SECTION OF COIL AND BOBBIN.

but there must be some kind of a frame to hold the scale, on which the reflection is thrown. Through the slit in the screen or chimney, the narrow ray of light passes to a convex lens, and through that to a small round mirror behind it. When the light strikes the mirror it is reflected back through the lens to the scale in front of the lamp.

But what makes the spot of light move? We shall see directly. The lens and the mirror are both fixed in a brass tube, which is made like a plug, so that it may be taken out of the case. The mirror, being very light, of the thinnest glass that can be made, is suspended in the tube by a delicate silken fibre. On the back of the mirror is cemented a very small magnet. Around the tube which holds the mirror and lens is a hollow cylindrical bobbin of brass, on which is wound a great many times, a fine copper wire. This wire is all *insulated*, that is, it is covered with fine silk, which is a non-conductor. The current of electricity consequently has to travel the entire length of the wire thus coiled on the bobbin. The bobbin is insulated from the case containing it, by being

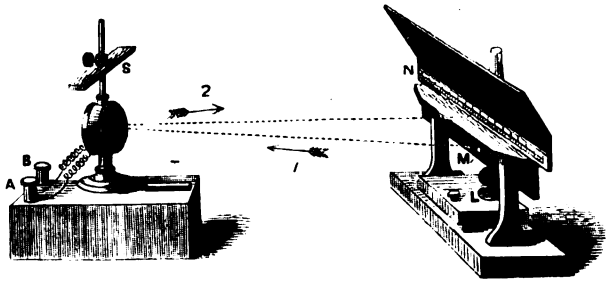

FIG. 3. THE REFLECTING GALVANOMETER.

fastened to a piece of hard rubber. Fig. 1 represents a front view of the hollow cylindrical bobbin, B, B′. In the centre is the lens, L, and behind the lens is the mirror, M. Now, suppose this figure is cut through at the dotted line, and the inside revealed to us. We should then see exactly how the instrument is arranged. Fig. 2 is such a section through the coil and bobbin. A is the hollow bobbin; B, B′ are its deep flanges, between which the fine wire is wound. D is the "plug," with its hollow chamber or tube, which is closed by the lens, E. The little mirror, F, is seen suspended by its silken fibre, and the edge of the tiny magnet can be observed peeping from behind the mirror. The two ends of the galvanometer wire, T and T′, are carried down to the stand on which the instrument rests, and connected to the binding screws, A and B (see Fig. 3), and to which other wires may be attached.

Fig. 3 shows the complete instrument, arranged

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for use. On the right is seen the lamp, L, from which a narrow beam of light passes through the opening, M, in the direction of the dotted line, and

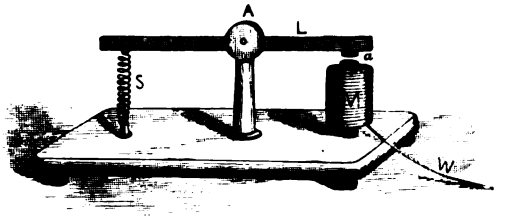

FIG. 4. THE LEVER.

arrow, I, to the lens in the galvanometer, as previously described, and then is reflected back by the mirror, as the other arrow and line indicate, making a bright spot upon the scale, N. S and T are magnets, used to control the one on the back of the mirror.

The positive and negative currents can be made to pass through the galvanometer coil at the will of the operator. These currents move in opposite directions. When the galvanometer is not charged at all, the mirror is motionless, and the spot of light rests quietly in the centre of the scale, or, "at zero." Now, let a momentary current be sent into the coil, and the mirror swings, say to the left, making a movement which represents a *dot*. The current, passing around the magnet, causes the little magnet of the mirror to move in the same direction. Charge the galvanometer from the other pole of the battery, and you reverse the motion; the mirror swings to the right, causing the spot of light to move to the right of zero, indicating a *dash*. The alphabet of dots and dashes is the Morse alphabet, which is indicated by *sound* on the Morse instrument. What this instrument is, and how it is worked, will now claim our attention.

The *motion* of the telegraphic instrument is obtained by opening and closing a current of electricity on a bar of soft iron, coiled with wire, the

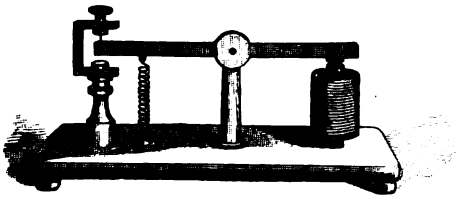

FIG. 5. THE LEVER WITH SOUNDER.

iron becoming a strong magnet when the current is on, and losing its magnetism when the current is broken. A lever, hung on an axis over the magnet, is moved upward and downward by the combined action of the magnet and a spring, in Fig. 4. W is the conducting wire through which the electric current flows to M, the magnet. L is the lever, resting on A, its axis. S is the spring, attached to one end of the lever and the wooden stand. *A* is the *armature* of the lever, consisting of a small bar of iron. When the current is turned on, the armature is drawn downward, attracted by the magnet; but the instant the current is broken, the spring draws the lever back to its first position.

We thus have a regular motion established, the speed of which can be regulated as desired by the gentlest movement of the hand. If, now, we place a metallic frame around the end of the lever, as is seen in Fig. 5, and adjust it at the right distance, the motions of the lever will be indicated by the sounds made against the frame as the magnet acts on the armature. Certain combinations of sounds indicate the letters of the alphabet, as has before been stated. The ear of the telegraph operator is trained to detect these sounds, so that it is just as easy for him to read a message sent by the "sounder," as it is for one skilled in music to

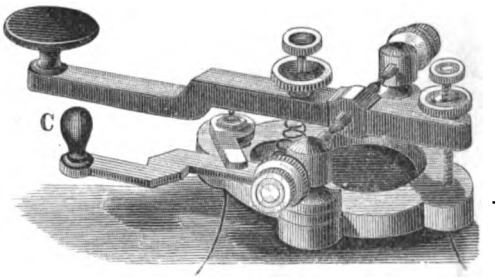

FIG. 6. THE KEY.

read the notes. So much for the *movement* of the receiving instrument.

The *sender* of the message may be a thousand miles away, or more, but, as before mentioned, he makes himself understood to the most distant point by simply depressing and releasing a signal key. I have entitled this sketch of the telegraph "The Magic Keys," because it is by means of the key, Fig. 6, that the subtle fluid is sent on its flight over the wires. This key is a small lever of brass, working upon an axis. At the end nearest the operator is a round knob, by which the lever is pressed down. The key is connected to the wire of the main line. From the battery another wire is brought up directly under the signal key, so that when the key is depressed the ends of the wires are connected, making a complete conductor for the current to pass from the battery into the main line. When the key is not in use, the *circuit-closer*, C, is pushed against the battery wire, thus making the receiving instrument ready to receive a message.

The battery (one being at each end of the line)

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consists of a series of cells, or jars, fitted up with copper and zinc plates, the copper in one cell being connected by a wire with the zinc in the next, except in the outside jars. One of the outside jars has a ground wire, buried in the earth, and the other is connected with the signal key, as I have described. The jars are filled with a liquid containing sulphates of copper, and the action of this acid on the zinc produces electricity. As this belongs to your chemistry, I will let you study it out at school, if you have not already done so, assuring you that it will give you much pleasure to learn for yourselves all about the galvanic battery.

In concluding this brief, and necessarily imperfect sketch, it is gratifying to state that some of our School Boards are seriously considering the propriety of introducing the study of this useful science into the public schools.

THE QUEEN O' MAY.

THE Queen o' May held court one day,—
The fields had nought to give her;
All in their best her maids were drest,
And they began to shiver.

"Now, never sneeze, but wârm your knees,
And look for daisies growing;
You 'll find the air quite soft and fair,
Unless it fall a-snowing."

"Quite soft!" they said, each loyal maid
"So fair!" the boys went chaffing;
But soon the May came down that way,
And set them all a-laughing.

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BUBBLES.

By Joel S. Stacy.

It is so long since it happened, my dears, that whenever I think about it, the youngest of my acquaintances fade quite out of sight; dear middle-aged faces grow rosy and youthful; Mary, my grave little wife, suddenly goes dancing down the garden path with a skipping-rope; our worn-out old Dobbin becomes a frisky colt; the tumbled-down affair yonder, behind the pile of brush, straightens itself into a trim, freshly-painted wood-shed; and—well the long and short of it is this: the memory of that day always carries me back to the time when I was a little bit of a boy.

You see, I sat on the porch blowing soap-bubbles. I remember it just as if it were yesterday. The roses were out and the wheelbarrow had a broken leg; the water in the well was low, and if you tried to climb up on the curb to look down into it you 'd have some one screeching for you to "come away from there." But you could do what you pleased on the porch. It was so warm and sunny that mother let me leave off my shoes as a matter of course. It seems to me that I can remember just how the hot boards felt to the soles of my tiny, bare feet. Certainly I can recall how Ponto looked exactly (he has been dead these dozen years, poor fellow!). The lather must have been precisely right, for I know it worked beautifully. Such bubbles as I blew that morning! What colors they displayed! How lightly they sailed up into the clear air! Sometimes a little one with a bead at the end—a failure—would fall upon Ponto's nose and burst so quickly that I could n't tell whether its bursting made him blink or his blinking made it burst. Sometimes a big one would float off in the sunlight and slowly settle upon the soft grass, where it would rock for an instant, then snap silently out of sight, leaving only a glistening drop behind. And sometimes —— But here I must begin afresh.

The little girl who lived next door very soon came and leaned her bright head out of the window. A bubble had just started at the end of my pipe. I did n't look up; but I knew she was watching me, and so I blew and blew just as gently and steadily as I could, and the bubble grew bigger, bigger, bigger, until at last it almost touched my nose. Looking down upon it I saw first the blue sky, then perfect little apple-tree branches, with every speck of a leaf complete, then I saw the house, then the window, with the sash lifted, and then I saw the little girl!

This made me shout with joy. I looked up, but the little girl was gone. Probably she had bobbed her head back into the room. It was just like little girls, to do so, you know. Then I blew others,

and knew she was watching me again; and, all of a sudden, mother called me.

"Is that all? Did n't the little girl fall out of the window, or nothing?"

Heart alive! What ever put such [illegible]ught into your heads?

Fall out of the window, indeed!

I can't remember much more about th[illegible] [illegible]mer. It seems to me that there were peaches [illegible] that Ponto learned to draw a wagon; but I [illegible] sure whether that happened just then or a y[illegible]r or two afterward.

The next thing that comes up is a school-room. I must have been a big boy by that time, for I remember having my pockets full of marbles, also I remember having a black eye on account of a

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fellow named Townley. (Townley is in the cigar business now.) Besides, I was in fractions, and, though I did n't care very much for study, I did n't want *her* to think I was stupid. Who? Did n't I tell you? Why, a little girl who went to the same school,—a little girl in a pink calico dress and a white sun-bonnet. She had a way of dropping her books on her way home from school, I remember, and we fellows used to grab for them so as to have the fun of handing them to her. Well, the way I used to try to get up head in the classes when she was there was astonishing. The other fellows tried to show off in the same way, too; but I knew by the way that she did n't ever notice me unless I spoke to her that she thought my bubble was the biggest. You see it was only blowing bubbles again, after all.

Well, time flew along, and at last a war came. I was a fine, stout fellow then; mother said I could go,—bless her brave heart!—and I went. Ah, children! such sights as I saw! Such scenes as we passed through! But we won't talk of them now. It 's enough to say, that though I felt patriotic and all that, I wanted to distinguish myself —well, I don't mind telling you in confidence—so that Somebody with brown, laughing eyes and a gentle voice would be almost as proud as mother to see me coming back with honors.

Blowing bubbles again, you 'll observe.

Once more time flew along. Why not? And again I found myself trying—this time to make money. The day, as I look back, is so close that the old faces put on their own look again, and the young acquaintances come to light once more, and Mary, my wife, no longer skipping down the garden path, sits at her little work-table sewing. Well, as I remarked, this time I am trying to make money. There is a great excitement in Wall street. Men are being made rich or poor in an hour. I have a good, steady clerkship, but a chance for blowing a great big, big bubble comes to me. I can see a happy face already looking up at me from its golden surface.

She shall be rich now!

I blow and blow, and the bubble bursts! All gone,—gone in a flash,—the savings of years! Ruined! ruined!

I hurry home—though it is but the middle of the day. No one there. I sit down in a chair and think. Ruined? Not a bit of it. Have n't I health and honesty and strength? . Have n't I mother and have n't I Mary and have n't I little Joe?

With this thought I stepped to the back window and looked out. Surely enough there sat the little fellow, and, as sure as I live, if the young scamp was n't blowing bubbles! And, if you 'll believe me, the little girl next door was leaning out of the window watching him! Just then, Mary came in, —I mean just now, for the fact is I 'm writing about this very day. And Mary and I both think it is n't such a very dreadful thing, after all, to lose a few hundred dollars, for I have my clerkship yet, and I 'm determined never to speculate with my savings again. No, I 'm going to be a steady, faithful, hard-working fellow, and Mary and mother and Joe and I are going to be just as comfortable and happy as chippy birds -and ——

You see, I am blowing this new bubble so slowly and cautiously in the sunlight that I know it will be all safe. And right in the heart of it I see Mary—Mary who has looked brightly up at me from every bubble that I have ever blown in all my life.

MISS FANSHAW'S TEA-PARTY.

BY E. B.

"WHAT a beautiful snow-storm," thought Milly, as she stood looking wistfully out of the window. She did so wish she was out! If she, too, were only a little street-sweeper! It was so hard to be kept carefully within doors,—*so* hard. She was silent for full ten minutes,—busy with her thoughts. At last, a happy one struck her, and she turned quickly to her mother, a pretty-faced young woman, who was deeply interested in re-trimming a last year's bonnet, and who at this moment exclaimed, triumphantly, "Really, it will be as good as new."

"Mother," interrupted Milly.

"Well?"

"Then I cannot skate?"

"No," deeply engrossed in the bonnet.

"Nor slide down hill?"

"No, child, not in this snow-storm."

"But I *can* put on my cloak, and new fur tippet, and gloves, and take an umbrella, and fill a basket

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with goodies for *poor* Miss Fanshaw. Can't I? For she is so *poverty* poor, you know."

Milly had one thought for Miss Fanshaw and two for herself. For, in reality, she thought herself very hardly used to be kept indoors; while she deemed it rare fun to be "poverty poor," like Miss Fanshaw, in her little playhouse room.

Her mother smiled wisely, and gave her permission to go. So Milly, like the little woman she was, equipped herself for the walk. She then went into the store-room, and put into a willow basket a loaf of bread, a jar of sweetmeats, and four red apples. After which preparation, she started forth with as happy a face as one could meet in a day's walk; and the face was no happier than the little warm heart beating beneath the warm cloak. No wonder the snow was not cold to her!

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!" the little heart kept chanting to itself, as she watched the star-like crystals alighting on her dress and gloves. Even the old board fence, with its clinging vines, shorn of their summer beauty, was draped in the beautiful snow. Oh, it came down so quietly and comfortably, as if it had a world of leisure, and a world of its wealth to bestow!

All too quickly, Milly was at Miss Fanshaw's door. In answer to Milly's "rat-tat-tap" at the door, it creaked and wriggled and groaned a little, and then swung wide open; and there stood Miss Fanshaw, a little shriveled figure, the shoulders pinned tightly up in an antiquated baby-blanket, embroidered all around in "herring-bone" and various other marvelous stitches. From under the shawl peeped two arms, clothed in the neatest "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves. On one finger was a —ring,—no, something just as dear to her, and it betokened a life-long engagement, too! It was an old brass thimble, worn full of holes, and as bright as gold itself.

But I must not forget her face. A white face, with white hair, white eyebrows and eyelashes, and two deep-blue, bright, twinkling eyes, which seemed to say, "Ah me, what a dear, delightful, merry, busy world it is; and I've a young heart for it yet, if the wrinkles *are* in my face!"

"Bless the child!" she cried, in her short, crisp way. "Did she come down in the snow?" And she drew Milly in, and took the long broom and swept her from head to foot. "Now, my dear, I've swept the way to your mouth, I must have a kiss!"

So, giving her one emphatic embrace, she whirled her along the hall of the tenement-house, into the least atom of a room,—not half as big as your playroom,—and perched her up in an old, rickety arm-chair.

If anyone presumed to suggest that Miss Fanshaw might be more comfortable in a larger room, she laughed within herself, exclaiming, "No, no, my dearies; you see I have only to sit in the middle of my room to reach everything. There's my Bible, and there's my bread-jar, and there's my work-basket, and there's my cutting-board, and there's the stove, with the teapot on it,—so handy!" And her hand pointed around the room as if it were a hand on a clock pointing to the hours. "Besides, as for the wood, why I'm warm as toast with burning two sticks and a few kindlers a day. Then I can tidy up the room, bright as a basket o' chips, in less than a wink o' time."

Milly thought this housekeeping a wonderful affair, and Miss Fanshaw a sort of divinity.

A happy thought struck Milly, as she sat perched in the arm-chair, and Miss Fanshaw flitted like a humming-bird about her.

"Miss Fanshaw!"

"Well, dear?"

"Let's play tea!"

"Bless the child! Play tea? Of course you shall."

And she buzzed over to a little cupboard, and brought out a tiny shining tea-kettle, and put it upon the tiny stove, over the tiny blaze. It began to sing and sing. She then whirled a little round table (resting on one leg with three carved claws) into the centre of the room. Over this she spread a strip of old white, home-made linen. Upon this she placed one plate with a dot of butter, another plate with a dot of cheese, and another with a dot of "sass." Then she brought out a crusty piece of bread, two marvelous little china cups, and two ancient plates, figured with red.

Then came Milly's turn. She climbed down from her perch; drew the basket from under her cloak, which she had declined removing; put the loaf on the table, then the jar, and then ranged the four red apples beside them.

"Bless the child! bless the child!" cried little Miss Fanshaw, lifting her two hands and rolling up her two bright eyes.

Then she chattered and hummed like the tea-kettle, as she took Milly's wrappings and hung them on a peg, and filled up her teapot; and they sat down to the table.

There was a deep silence in the room,—even the kettle forgot to sing; all silent but the old ticking clock.

So, in the silence, Miss Fanshaw's laughing eyes closed; and her fingers, pricked with scores of needles, were now crossed devoutly on her breast; and her lips moved with the words:

"For our blessings, Lord make us truly thankful. Amen!"

Milly's eyes grew rounder and larger than ever.

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When Miss Fanshaw lifted her sweet, bleached face, it was as light as if in some way the Lord himself looked out of it.

"Miss Fanshaw!"

"What, dearie? Will you have a sip of tea?"

"Do you always say it?"

"Why, to be *sure* I do,—(have a lump o' sugar in?)—only I usually say *I* and *me*. Now, you know, its *we* and *us*."

"Why do you say it? Our folks don't."

"You see, Milly (have a bit of butter?—there's more on the shelf)—you see, I have so *much* to be thankful for. Bless your heart! Why, I keep singing within me all the time, I'm *so* thankful."

"What for, Miss Fanshaw?" Milly had forgotten to eat.

"What for? Why, if it aint one thing, it is another. If it is n't the broken candles the grocer gives, it's the liver from the Grimes's in killing-time; and if it is n't the liver, it's the shirts to make for the Picksnifs; and if it is n't the shirts, it's the sitting in Miss Markham's pew; and if it is n't the pew, it's the chips from the new barn a-building; and if it is n't the chips (have a bit of cheese?), why, the beautiful snow comes down for me to look at; and when I'm thinking of the *poor* woman round the corner, who should come in but little Milly, as if she snowed out of the clouds. So now I shall have a feast to take to the poor hungering woman I was a-thinking of. Don't you think I *ought* to think of the giver, Milly?"

Milly's face was full of wonder and awe.

"I say, Miss Fanshaw, don't you ever say *me* any more. You just play I'm here, and you say (lifting her small hands), 'Lord, make *us* truly thankful.'"

A tear came in Miss Fanshaw's eye.

"Yes, dearie, it shall be *us* after this. Anyways, all that love the Lord *are* 'us.' It's just like the 'ring-around-a-rosy' in the school play. We all have a hold of hands, and are 'us,'—only the ring goes all around the big world."

Miss Fanshaw and her little guest finished their tea, and cleared away the dishes, and gathered up the fragments, that nothing might be wasted, then put them in the basket, and went forth, in the snow and the growing darkness, to carry blessings to the *poor* woman around the corner.

CONTENTMENT.

(From a sketch by W. Brooks.)

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AUCTIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

By N. S. Dodge.

"*Harage! harage! harage!*" or sounds just like these, came floating on the hot air to Ned Pauling last summer, as he lay swinging lazily in a net hammock, under an awning, on the deck of the ship "Betsey." It was in port, at Smyrna, where the vessel, having discharged her cargo, was waiting for a home freight of raisins, figs, and olives, back to Boston. Ned had been hard at work for six days. There had been no end of trouble to get receipts from the merchants for safe delivery of goods. The last voucher had come aboard an hour before, and his accounts being now square, and nothing more for the supercargo to do till Jacobus Brothers, the consignees, should give notice that the home cargo was ready, he had dressed himself for a stroll on shore, and was waiting till early evening should make the heat tolerable in the streets.

A first voyage as supercargo, no matter how good a clerk a boy may have been, tries his mettle. He must think for himself. His decisions must be quick and positive. Yes *and* No he must never say. It is one thing to sell goods, or to keep books, or to take stock, or to strike balances, or to average profits every day in a store; but it is altogether another thing to take charge alone of a cargo consisting of all sorts of goods, shipped from Boston to a foreign port. However, Ned Pauling had taken it. He remembered his mother's last words, many years before, "Straight forward, Ned! Straight forward is the best runner!" And the "Betsey's" accounts were as square as any day's accounts had ever been in State street. So Ned was ready for a "lark."

"Harage! harage! harage!" kept ringing on the air, as Ned went ashore.

In a square, three or four blocks from the wharves, on a platform of rough boards resting on two hogsheads. stood a turbaned Turk, cutting apart a piece of Tripoli silk shawling, flinging it at full length over the heads of the surrounding crowd, and crying at the top of his lungs, "Harage!" There were Hebrews, with flowing beards and dusky robes, among the bidders; there were camel-drivers, just like the pictures one sees of Eleazer, the Syrian, at the well; there were Persians, in their quaint caps; dervishes, in their strange dress, and muftis, sailors, Greeks, Armenians, Druses, Arabs, Copts, Egyptians, and people of every nation almost, in the motley gathering. The auctioneer is announcing a bid he has received, when Ned arrives. The auctioneer is a linguist, and translates the offer into many tongues. "Fifty piastres for twenty yards of Tripoli silk! Fifty piastres! Cinquante piastres! Humseen grosh! Elli croosh!" he keeps crying to his auditors. "Humseen grosh! Humseen grosh! Cinquante piastres!" until Ned, knowing the value of silks, and thinking of his mother, bids fifty-one piastres, and the piece of silk is his.

Smyrna is a mart for the whole world. Everybody who wants to trade goes there. Travelers to the East buy their horses at Smyrna. After several months' travel, they often return to Smyrna to sell them. As it is the first port visited in going to Palestine, so it is generally the last that is left before embarking for England. Selling worn-out horses becomes, therefore, a very considerable business there, and it gives employment to quite a number of auctioneers. The moment a traveler enters the gates of the town from the East, he is accosted by several of these persons on the look-out for a job. After much haggling about what per cent. shall be paid upon the price the horse sells for, the man selected vaults into the saddle and rides off. No sooner is he on his way, than he begins his cry, "Harage! harage!" looking around on every side for a bidder. Some one has said, "One hundred piastres." The auctioneer takes the man's address, and crying out, "Harage! one hundred! one hundred!" pursues his ride slowly through the streets. The chances are that if the owner is strolling through the town, he will encounter his steed more than once during the day. His price may have advanced to two hundred and ten, and "Two hundred and ten" his rider is crying aloud, when a Turk, who is quietly smoking his pipe, starts up in his shop, eyes the animal keenly, and sings out, "Two hundred and twenty." The auctioneer makes no more to do, but dismounts immediately, throws the horse's bridle over its head, leads it up to the Turk, holds out his hand, and receives the two hundred and twenty piastres, after which he walks off to the owner, and punctually pays the price minus his own commission.

Auctions in different countries are curious subjects of study. In an auction in Spain, for instance, everything accords with the national temper. There is no noise. Conversation is prohibited. The auctioneer is held to his description of goods. A bid is made; he of the hammer repeats it; silence follows; another bid, another announcement of it, and another silence,—all as serious and solemn as a prayer-meeting, until the mallet falls.

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An auction-room in France is, on the contrary, a perfect Babel. In all noisy Paris there is nothing so noisy and boisterous as a St. Antoine vendue, where *gamins* and *chiffonniers* and "old clo'" Jews contend for cheap bargains. There can be no greater contrast to this hubbub than that which is presented by the dull decorum of an auction-sale in Amsterdam or Rotterdam. There Mynheer auctioneer sits behind a table smoking his pipe. He states terms of sale, waits for a bid, makes no haste, creates no excitement, watches no countenances, takes no nods or winks. Before him stands a box filled with tapers. If there is too long delay, he lights one of these in silence, and thrusts it on a spindle fixed in the table. When it goes out the last bidder takes the article.

There is a curious old custom at Billingsgate,—the great and well-known fish-market of London,—of selling fish from the boats as they arrive every morning, by an auction "of reduction," as it is called. Every boat-load is sold altogether. Twenty five or thirty sales are going on at once. This "reduction" auction always occurs in the early morning, sometimes before light. Men and women indiscriminately act as auctioneers, and the buyers, also men and women, walk up and down the docks, scrutinizing the cargoes. A bell rings and the sales commence. In a large flat gondola are bloaters, owned by the strapping fish-woman, who now begins to bawl to the buyers on shore as she stands on the bows, "Here 's your bloaters,—fine, large Yarmouth bloaters; five shillings a cantle! Five shillings! Well, four and tenpence be it then! Four and ten! Four and ten! Four and nine, then! Four and nine! Four and eight!"

"I 'll take 'em, old woman, at four and eight," cries a buyer from the landing place, and forthwith the boat-load is his.

And so it goes on for an hour, amid chaffing and scolding; screaming and swearing; the words, "Mack'rell," "'Aliboat," "Sole," "Salmon," "Cod," "'Addock" shouted a hundred times all together; the boats unloading; porters struggling; boys and girls counting the "hunders" by themselves; fishmongers from the West End selecting; touters skinning eels and cleaning cod; errand-boys running; fish-women flouting each other, and everybody blowing up everybody else, until the great bell rings, which ends the auction-hour and opens the morning market.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MANTON'S FRIENDLY PROMISES.

MEANWHILE nothing was seen of Mr. Manton but his boots, which remained outside his chamber door nearly all the forenoon.

On coming in from another walk, between eleven and twelve, the boys saw his door partly open, and the facetious lodger himself inside, shaving before a glass. At noon he was laying out his clean linen on the bed; at half-past twelve he was brushing his coat; at one he was dressed, ready for dinner,—except that a bow of his cravat and a curl of his right whisker appeared open to criticism, as he took a final turn before the glass and gave himself some finishing touches.

"How can a sane man lie abed so late, and be so long dressing?" exclaimed Jack; a question which George—who, like him, was used to getting up early and jumping into his clothes—could not answer.

Mr. Manton accosted them in a friendly manner as they passed his door, and followed them down stairs.

At the dinner-table, where he shone conspicuously as a humorist and story-teller, he made some sly allusions to the adventure of the previous night, but refrained from entering into particulars while they remained in the room. It was not long after they had retired to their attic, however, when guffaws of male voices in the basement warned them that the joke was out.

"I don't care; it was too good to keep," said Jack, and soothed the feelings of his friend, who was inclined to take the exposure more to heart.

Along in the afternoon, Mr. Manton came to their room, and, finding them busy writing letters, offered to retire.

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"Excuse me!" he said, smiling. "As you are strangers in town, I thought I might be of service to you; but I can see you any other time."

They urged him to remain, and gave him the chair. After some pleasant conversation, Jack said:

"You may help me by giving me just a little information. I want a chance to look over a file of city newspapers of about a dozen years back." For he had resolved, if possible, to attend to that business the first thing.

"A dozen years back. City papers. Dailies or weeklies?"

"Either, or both. I am looking up a matter of business that was advertised, I suppose, about that time," Jack explained, with a blush worthy of his friend George himself.

Mr. Manton thought a moment.

"I believe a friend of mine has old files of one or two papers; he keeps everything. Or I might take you to the office of one of the dailies. I know the *Tribune* folks,—but, let me see! The *Tribune* was n't published so long ago. I doubt if even the *Herald* was; the *Express* was n't, I know. Twelve years?"

"From eleven to thirteen years—along there," said Jack, with growing anxiety in his face.

"The *Commercial Advertiser* is the oldest New York newspaper. But, let me see!" again said the obliging Mr. Manton. "I can take you to the office of the *Evening Post*, and introduce you to my friend, Mr. Bryant."

"You are very kind indeed!" replied Jack, who did not fully appreciate the greatness of the proposed favor; while George regarded with sudden awe and admiration the man who could coolly call the author of "Thanatopsis" "my friend."

"You know Bryant?" murmured the young poet, who could no more have said "*Mr.* Bryant" than "Mr. Milton" or "Mr. Shakespeare."

"Oh, perfectly well," Mr. Manton answered, with an easy smile. "He will give you every facility. And"—he addressed the wonder-stricken George—"is there anything I can do for *you?*"

George's first thought was, "If he will only take *me* to see Bryant!" But instantly he reflected, "What business have *I* to intrude myself upon the great man?" Then, after a moment's feverish trembling, he thought, "Yes! I will see him. I will show him some of my poems, and *he* will tell me if there is any good in them!" So he said, "I should like to go with you, when you take my friend to the office of the *Evening Post.*"

"Is that all?" And Mr. Manton looked as if he did not regard it as very much. "Some of the fellows down stairs said you had both come to town to find situations; and I did n't know but I might help you in that way."

"Could you?" cried Jack; "for I suppose I shall have to earn a little money while I am attending to that other business."

But George thought, "I 'll see Bryant first!"

"I don't say that I can," replied Mr. Manton, discreetly, as if afraid they would expect too much of him. "And yet it will do no harm to introduce you to some merchants of my acquaintance. A word from me will have weight; and they may know of places, even if they have none for you."

Mr. Manton then promised to go with them to see some of his friends the next morning; and soon after retired to his own room, leaving our youthful adventurers elated with hope.

"Do you believe he was in earnest?" said Jack.

"He seemed so," George replied; "there was n't a bit of that look of fun about his face we noticed last night."

"No, he is n't playing a joke on us now; I 'm sure of that," said Jack. "But does he really mean all he says?"

"I don't know; I can't somehow realize that he is a friend of Bryant's!" exclaimed George. "Perhaps I should feel that way, though, about any common mortal."

"Oh, I 've none of that feeling," laughed Jack. "I suppose poets, after all, are only men; there must be an every-day side to them,—a side which common folks, like Mr. Manton and me, can approach. Who knows but that, five or ten years from now—or less even—people will look at me with wonder and curiosity, when I speak of my friend, George Greenwood?"

"Don't poke fun at me!" said George, coloring with confusion.

Jack went on: "But I can't see the man's object in doing so much for us."

"But why should he make promises he does n't mean to fulfill?" George argued in reply.

And both agreed that Mr. Manton was an obliging person, whom they had had the good fortune to interest in their behalf.

The letters which they were writing—George to Vinnie and Jack to Moses Chatford—now took a more cheerful tone, touching but lightly upon the pecuniary difficulties of their situation.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEORGE PEDDLES HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

ANTICIPATING the morrow, when they hoped to accomplish so much, they went to bed early that night, and slept well until awakened some hours afterwards—near morning it seemed to them—by hearing Mr. Manton come to his room. He must have groped in the dark, they thought, for he appeared to stumble against their door, and to make

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an unnecessary noise before getting safely inside his own.

"He 's a night-bird!" murmured George.

"Hope he won't lie abed all the forenoon to-morrow—or to-day—which is it?" replied Jack, sleepily.

It was with some anxiety that, when the morning came, they listened at his closed door, as they passed it on their way down to breakfast. It was guarded by his boots outside, and no sound came from within.

Meeting Mrs. Libby in the lower entry, they asked what time Mr. Manton might be expected down.

"Mr. Manton never breakfases with the boarders, and it 's seldom he breakfases at all," was the reply, in a feeble voice, which discouraged further questions.

After breakfast the boys held a council in their room, and concluded that, under the circumstances, —their time was now so precious,—it would be right for them to return Mr. Manton's call, and remind him of his engagement. So, reluctantly, they went to his door, and knocked at first quite softly, and with timid hearts; then louder, as they got no response; and, finally, lifted the latch and looked in.

A haggard figure, with tumbled hair—looking so little like the sleek Mr. Manton, that for a moment they thought they had broken in upon the wrong man—turned on the pillow, and growled hoarsely, "Who 's there?"

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, "but you promised to go with us this morning."

"Oh! it 's you."

"We are sorry to disturb you," said George. "If you can't go with us, we won't depend upon it."

"Of course I 'll go. But what 's your hurry? It 's always morning till it 's afternoon. Just leave me,—set my boots inside,—I 'll get up in a few minutes."

So the boys withdrew, and lost another hour in waiting. They were both on fire with impatience, and Jack grew desperate.

"I can't afford to spend my forenoon in this way; I am going out!"

But George—who knew of no other means of access to the poet, whom he had now set his heart on seeing, except through Mr. Manton—felt less independent, and begged his friend to wait a little longer. Irritated by the delay, they fell into a dispute, which had almost become a quarrel, when Jack broke suddenly away, and rushed out alone.

George, left to himself, was in a wretched dilemma. He almost wished that Mr. Manton had not held out any promises to them, for then he would have known just what to do. He had a large roll of manuscript poems all ready to submit to a publisher, and a few shorter pieces laid aside for the magazines and newspapers, when the advantage to be gained by first seeing Bryant had caused him to change his plans. Now the day was slipping away, and he was doing nothing. Worse than all, his mind was distressed at the thought of having wronged and grieved his friend. Waiting at last became insupportable to him, and, taking two or three small manuscripts in his pocket, he sallied forth, in no very hopeful mood.

When promenading Broadway on Saturday evening, he had entered a periodical store and taken the addresses of two magazines and three or four story-papers. He remembered now that he had done this at Jack's suggestion, "to make the most of their time."

"How wise the little fellow is! and how thoughtful of my interest!" George said to himself, remorsefully. "And just now I called him conceited, because he chanced to know better than I what we had better do. And he was right! But, then, he need n't have called me a *mutton-head;* that made me mad."

He soon found his way to what was then the literary quarter of the town, and was loitering slowly along, looking for numbers and signs, when, on the corner of Nassau and Ann streets, he met Jack.

They spoke to each other coldly—for the wounds of injurious words were still in their hearts—and passed on, almost like two strangers. That such a thing could happen so soon after their arrival in the city, where neither had a friend beside the other, and that they should thus go their ways separately, without exchanging a word of counsel or sympathy, seemed incredible to both.

"He began it by calling me a mutton-head, and he ought to be the first to come round!" said poor George to himself, his heart swelling with a passion of grief.

"Conceited, am I?" thought Jack, stubbornly fighting back the better feelings which prompted him to run after his friend and throw his arms about him, even there in the street. "He must take that back!" And he walked sullenly on.

A few minutes later, George entered the office of a magazine (we will call it the *Manhattan*) which had once held a foremost place among American periodicals. He did not know that it was then in its decline. He meant to strike high. He drew from his pocket "An Autumn Day," which he considered the best of his short poems, and, in a voice tremulous with agitation, inquired for the editor. It was almost a relief to him to be told that the editor was out, and would not be in until the after-

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noon. Leaving "An Autumn Day" for his inspection, and saying he would call again, George bowed bashfully to the pert young fellow occupying the editorial chair, and withdrew.

He next visited the office of the *Western Empire*, a showy story-paper, and found the editor in. He sat behind a littered table, in one corner of a dirty printing office, up several flights of stairs, and was engaged in clipping paragraphs from newspapers with a pair of shears.

As soon as he could get breath in the presence of that august person, George explained the object of his visit, and laid two manuscripts before him.

GEORGE AND THE EDITOR OF THE "WESTERN EMPIRE."

"Po'try?" said the editor, putting down his shears and taking up the verses. He was by no means an august person, except in poor George's vivid imagination; but a plain, bald-headed, civil man of business. "We're deluged with that sort of thing. I've a bushel-basket full of pomes under the table here now. 'The Mohawk Spy'—a story?—that sounds better. I'll look at that."

George's heart had sunk like lead on learning that "po'try" was such a drug in the market; but he was slightly consoled by the assurance that the story would be considered.

"When shall I call again?" he asked.

"Whenever you have anything new to offer; I shall be happy to see you."

"I mean—to learn the fate of—'The Mohawk Spy.'"

"Ah! yes; say the last of the week."

"If you could decide upon it to-morrow," said George, "you would oblige me very much, as I am in need of money."

"You expect pay for it?" said the editor of the *Western Empire*, who did not seem to have anticipated that view of the matter.

"I hoped—certainly—" began George, with burning cheeks.

The editor thereupon shoved the "Mohawk Spy" back to him across the table, as he had already shoved the "pome."

"We have only two or three paid writers. We have more gratuitous contributions from others than we can possibly use. *Young* writers can hardly expect to get paid. Good day, sir."

So saying, he took up his shears and resumed his occupation. His manner was so business-like and decisive, that George had not a word to say; and, hurt as he was, it did not occur to him that he had any just ground of complaint. Faint at heart and trembling in every limb,—almost dizzy with the blow his hopes had received,—he turned away, and descended the unswept, ill-lighted stairs to the street, saying to himself, "Business is business; if he can get contributions for nothing, why should he buy mine?"

And yet he felt a sense of wrong, which he could not define. Perhaps it was the instinctive revolt of his soul against the system of unpaid contributions, which fostered a worthless literature and enabled a shoal of trashy periodicals to live, while it starved the needy and meritorious author. Or had the shears given him a secret wound? He could not help thinking of this man filling more than half his broad sheet with clippings for which he paid nothing; and I am not sure but he felt the shadow of a future event, which may be briefly related here.

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The "Mohawk Spy" did, after all, appear in the columns of the *Western Empire*, in an unforeseen and curious way. George, after much trouble, got the story published in a popular New York magazine, from which it was copied into a London periodical, where it appeared robbed of the author's name, and with the title changed to "An Adventure in the American Backwoods." The editor of the *Western Empire*, finding it there, and probably not recognizing his old acquaintance, "The Mohawk Spy," recopied it, again changing the title to "A Backwoods Adventure," in which mutilated shape it afterwards "went the rounds" of the American newspaper press. When George, who watched its course, first saw it in the *Western Empire*, he was highly incensed, feeling that he had not only been robbed of his property, but also of the small reputation which the connection of his name with the story should have given him. He was for going at once to the editor,—not timidly, as in his first visit, but with wrath in his bosom,—and charging him with the wrong, but on reflection he saw how foolish a thing that would be; and, his anger cooling, he blamed only the injustice of the law, which protects all kinds of property but the products of an author's brain.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MANTON'S FRIEND.

WHEN the two boys met in their room, on coming home to dinner, both appeared low-spirited and silent. It was evident that neither had had much success in the business of the morning. Moreover, the wounds of the spirit which they had given each other still rankled, and a sullen coldness seemed to have replaced their ardent friendship.

Mr. Manton's door was partly open as they passed it, but, resenting that gentleman's treatment of them, they took no pains to learn whether he was out or in.

After dinner Jack sauntered into the parlor, and was surprised to see a lady dressed in black, with a black veil over her face, sitting by the window. She seemed to be waiting for some person to come in; and, though he was not that person, she gave him a second look, removed her veil, and greeted him with a well-remembered smile. It was the lady who had questioned him with so much tender interest when he was passing round the hat on the steamboat.

She pressed his hand warmly, and was questioning him again, in the same gentle, almost affectionate way, when suddenly her countenance changed, and she turned to speak to one who had come in behind him. It was Mr. Manton; and it now appeared that he was the person she had been waiting to see.

He was looking very fresh, and so sleek that not a hair of his whiskers could have been thought out of place. His manner towards the lady was excessively polite, but he seemed scarcely to notice Jack, who, thinking himself in the way, quickly stole out of the room.

Climbing to his attic, he found George there before him, waiting, miserable enough.

"May be Mr. Manton will go with you this afternoon," said Jack, coldly.

"I don't care for Mr. Manton," replied George. Yet it was evident that he did still place some reliance on that gentleman's promises; for when told that there was a lady with him in the parlor, he watched anxiously from the window to see her go.

Possibly Jack shared his hopes, for he waited also; and, whenever the street door was heard to shut, thrust his head out of the attic window, provided his friend's head was not already at that loophole of observation.

At last the lady went—and Mr. Manton with her. Jack laughed sarcastically, but made no comment, as he tossed on his hat and walked out.

The sensitive George thought the laugh was at him, and bitterly resented it. His hands trembling with agitation, he now tied up a bundle of manuscripts, and went out to find a publisher for his volume of poems.

Meeting again at night, it was evident that the boys had had no better luck than in the morning. George, however, had come home without his package of manuscripts. He had found somebody willing at least to look at them.

After supper, Jack did not go up to their room; and, after waiting some time for him, George, wretchedly lonesome, went down to the parlor.

His friend was not there.

"No matter!" thought George, stifling his emotions of grief and yearning affection. "I can be as independent as he can!"

He found it hard, though, wandering about the streets, without an object, trying to amuse himself in the absence of his friend; and his heart gave a leap of joy when, an hour or two later, he met Jack crossing Broadway.

"Hello!" said Jack, "where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular," replied George. "Where have you been all the evening?"

"Looking over an everlasting file of old newspapers;—it's an awful job," said Jack, gloomily.

"Why did n't you let me go and help you?"

"O, I did n't want to trouble you."

While they were talking, Mr. Manton came

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along. They pretended not to notice him, but he rushed up to them with a flushed face and beaming smiles.

"Where have you kept yourselves all day?" he cried. "I've been to your room to find you about fifty times; I wanted to take you around to see a friend of mine."

"We lost so much time waiting for you in the morning, we had to make it up this afternoon," said Jack.

"Besides," George added, "we saw you going off with a lady after dinner."

"Ladies have the first claim, always!" said Mr. Manton, gaily. "But I was back in an hour. In the morning I was n't well. Let me see!"—looking at his watch. "It's too late to call on Mr. Bryant this evening. I spoke to a friend of mine about you,—he will do something,—and I believe we can find him now."

George feebly objected that they had no night-key, and did n't care to be again locked out of the boarding-house.

"I have a night-key, as I believe you know," laughed Mr. Manton. "I engage to see you safely home. Come; it's only two or three blocks."

His manner was so friendly that the boys were easily persuaded to go with him. George at least was convinced that they had blamed him wrongfully, and he regretted that it was too late to call on the great poet.

He chatted with him in a most familiar and fascinating manner, as they walked up the street together, repeating what he had said of them to his friend, and what his friend had promised in reply.

"He may be in here," said he; "let's look in." It was a refreshment saloon, in which a number of gentlemen were talking—some rather loud—at little marble-topped tables, or drinking at the bar. "He often comes here about this time for a chop; which reminds me," said Mr. Manton, "that I did n't go home to supper."

He seemed to know almost everybody in the room; he spoke privately to two or three, and then came back to where he had left the boys standing.

"He has n't come in yet. While we are waiting, let's have a glass of beer and a dish of oysters."

He seated them at a table, and was so very urgent that they finally consented to take the oysters without the beer. As for himself, notwithstanding the discovery that he had had no supper, he took the beer without the oysters. And yet it did n't look like beer, and it had a suspicious slice of lemon in it.

As this was drank before the oysters were consumed, he took another glass of "the same," as he confidentially whispered to the waiter. Thus, as his friend had not yet arrived, he filled up the time by taking still another glass, his face growing all the while more flushed, and his manner more vivacious.

The third glass finished, he put his hand in his pocket, and did not appear greatly surprised at finding nothing there.

"I'm dead beat!" he laughed. "I shall have to borrow half a dollar; I'll hand it to you in the morning."

As he was there on the boys' business, and was planning to do so much for them, and had moreover just treated them to oysters, they could not well refuse the loan; and, of course, they could not doubt so well-dressed and polite a gentleman's promise to repay them. So they emptied their pockets of the few small coins left, of what George, in compliment to his friend, termed their "head and heels money."

Mr. Manton then called the waiter, and in the merriest manner counted out the expenses of their entertainment on the table, beginning to talk rather thickly.

"Two oys'ers,—that's two shill's,—there's your two oys'ers;" and he carefully placed the two shillings under two fingers. "Now, I've had a punch, or, I b'lieve, I've had two punch's."

"Three punches," observed the waiter.

"Is pos'ble? I 'peal to my young friends here: is three punch's or one punch's?" His young friends assuring him that it was three punches, he submitted gracefully. "Three punch's,—that's a shill' 'n' sixpence. No! le' me count!" as the waiter offered to assist him. "I'm determ'ned have it right. There's your two oys'ers; there's yer three punch's; an' I've sixpence lef'. Boys, I'm going to have another bran'y punch!"

They tried to dissuade him; and George even ventured to hint that he had had too many punches already. In vain: away went the waiter with the money, and returned with the fourth brandy punch.

Whilst drinking it Mr. Manton discoursed wisely to his young friends concerning the duties of life, and the snares to be shunned in a great city. He counseled them particularly not to drink gin, which was bad for the constitution; to beware of confidence men, who had a thousand tricks for getting their money; and to put themselves under the protection of some friend and patron who knew the world, like himself. Then, smacking his lips over the last drop of his last punch, he reached for the spittoon, which he mistook for his hat, laughed at the blunder, and said he hoped nobody had mistaken his hat for the spittoon; then, with the boys'

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assistance, finding himself "all right," he declared that he would show them the "sights" before morning.

"He 's tipsy!" Jack whispered behind his back. "We must take him home."

Walking with their friend and patron between them, the boys got him along the street very well, until, coming to a doorway that attracted his attention, he stopped, and became obstinate.

"We can't go in here," said George; "it 's getting late."

"But you can't g' 'ome 'thout me, for I 've the nigh'-key!" said Mr. Manton. "You 're boun' to go 'th me, then I 'm boun' to see you safe 'ome. My friend 's in here; I *mu'* int'duce ye to 'm!"

As he insisted on going in, they reluctantly entered with him, mounted a dark flight of stairs, and came to a door at which he gave a peculiar knock. It was opened, and in a moment they found themselves in a blaze of light, amidst groups of loungers, card-players, and men throwing dice on shaking props.

"It 's a gambling saloon!" Jack whispered to the astonished George.

Here again Mr. Manton appeared to know everybody, and to be quite at home. After speaking to several persons, and glancing at the different groups, he smilingly invited the boys to lend him another half-dollar, with which he was certain of winning for them a very large sum. He felt it in his bones, he said; and when he felt that way he was always sure to win.

George was explaining that they had given him all their money already, when Jack suddenly started and caught his arm.

"Do you see that man over there?"

"Which? where?"

"At the farther table—his coat buttoned to his chin," said Jack, excitedly. "It 's my old acquaintance, the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man!—good-natered John Wilkins!"

(To be continued.)

LITTLE GOO-GOO.

BY SCOTT CAMPBELL.

WE have in our house a brave little chap—
There he is now, in dear mamma's lap;
He is laughing and singing the whole day long,
And "Goo-goo-goo!" is all of his song.

In his nice little cradle-bed he lies,
Staring about with great, bright eyes;
"Baby, dear! what are you singing about?"
But "Goo-goo-goo!" is all I make out.

He shakes his fists, and kicks his feet,
Because he is waiting for something to eat;
And then speaks up, very loud and strong,
And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

I catch up the darling and throw him high,
And he reaches his hands to touch the sky;
But all that he says, to show his delight,
Is "Goo-goo-goo!" with his baby might.

"Dear little pitkin! what is your name?"
But all the answer I get is the same.
"Oh! what a name for a boy like you!"
And he giggles and shouts his sweet "Goo-goo!"

He crows "Goo-goo!" before it is light,
And sings "Goo-goo!" in the dead of the night;
It is "Goo-goo-goo!" the whole day long,
And *I* think "Goo-goo!" is a beautiful song.

The little birdies say, "Cheep! cheep!"
"Ba! Ba! Ba!" says the baby-sheep;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo!"

Oh how precious is little Goo-goo!
And, oh! how we love him, little Goo-goo!
I pray that angels will guard him—don't you?
And Father in Heaven bless little Goo-goo!

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CHRISTMAS CITY.

BY MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

CHRISTMAS CITY is a wonderful place. It was built entirely by a boy of twelve. Its tallest building is exactly two and a-half inches high.

Its neat, substantial houses are much admired. It has a City Hall, a Metropolitan Hotel, a post-office, depot, church, and numerous stores and dwellings. There are also a good railroad and a fine harbor; for the little architect built cars and ships and wharves and bridges as well as houses.

It was seeing how happy and busy he was that put it into my head to write out the story for ST. NICHOLAS, and give some of his models, that boys and girls who find time hanging heavy upon their hands may know of this pleasant way of employing themselves.

When Captain Atherton went to sea, his son Fred was very lonely indeed. It was dull weather, and he could not drive the pony. The fruit was gone. It was too cold to go out in the boat, and he was tired of his toys and books, and of his Crandall blocks. What to do with himself he did not know. One day he was lounging in his sister Lillie's room,—teasing her, I am sorry to say.

"Don't touch that!" exclaimed Lillie, hastily, as he seized one of her choicest treasures,—a little Swiss cottage, which she had bought at the fair.

"I won't hurt it," replied Fred, laughing, and holding it out of her reach. "I want to see how it is made."

He was standing in a chair, holding the little toy above his head. Lillie unwisely tried to grasp it, jostling him and overturning the chair, so that Fred fell on the floor. He was not at all hurt, but the little toy was badly damaged.

"See what you've done!" cried Lillie, vexed and impatient; "you rude, careless boy!"

"It was n't my fault," retorted Fred; "you pushed me."

"Get out of my room," said Lillie, ready to cry, "or I'll speak to mamma. I just wish papa was at home to make you behave!"

"I wish myself that papa was at home," said Fred; "and I don't care if you do tell mamma." And he stalked off angrily.

But when he had cooled off a little, he began to see that this time it was all his own fault; that Lillie felt very badly about the broken toy, and that he, being in the wrong, ought to make amends.

So, while Lillie was practising her music-lesson in the afternoon, he went back to her room, found the little cottage, and repaired it neatly. When it was finished, he stood admiring it.

"How pretty it is! I wish I could make one like it. I could if I had any of that thin, white wood. It's no thicker than card-board. *Card-board!* the very thing. Hurrah! I've an idea."

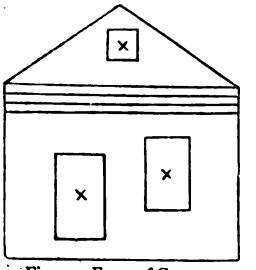

Fig. 1. Front of Cottage.

And in three minutes he was seated at his desk, with a sheet of card-board before him, upon which a model of the Swiss cottage was being rapidly drawn. There were seven pieces: the front (Figure 1); the back, which was shaped like the front and is not illustrated; the two sides, of which one is given (Fig. 2); the two halves of the roof, one of which is given (Fig. 3); and the chimney (Fig 4). These he drew precisely as you see them in the illustrations. The places marked X are to be cut out and saved for doors and blinds. Four little cleats of wood, half-an-inch long and of about the thickness of a common match, are necessary to assist in holding the card-board in place.

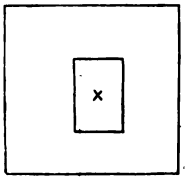

Fig. 2. Side of Cottage.

Now, suppose that you have drawn the model of the cottage as Fred did. Cut out all the sections. Next cut out the places marked X. Cut in halves, perpendicularly, the pieces which come from the windows, and paste one-half on each side of the windows. These are blinds, and after the cottage is built they should be painted green.

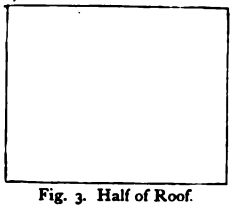

Fig. 3. Half of Roof.

Next take two narrow strips of paper, and paste one-half of each strip upon the back of the door, and the other upon the inside of the front, so that the door will fit as it did before it was cut. When the paste is dry, the door may be opened and shut.

Fig. 4.

Chimney.

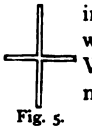

Fig. 5.

Next take two very narrow strips of paper and paste them over the windows inside, as in Fig. 5, for sashes. Behind these paste bits

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of white or colored paper for curtains. The door should be neatly painted, and, to give a good effect, a band of colored paper should be pasted across the front where the four lines are drawn in Fig. 1.

The parts are now ready to be put together. Paste a cleat to the inside of the front, at each end,

Fig. 6. Bracket.

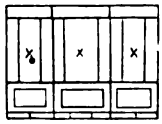

Fig. 7. Bay Window.

Fig. 8. Window Roof.

and lay it in the sun to dry. When dry, wet the sides of the cleats with paste, and attach the two sides of the house to the front. The cleats will hold the parts firmly together. Be careful that the edges are even. While these are drying, paste the cleats to the back, and then attach the back to the

Fig. 9. Swiss Cottage with Bay-window.

sides. The roof may now be put on. It should be pasted together at the top edges, and the top edges of the house should be pasted around to receive the roof. After the roof is on, it should be covered with thin black or slate-colored paper, pasted evenly; and at the point where the top edges meet, a narrow strip should be pasted on and bent to fit the roof on both sides, like a saddle-board. This strip should be exactly the length of the roof and about half-an-inch wide. The chimney is made from a little block of wood of the size shown in Fig. 4. The ridge is made by pasting on a narrow strip of cardboard just below the top. The bottom should be cut to fit the slope of the roof, and the chimney should be colored red, to imitate brick-work. This completes the Swiss cottage.

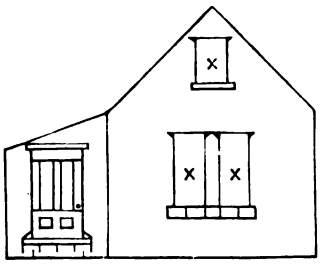

Fig. 10. Front of Farm-house.

After building six like this, Fred made an improvement by pasting brackets under the eaves in front, and by adding bay-windows. Fig. 6 represents a bracket. A model of the bay-window is given in Figs. 7 and 8. The places marked X are to be cut out, and sashes and curtains put in, as before described. The lines marked *a* should be cut half through the cardboard, that the window may be bent to receive its roof (Fig. 8). Cut a piece of the right width from

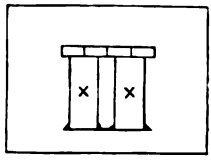

Fig. 11. Side of Farm-house.

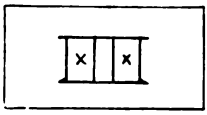

Fig. 12. Back of Farm-house.

Fig. 13. Roof of L.

the side of the house, paste the parts of the bay-window together, and fit it to the house. Paint the blinds and the window-roof, and you will be pleased enough with the result (Fig. 9).

Fred's next venture was a farm-house and barn. Fig. 10 represents the farm-house front. The same general directions as those given for the Swiss cottage may be followed in making the farm-house. Fig. 11 is one side of the house, Fig. 12 is the back, and Figs. 13 and 14 are the roof of the L and half of the main roof. The other half should be a trifle shorter, as it cannot overlap the L. The chimney may be made like that in Fig. 4. In Fig. 15 the body of the barn is cut in one piece. The lines marked *b* are cut half through the cardboard. The doors and windows are left whole on one side, to be opened and shut. The double doors are cut on the centre line and at the top and bottom.

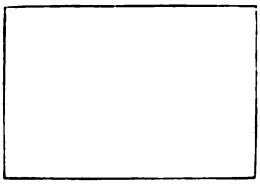

Fig. 14. Half of Main Roof.

When Fred had built the houses already described, he made some little people for Christmas

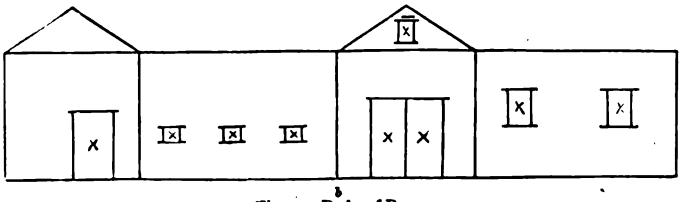

Fig. 15. Body of Barn.

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City. These figures, cut from the pith of dried corn-stalks, and colored by our young artist, were so pretty, and gave the place such an enterprising look, that he immediately set about building them some stores. On these the Mansard windows (see Fig. 18) slope to fit the side of the roof, and overlap the front a little.

Fig. 16. Half of Roof of Barn.

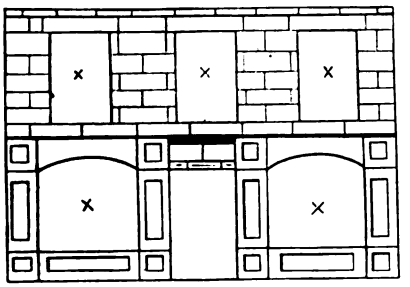

Fig. 17. Store and Hall.

After building a number of stores, Fred made a church and school-house; then a city hall was erected, a theatre, and several other buildings.

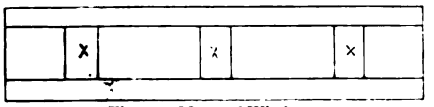

Fig. 18. Mansard Windows.

The church was a "little gem" in the way of a model.

The bars around the windows are made by pasting on narrow strips of card-board. The roof or hood to the window is half cut through at *c* (Fig. 24), and bent to fit the window, being put on above the top and supported by brackets (Fig. 25).

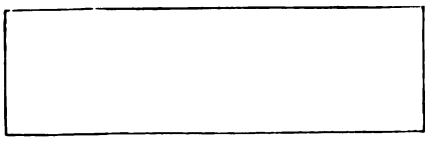

Fig. 19. Half of Roof.

Enough models have now been given to begin with. When one has made all these, his own ingenuity will suggest various other designs.

Fred has awnings to some of his store windows, and piazzas to many houses. He has fences made of narrow strips of card-board, and trees flourish in this thriving city. These trees are very graceful and pretty. They are cut from soft pine, and the foliage is formed by strips of green paper cut into shreds and pasted on.

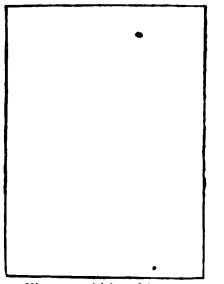

Fig. 20. Side of Store.

Fig. 21. Side of Mansard Roof.

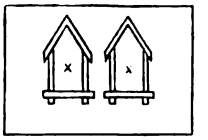

Fig. 23. Side of Church.

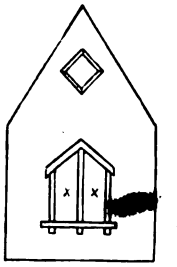

Fig. 22. Front of Church.

Christmas City was finished on the night before Christmas. Santa Claus, on his rounds, took a peep at it, and was so pleased that he dropped a valuable work on architecture into Fred's stocking, and left a case of mathematical instruments on his desk.

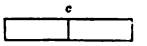

Fig. 24. Hood to Window.

Fig. 25. Bracket.

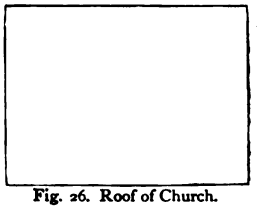

Fig. 26. Roof of Church.

Two little birds once met in a tree,
One said, "I'll love you if you will love me."
The other agreed, and they built them a nest,
And began to keep house with very great zest.
They lived there all summer, and then flew away;
And where they are now I really can't say.

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HOME FROM THE PARTY

By M. D. Brine.

Why, what does this mean? here are three little fellows,
O'erflowing with kisses for dear sister Nell!
Such hugging, caressing, and leaping from pillows!
The boys have some object in view, I know well.
And Nellie, while laughing to see their bright eyes,
Keeps her hand in her pocket, and looks very wise.

"Oh! what did you have at the party, dear Nellie?
Cakes, oranges, candies, and everything nice?
Did you bring any home? What is that in your pocket?
Oh! say, did they send us some good orange ice?"
Ah! hear the bright babies, so eager and knowing,
More love, and more kisses, on sister bestowing.

And Nellie has taken, at last, from her pocket,
The sweet, smuggled treasures, their eyes to delight;
While fresh from their dreams of the party awakened,
Are gathered the little ones, wild at the sight;
Such dainties receiving, that, really, 'tis plain,
Sister Nellie *must* go to a party again!

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BLUE BEARD'S ISLAND.

By Charles Dimitry.

I SUPPOSE that every young reader of ST. NICHOLAS knows something about Blue Beard and his inquisitive wife; and he may, perhaps, have even shed tears over the sorrows of the poor woman who, in the moment of her greatest danger, cried out to her sister every few minutes: "Sister Anne! Sister Anne! is anybody coming?" But the story that you have read is not the exact story of that cruel monster, whose real name was Gilles de Laval, and who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. The writer of the fairy tale of "Blue Beard" was a French author, named Charles Perrault, who was born in Paris in 1628, and who died in 1703. You will, therefore, see that, as the true Blue Beard lived about 1440, nearly two hundred years had passed away before Perrault took up the legend and put it among his other fairy tales. Now, for my part, I think it well that you who have read Perrault's fairy tale should also know where he got his story, who Blue Beard was, what he did, and all about the little island in which he lived and where are still to be seen the ruins of the old tower upon which the faithful Sister Anne is supposed to have stood when she watched for the arrival of her brothers, and saw, you remember, that big cloud of dust in the distance, which proved to be caused, after all, only by a flock of sheep.

If you will place your map of France before you, and will run your eye down that portion of the western coast which is washed by the waves of the Bay of Biscay, you will see in the bay, south of the mouth of the river Loire, and opposite the province of Poitou, a very small island, a mere speck in the ocean apparently, and shaped somewhat like a human eye. This little island is called Ile d'Yeu, or Ile Dieu, as it is sometimes named, the latter term signifying the Island of God. It was here that the original Blue Beard lived, and it was in his castle on this island, as is generally supposed, that his wife's brothers came to their sister's rescue. I will first tell you something about the island and about the old castle, and then we will come to Blue Beard and his story.

The Ile d'Yeu is about eight miles long and two miles and a-half wide. The population numbers 3,000. The men are mainly fishermen, and while they are away on their fishing expeditions, the women stay at home to cultivate the soil and tend the cattle and sheep. In past ages, the island contained many forests, but now the woods have all disappeared. There are several small villages on the island, and quite an important trade in fish and cattle is carried on with the neighboring coasts of France.

In the early days of the history of the Ile d'Yeu, the Druids, the Gauls, the Romans, and the Saracens were in turn in control of the island. The two first-named have left many traces of their residence there in the way of stone monuments, illustrating their peculiar religious worship. Near the hamlet of Meule, for instance, is that famous shaking-stone, erected by the Druids, which is so curiously balanced that a child can move it with a touch of the finger, and yet which fifty strong men, exerting all their strength, could not overturn. Near the same village is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and to which sailors and fishermen of the island sometimes resort, in pursuance of vows which they have made when in danger of shipwreck.

Owing to the dangerous character of the western coast of the Ile d'Yeu, it has been found necessary to build two light-houses, in order to guide aright vessels entering port at night, and to give vessels at sea warning of the presence of the island. The largest of these light-houses throws a light that can be seen from a distance of twenty-one miles. Concerning the other, which is called the Light-house of the Ravens, and which displays a red light, there is a legend worth telling.

According to this legend, two ravens, in the old days, dwelt upon the cliff on which the light-house now stands. What was peculiar about these wise birds was this, that they would never allow any other raven to show his ugly face near their dwelling-place. Very naturally, this judicious conduct led the simple islanders to attach to these ravens the repute of being something mysterious and more than mortal; and as the inhabitants were very ignorant,—and, therefore, very superstitious,—what should they do but bring all their little private quarrels before the ravens for their decision, and thus make them judge, jury, lawyers and witnesses, all in one! Imagine, now, two of these wise men of Yeu trudging, one day, to the ravens' cliff, with a sack of flour between them, about the ownership of which they had had a dispute, without being able to come to an understanding! Each man had provided himself with a cake, and

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these cakes they placed in a spot where the ravens could easily get them. Then they waited; and when, finally, one of the cakes was eaten and the other was left untouched, the owner of the eaten cake was acknowledged by the other man as the rightful owner of the sack of flour. This was, indeed, an easy way of settling the matter, and was far more satisfactory than going to law about it, as people do now-a-days, when there are no sagacious ravens to decide in such disputes.

Blue Beard's castle is perched upon a great rock, situated not far from the larger of the two lighthouses. It is quadrangular in shape,—that is, built in the shape of a square,—and surrounding it is a ditch or moat, which is full of water at high tide, and which becomes empty when the tide goes out. The only means of entrance to the castle is across a drawbridge, elevated several feet above the sea. It is believed that this castle, and three or four others of similar construction that are found along St. George's Channel, were built by pirates, who were their first tenants; and that Blue Beard's castle was erected as far back as the eighth century.

You must not expect me, my dear children, to tell you in detail the true story of Gilles de Laval, whose title was Seigneur de Retz, or Raiz, as it is sometimes written. It differs in some important respects from the story as you have read it, and is a tale that should be told only at twilight, or when the flame of an expiring candle flickers solemnly in the socket, casting strange shadows on the wall. Nor should little children be present when it is told, for they would be more frightened than entertained by it. Be satisfied, therefore, with the details as you have read them in your book of fairy tales. But there are some historical facts concerning Blue Beard and his career, which will be new to you, and which you will probably be interested in knowing.

Gilles de Laval owed his name of "Blue Beard" —or *Barbe Bleue*, as it is in French—to the color of his beard, which was of that hue known as blue-black,—like the raven's wing, for example. He was born, it is said, in 1396, nearly five hundred years ago. He was a nobleman by birth, and was a marshal of Brittany, a province of France (and his native province), which lies on the coast not far to the north of the Ile d'Yeu. He was also very rich, and was the lord of seven castles, one of which is that which I have already described. Two of the others were situated at Chantoée and at Machecoul, the latter in the province of Poitou.

It is related of this wicked man that he was fond of pomp and display, and was a spendthrift; and that, in order to get more gold for his pleasures, he became a sorcerer, and pledged his soul to the Evil One to obtain possession of the philosopher's stone, which stone the superstitious people of that day believed to exist somewhere in the world, and which, they thought, if it could only be discovered, would enable its possessor to gratify all his desires. Such foolish superstitions have now passed away; but in the time when Blue Beard lived, nearly everyone, including the wisest men of the age, believed in the powers of the "Black Art," as the sorcerer's profession was called.

In his search for the philosopher's stone, Gilles de Laval committed many atrocious crimes. He was assisted in these by two accomplices, one an apostate priest and the other a Florentine, named Sellé, who were, if possible, more cruel even than Blue Beard himself. His wife and her sister were of high birth, and Madame de Retz was quite young when she was married.

It was in the year 1440, and on the holy Easter Day, that Blue Beard left his castle in the Ile d'Yeu, on the pretence of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He strictly forbade his wife and her sister from entering the third tower of the castle during his absence. No sooner had he mounted his horse and ridden away, however, than the curiosity of the women overcame their fears of the monster, and they ventured into the forbidden tower. Blue Beard, expecting that they would disobey him, suddenly returned to the castle, and discovered the unfortunate and too curious women in the chamber of death, gazing with horror and affright upon many of the persons whom he had sacrificed in his attempts to discover, in their blood, the philosopher's stone. Madame de Retz was shut up in the tower to await her execution, Blue Beard having determined, on the advice of his two cruel accomplices, to take her life. But her sister was lucky enough to have the intelligence of their danger sent to her brothers. The brothers at once went to the rescue, and succeeded not only in saving their sister's life, but also in causing the arrest of the wicked husband.

Can you not imagine what righteous fate overtook Gilles de Laval? He was tried for his crimes, and was condemned to death; and this sentence was carried out, when he was burnt at the stake in the meadow of the Madeleine, near the city of Nantes.

If, when you grow to be men and women, you should ever visit the Ile d'Yeu, you will see the remains of the castle, in the tower of which poor Madame de Retz was imprisoned; and if you should journey to Versailles, near Paris, in France, you will also see in the Museum there a portrait of a stern, black-bearded man, which, the guide will tell you in a whisper, is that of the cruel Gilles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, and the original of the Blue Beard of the well-known fairy tale.

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A BRIGHT IDEA.

By M. S.

AT Kingaiteloo, in Greenland, on New Year's Day, 18—, the thermometer marked only eighteen degrees below zero. This was not considered cold weather for that season, in a country where the mercury sometimes freezes. But for two days a bitter, cold wind had been blowing through the narrow valley in which lies the village of Kingaiteloo, with such violence that no one could stand against it. And that is how it happened that the two Esquimaux boys, Newerkierung and Pierkoonemeloon had been shut up in the Mission House for two whole days, which was a great loss of time to them in this mild weather; for they knew that when the real cold weather came in earnest, they might not be able to go out-doors for weeks, perhaps.

So the boys were not happy on this New Year's Day, though each of them had a large cake covered with colored sugar. There was the snow house to be built for Annersung and her children, and it was good fun to help build a snow house. Annersung's husband had been drowned the summer before, while out with a party on a great seal hunt. At that time Annersung lived in a tent made of skins; but when the villagers moved into their winter houses, she had to live with the family of her cousin, Ugarng. Now she was to have a house of her own.

And there were their traps to be looked after. There must certainly be some martens in them by this time, and, possibly, a fox. So far this season, the boys had had very poor luck with their traps; and business would be very dull with them the next summer, when the fur traders came to the settlement, if the traps were not more frequently filled during the remainder of the winter.

So, on New Year's Day they sat by the stove, and ate their cakes in solemn silence.

"Why, the wind has stopped blowing!" suddenly exclaimed Pierkoonemeloon, as he finished his last mouthful of cake.

"It is all at once dreadfully still!" said Newerkierung.

[This is the English translation of the Inuit language, in which the boys conversed.]

They ran to a window. They were right. The wind had ceased. It was now the middle of the day, according to our division of time into twenty-four hours of day and night; but, if the day be measured by the rising and setting of the sun, it was the middle of the night. For the sun stays with the Esquimaux six months in succession, and leaves them for the same length of time. The sky looked black, it was so dark in color. In it the stars glittered with great brilliancy, and the new moon shone faintly. Their light, with the reflection from the wide snow-fields, and from the icy mountains, with which the valley was surrounded on three sides, made near objects quite distinct; but, in the distance, the darkness seemed to rise up like a black wall.

"Hi-hi!" cried Newerkierung. "We can go out!"

"Now for the traps!" said Pierkoonemeloon.

"If we don't go right to the village, we shall be too late to help build Annersung's house," said Newerkierung.

The boys quickly put on their out-door garments. These consisted of jacket, trowsers, and boots, all made of seal-skin, with the fur outside. On their heads they wore fur hoods. These clothes they put on over the suit worn in-doors, boots and all. This in-door suit was also of seal-skin, made up with the fur inside.

When the boys reached the village, there was no one to be seen until they came to the house of Ugarng. It seems that all the men had been helping Ugarng to fasten up against his house what was left of the body of a walrus, after they had eaten as much of it as they wanted; and they were now inside the hut, warming themselves. Ugarng was still busy with the walrus, giving it some final touches, and his two little boys were standing by him, watching the process.

The boys told Ugarng that Mr. Lay, the missionary, was coming to the village to see about Annersung's house, and then they went into the hut to inform the men. In order to get in, they had to go on their hands and knees, the entrance was so low. Having delivered their message, they crawled out again, just as the party from the Mission House arrived. This consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lay, and Mr. Carey, the assistant. Annersung and her nephew, Eterloong, had joined them, having started for the Mission House as soon as the wind lulled, and met them on the way.

Very soon the whole village was astir; some of

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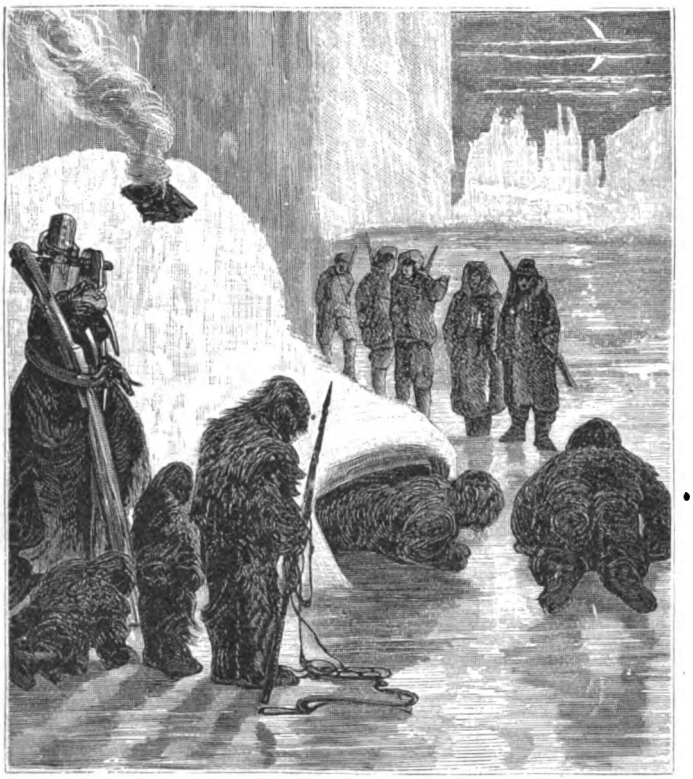
the men at work, some giving advice; and the women and children looking on.

Blocks of snow, two feet long and six inches wide, were cut and carefully pared with a large knife. These were built into a dome, the walls of which were very thick and solid. Inside was one room, circular, with a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The entrance to this room was through a hole, about a yard in diameter, which led into an arched passage-way, sixteen feet long, and not high enough to enable a grown person to walk upright in it. In the dome was placed a window of transparent, fresh-water ice. On the sides of the room were a couple of raised platforms, two feet high, made of blocks of snow laid compactly and smoothly together. On these were placed whale-bones and seal-skins, making two comfortable beds for Annersung and her children! In the centre of the room was a smaller platform for the cooking-lamp, and over this was constructed a rude wooden scaffolding, on which to hang the cooking utensils.



UGARNG'S HOUSE.

The house was now completed, and the next proceeding was to move into it Annersung's furniture. The seal-skins had already been laid upon the beds. The clothing of the family was now brought in, and a couple of cooking utensils and a lamp. This last was an oval-shaped dish, filled with whale oil and blubber, in the centre of which was a long wick of moss. It answers the purposes of both lamp and stove. This completed Annersung's list of furniture, and she was perfectly contented with it, for her neighbors were no better off.

The business was all accomplished in three hours, and would have been done much sooner if there had been fewer people at work.

It seems incredible, but these snow houses are very warm.

Pierkoonemeloon and Newerkierung had worked like beavers, "just for the fun of the thing;" but they were not in the least tired.

"Now for our traps!" they shouted, as they dashed out of the village.

The traps had been dug in the early Fall, when the ground was soft, and were skillfully constructed and kept well baited. They were in a lonely plain between the icy mountain and the frozen sea, at some distance from the settlement; and the boys felt that they must be in a hurry if they wanted to get back to the Mission House at supper-time.

But they were not to see their traps that day. Newerkierung, who was in advance, stopped very suddenly as he turned the corner of a jutting rock, so that Pierkoonemeloon nearly fell over him.

"Bears!" said Newerkierung, in a low, terrified voice, as he pointed up the mountain side.

Pierkoonemeloon, looking in the direction indicated, saw four full-sized polar bears trotting gently towards them. They had evidently not seen the boys, or they would have quickened their pace; but they were dangerously near, and the boys turned back and darted off at their swiftest run for the Mission House. They would have preferred going to the village, and telling the news there, so that they might have the excitement of a bear chase, in which their present relative positions might be reversed; but they were afraid the bears would overtake them if they went so far. It was well they did not make the attempt, for the bears came into view very soon after they had established themselves at a window.

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"The bears have come!" shouted Pierkoonemeloon.

"We 'll have to go out and fight them!" cried Newerkierung.

Mr. Lay smiled. Their force of two men, unskilled in bear warfare, and two boys, would not prove very effective in an encounter with four polar bears.

"We won't go to them," he said, "and they can't come to us. They will soon get tired and go away."

"Not they!" said the boys, who knew much more about bears than Mr. Lay. "They must be savagely hungry to venture into a settlement this way, and now they have come they won't go away in a hurry. They have smelt the cooking in the smoke of the kitchen chimney, and they 'll stay till they get their supper."

"But they won't get it," said Mrs. Lay.

"Then they will stay for their breakfast," said Newerkierung. "When bears come around this way, there is but one thing to do,—go out and fight them."

"Our friends in the village will do that as soon as they know what visitors we have," said Mr. Lay. "We need not be uneasy."

"But how are they to know?" asked Pierkoonemeloon.

Unfortunately, there was no answer ready to this question.

A great head was now thrust against the window bars, which caused the speakers involuntarily to recoil from their post of observation, and look at the savage beast at a greater distance. But they were not afraid of his getting in. The house had both an outer and an inner wall, with windows in each, the outer windows being secured by heavy bars, strongly mortised.

Here was one bear, but where were the others? Anxious faces were now at the other windows, peering out into the night; but no other bears were to be seen. It was hoped that they had made a descent upon the village, where there were men enough to give battle to them, for the Esquimaux are good hunters, and brave ones. But this hope was soon dispelled.

"They are on the roof!" said Mr. Lay.

A silence followed this announcement. No one knew exactly what to think of this position the besiegers had taken. The scratching of their huge claws upon the ice could be heard distinctly, and it was not a pleasant sound. The bear which had been reconnoitering through the window now joined his companions on the roof. It seemed as if the house trembled under the heavy tread of the four great beasts. Certainly the inmates did. Mrs. Lay and the Esquimaux woman who lived there did not attempt to conceal their fears. The roof had been constructed with great care, and Mr. Lay *thought* the bears could not break through; but in such a matter one likes to be sure, and Mr. Lay was by no means sure. What was to be done? There was but little hope that the bears would be seen or heard from the village; for, no doubt, all its inhabitants were by this time in a profound slumber. A sound of gnawing and tearing could now be heard, accompanied by low, savage growls. Could it be possible that they had broken through the layers of solid ice with which the roof was covered, and had reached the wood? The situation was growing desperate.

"Let 's make a hole in the roof, and put a gun through," said Newerkierung, who had the bravery of his race.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Lay, "but we would have to wait for a bear to come directly over the spot, which might not happen."

"And if it did," said Mr. Carey, "we should probably only wound him, and then we would be worse off than before, for they would all be enraged and make a savage attack upon the house."

"I have it! I have it!" cried Pierkoonemeloon, jumping up and down in his excitement. "The fireworks! the fireworks! They scared me nearly out of my senses when I first saw them, and a bear, cunning as he is, has n't got as much wit as I have. The fireworks! Make a hole in the roof, and pop! right among them!"

The previous summer, an American ship had remained at Kingaiteloo for several days, and, leaving there the last of June, had given Mr. Lay some fireworks to be used on the coming Fourth of July. This was done, to the great delight of the natives; but, as there was quite a large number of Roman candles among them, Mr. Lay had saved some of these for the next year, and they were packed away in a chest in the lumber-room.

It was at once evident to all the besieged that Pierkoonemeloon's idea was a good one; for, if the Roman candles did not frighten the bears, they would arouse the men in the village, and bring them to the Mission House to raise the siege.

The women flew to the chest, and speedily unpacked the innocent-looking pasteboard tubes, and the boys stood at the foot of the ladder ready to light them, long before Mr. Lay, at the top of the ladder, had succeeded in making a hole through the roof, for he not only had to bore into the wood, but to break through a thick layer of ice. But at last it was done. A Roman candle was lighted, and passed up to Mr. Lay, who pushed it quickly through the hole.

Whiz! pop! pop! pop! went the candle. The party below could hear, but not see. The party

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above could both see and hear; and, before all the stars had flown out of one candle, the bears scrambled down from the roof and made off at their best speed, howling as they ran. Mr. Carey and the women stationed at the windows reported that the routed enemy had disappeared into the darkness. It was not probable that they would return, but it was thought best to send up another candle in order to arouse the villagers that they might be ready in case the bears should resolve upon renewing the attack.

Great was the relief of the inmates of the Mission House. The women cried; Mr. Lay and Mr. Carey both commenced talking at the same time; and the two boys were so delighted at having outwitted the bears that they sat down on the floor and laughed until the tears rolled down their fat cheeks.

THE BEARS BESIEGING THE MISSION HOUSE.

The Esquimaux men soon came running in to learn what was the matter. They were all armed, and watched anxiously, hoping the bears would return; for a good supply of bear meat would have been very acceptable in the village. But the animals had been too effectually frightened, and came back no more.

This excitement kept the villagers up to a very late hour, and, consequently, they all slept late the next day. This made no difference as far as working in the daylight was concerned, for there was no daylight; but it had been found expedient to establish regular hours for the various things to be done in the settlement, or else there would be no work done at all. Pierkoonemeloon and Newerkierung were the first to make their appearance in the morning in the now quiet valley. This was the third attempt they had made to visit their traps, and this time they resolved to do it. But, warned by yesterday's experience, they took some precautions that they had never taken before. Each boy carried a loaded gun, and hung a little horn at his side, with which to sound an alarm in case they should encounter any unpleasant acquaintances.

They succeeded in reaching the traps without any accident. There were three traps,—one very large, and two smaller ones. They arrived first at the large one, and peeped in, half-expecting to see a bear, so filled were their minds with the forms of these animals. But it was empty. The large trap generally was empty, so this was not much of a disappointment. But when they found the second trap also empty their hearts sank. They could hardly summon up the resolution to look into the third. However, that had an occupant! Only one! But that was better than nothing. And when they looked again, and caught a sight of the glints of silver on its fur, when the moonlight shone on it, they were overjoyed. It was a silver-grey fox, a valuable prize, and a rare one; for the Arctic fox is quite as cunning as his brethren of warmer climes, and it is very seldom indeed that he gets caught in a trap. This

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capture, the boys agreed, was a good omen for the winter. And so it proved, for they were very successful that season, and the next summer sold forty-seven skins of different animals to the fur-traders, which was the largest number they had ever secured.

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter X.

NIMPO MAKES CAKE.

The long-expected Saturday came at last,—a perfect day,—and Nimpo, with her new dress, which Sarah had made in the latest style, without ruffle or tuck, went to the party.

This party would be a very droll affair to you girls of to-day. The invited guests came at the sensible hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, so as to have a good long time to play before dark. There was no dancing, — that was considered, if not wicked, at least very frivolous. On the contrary, the girls sat around the room like so many sticks; for they all put on their stiff manners with their best dresses. After awhile Helen's mother came in, and suggested that they should go into the yard and play something. In a few moments they were eagerly discussing what it should be.

"Let 's play 'Pom, pom, pell away!' cried Nimpo, who delighted in lively games.

"Oh, no!" said Anna, "we play that every day at school. Let 's play 'Crack the whip,' and Helen shall be the leader."

"Blind Man's Buff!" suggested another. And, after some talk, Blind Man's Buff was decided upon.

"Who 'll be it?" asked Helen.

Thereupon Anna began to count them off.

"Irey—Urey—Ickory—Ann—
Phillisy—Phollisy—Nicholas—John—
Quevor—Quavor—
English—Navor—
Stringalum—Strangalum—John—Buck."

The "Buck" fell to Helen, who had to blind, and the game commenced.

After this came "Dixie's Land" and "Fox and Geese." Then followed a sensible "tea" of biscuits and butter, cold tongue, fruit and sweetcakes. Finally, though it was not seven o'clock, all the girls went home.

It was something of a trial to Rush to hear Nimpo's description of the "good things" eaten at the party, and it made him pronounce old Primkins to be meaner than ever.

In fact, both Nimpo and Rush talked that evening about the wretchedness of the Primkins' bill of fare till they both felt that they were very much abused in the matter of food.

Gradually a great idea took form in Nimpo's head, namely, to go to the old house and bake some cake. To be sure, she had never made any cake, but there was her mother's receipt book, and she knew she could follow directions.

Rush was delighted with the plan. So, one morning, instead of going to school, they took Robbie and went down to the house.

Nimpo walked slowly, with Robbie, while Rush ran on ahead to the store to get the key.

"Now, Rush, you make a fire," said Nimpo, as soon as they were in the house, "while I hunt up the receipt book."

So Robbie brought in chips, and Rush brought in wood, and Nimpo went up stairs to look for the book.

"What kind would you make?" she shouted down stairs to Rush, who was blowing away at the fire.

"Oh, any kind, so it 's good and rich," called Rush. "What kinds are there?"

Nimpo came down and began to read.

"Rich cakes,—of course, we want it rich; we have enough poor stuff at Mrs. Primkins'."

"Of course," assented Rush.

"'Old Hartford Election Cake.' That does n't sound good, besides, it takes five pounds of flour, and brandy," said Nimpo, running her eye over the receipt.

"Read the next," said Rush.

"'Raised Loaf-Cake.' That takes one pound of flour,—let me see. 'Mrs. H's Raised Wedding Cake.' That takes yeast, and seven pounds of flour. 'Fruit Cake or Black Cake.'"

"Oh, make that!" interrupted Rush. "That 's splendid; and we can have as much as we want. Mother never lets us have but a little bit of a piece."

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"Well," said Nimpo, reading, "this takes 'one pound white sugar, three-quarters pound of butter, one pound flour, sifted.' That sounds easy." She went on: "'Twelve eggs, two pounds raisins, stoned;' but I guess they 'll do without. I don't care for the stones."

"Nor I," said Rush.

"'Two pounds citron,'—they 've got that at the store,—'quarter ounce of cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves,'—we 've got all those in the spice box,—'one wine-glass of wine, and one of brandy,'—we have n't got those, and, you know, Cousin Will won't give us any."

"Won't cider do?" asked Rush. "He 'll give me some, may be."

"I guess so. Well, I 'll make that. Let me see what I want. You must go down to the store and get—a dozen eggs,—we 've got raisins in the store-room,—cider and butter and citron. If Cousin Will asks you what you want it for, tell him I 'm making cake."

"Well," said Rush, "eggs, cider, butter, and citron. Robbie, do you want to go, too?"

Robbie did. So they went off, and Nimpo proceeded to collect her materials.

First she brought out the scales, and then the earthen dish that her mother made cake in. Then she weighed the flour and the raisins. Then she brought out the spice-box, but she could n't weigh a quarter of an ounce, so she had to guess at that.

As soon as Rush came in with the things she began to mix them, carefully following the book.

"Rub the butter and sugar together," she read. So she weighed the butter and sugar, put them in the dish, and took the wooden spoon her mother used for cake. They would n't mix very well. She could n't make it look like her mother's cake. But after working till her arms ached, she thought it would "do," so she proceeded to put in the rest.

"Eggs come next. I must break them and separate the whites and yolks." So she took up one and broke it. She broke it too much, in fact, for the yolk ran out, and she could n't separate it from the white.

"I don't care," she said. "I don't believe it 'll make any difference, anyway; they all go in just the same."

So, feeling sure that she had exploded at least one humbug in cake-making, she broke all the eggs into a dish, and began beating them. Soon her shoulder began to ache; then she declared she "did n't believe it mattered if it would n't stand up as mother made it,"—and in went the eggs with the butter and sugar.

"Then add part of the flour," said the receipt. So she put in a few handfuls.

"'The spice, the whites of the eggs,'—those are in already," said Nimpo,—'the remainder of the flour, and the wine and brandy.'"

Nimpo threw in the rest of the flour, and a tumblerful of cider,—she had no wine-glass,—and stirred all up together.

"The book says, 'first pour in the pans, and then add the raisins and citron and currants.' Oh, I forgot the currants," said Nimpo; "I guess I won't put them in."

"Oh, yes, do!" said Rush. "I 'll get them."

"Well, they 're in a glass jar on the second shelf in the store-room," said she, "and be careful you don't let it fall."

Rush soon had the jar.

"How many do you want?" he asked.

"Two pounds," said Nimpo. "And—oh! they 've got to be 'carefully cleaned.'"

"How do they clean 'em? Do you know?"

"Yes; I 've seen Sarah—wash them."

So Rush weighed out the currants, and put them into a pan to wash,—eating all the time,—while Nimpo sliced the citron,—eating, too,—and got the two square cake-pans to bake it in.

"The book says, 'line the pan with paper,' but I sha' n't do that; I don't see any use in it. Rush, don't eat up all those currants!"

"No, I won't," said Rush, beginning now to wash them.

In a few minutes he announced them all ready, and brought the pan to Nimpo, who quickly stirred them in.

They were very wet, and they made the cake look odd and sticky. But Nimpo was getting tired now, so she poured it into the two pans and hurried it into the oven.

"Get some more wood, Rush," she said.

"Give me the pan to scrape," cried Rush.

"I 'll give you part, and Robbie must have part," she answered. "But, Rush," she cried, excitedly, "that cake must bake four hours!"

"Oh, my! What for?" asked Rush.

"I don't know. The book says so; but I know mother don't bake cake so long as that. I don't believe the old book is right."

"Nor I," said Rush. "We can tell when it 's done; can't we?"

"I guess I can," said Nimpo. "Now, let 's make up a good fire to bake it, and go out and get cool; it 's dreadfully hot in here."

Just then, Rush heard Johnny Stevens whistling for him outside. So, opening the front door, he invited him in, and they all ran out in the yard to play.

They chased each other about for awhile, then played "hide and seek" in the barn, and, at last, when they were enjoying themselves "taking turns" on the swing, Nimpo suddenly exclaimed:

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"Oh, I wonder if the cake is done."

Thereupon she and Robbie and Johnny Stevens ran in to see; Rush was in the swing, "letting the old cat die."

If the cake was n't done, the fire was. So they made up another fire, and looked at the cake. It looked brown enough outside, but when Nimpo ran a broom splint into it—as she had seen her mother do—she saw that something was wrong.

"No, it is n't done inside," said she, "though I 'm sure it is outside."

Well, they went off to play again. Soon, Johnny Stevens, remembering an errand he had to do, ran home, and the next time they went into the house they concluded that the cake was done. It did n't stick much to the broom splint, and certainly the outside was a great deal too brown.

Nimpo took the loaves out, and in trying to shake them free from the pans, one of them broke in two.

"Never mind, we can eat this one now," said Nimpo, "and keep the other to take back with us."

It did n't look exactly like mother's black cake, nor did it taste quite right. But then it was very rich, Nimpo said, "and, anyway, it was good."

So they ate as much as they liked, though Robbie, wise little fellow, would not take but one taste.

They interspersed the entertainment with raisins and currants that they had left on the table.

All this had taken some hours, and now it was time to go back to Mrs. Primkins'.

"What shall we do with the dishes?" asked Rush.

"Oh, we 'll leave them to-night. I 'm too tired to wash dishes; besides, I hate it. Sarah 'll wash them when she comes."

So, after brushing the flour from their clothes as best they could, they carefully wrapped their precious cake in a napkin, and returned to Mrs. Primkins', Nimpo stealing softly up stairs with the cake under her apron.

NIMPO SAW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

She reached the room safely, and locked the delicious loaf in her trunk, ready for another feast.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSH MAKES HIS WILL.

NEITHER of the children wanted any tea, and Mrs. Primkins was not particularly surprised, for they had a way of going to the store and eating so much trash that they did n't care for bread and milk.

They played with the kittens awhile, and then went to bed.

About eleven o'clock, when everything had long been still in the house, Nimpo was wakened from a horrid dream by hearing Rush call her. She got up and went to his door.

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"What do you want, Rush?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, come in here," he cried. "I 'm awful sick, Nimpo. I know I 'm going to die. Oh, dear! oh, dear! can't you do something for me?" And he doubled up and groaned and cried again.

"Where is the pain?" asked Nimpo, half scared out of her wits, as she added, desperately, "I don't know what to give you, and I have n't got anything if I did."

Here Rush groaned and cried afresh, and Nimpo sat down on the foot of the bed, and cried with him.

She was afraid to go after the doctor, and neither of them for a moment thought of going to Mrs. Primkins. They regarded her only in the light of an enemy, and that she could have common sympathy with their sufferings never occurred to the two miserable children.

Between the attacks of pain, Rush was perfectly easy, and I suspect he rather enjoyed—in his easy times—being the hero of the hour, though in a mournful sort of a way.

"Nimpo," he said at last, "I want to give away my things before I die. What would you give to mother?"

"I don't know," said Nimpo, solemnly.

"Oh, I know; I 'll give her my pretty box, that I got last Christmas; I know she 'll like it. And Robbie can have my sled,—you know how he used to like it."

"Yes," sobbed Nimpo. Just then the pain came on again, and poor Rush writhed and twisted and groaned till it was over.

"You may have my books, Nimpo," he moaned, when he felt better again, "and, oh! I wish you 'd give my bow and arrows to Johnny Stevens—he always wanted a bow; they're in the shed. And—and—my knife——"

But his knife was too precious to part with, even on his death-bed, so he added:

"Well, I won't give away my knife yet."

After that, his sufferings engrossed him until, at last, he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Then Nimpo, with a throbbing head, crept off softly to her own bed, where she lay tossing, in a high fever, until daylight.

Perhaps they would never have known what was the matter that night, but for the repugnance they both felt for the remaining fruit-cake. Nimpo took it out the next day, but Rush said it made him sick to look at it, and she could n't touch a morsel herself. So she broke it into little bits and threw it out of the window; and I hope the birds knew enough to let it alone.

The next day Rush was not able to go to school, so he went down to the store and dozed on Cousin Will's bed, in the back room. For the present, however, he gave up all thought of dying, but spoke pathetically to Cousin Will of his narrow escape.

That young gentleman suspected what was the matter, and made a good deal of fun of him, and had a good laugh at Nimpo's cake.

"I guess mother was right, after all," said Nimpo. "She never would let us eat much of that rich cake."

That morning, also, Nimpo's conscience began to trouble her about the dishes she had left. So, after school, she took Robbie down to the house, and proceeded to "put the kitchen to rights," as she called it.

It was so warm she thought she would n't make a fire, as she could just as well wash the dishes in cold water; but the poor child found this no easy thing to do. Robbie almost cried to see his dear Nimpo in so much trouble, and at last when it was over, and Nimpo sat down to rest, he climbed into her lap, and, by way of comforting her, begged her to tell him a story.

So she told him about the naughty little boy who saw a nest full of dear little eggs high up in a tree, and how the naughty boy waited and waited for a chance to go and steal the eggs; and how at

last he climbed the tree and was just going to get the eggs, when, "Oh, my! the eggs had all hatched, and a great, horrible, ugly little bird caught right hold of his ear!"

Robbie drew a long breath at this, and then said, "Tell me another."

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"Well, what shall it be?" she asked.

"Tell me the story 'bout the Tiny Pigs," said Robbie, eagerly.

So Nimpo began

THE STORY OF THE TINY PIGS.

"Once upon a time, there was a mamma pig, and she had three little tiny pigs. And it was hard work to get along, for they lived in the woods, and had nothing to eat except what they could get themselves. So the mamma pig told the tiny pigs that they must go away and make houses for themselves. So they all started off, and the oldest one went to the North, and n-e-v-e-r came back; and the middle one went off to the South, and n-e-v-e-r came back; but the little, tiny bit of a baby pig said, 'I will live by my mamma.'"

"So would I!" interrupted Robbie.

"Yes, so you would," said Nimpo. "Well, this little pig went off to where a man was making bricks, and he said, 'Man, will you please give me some bricks to build me a house?'—for this tiny pig was very polite. Well, the man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built himself a nice, strong house.

"He had n't lived there very long, when there came along a great grey wolf. Now, the wolf was v-e-r-y hungry, and he wanted a little pig for his breakfast. So he knocked at the door.

"'Who 's there?' squeaked the tiny pig.

"'It 's I!' said the wolf, in a deep, growly voice.

"'What do you want?' said the tiny pig.

"'I want to come in,' said the wolf.

"'Well, you can't come in,' said the tiny pig; for his mother had taught him to be very careful, and never let anybody into his house.

"But the wolf was angry, so he roared out:

"'Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll b-l-o-w your house down!'

"'Huff away, puff away; you can't blow this house down,' said the tiny pig.

"So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could n't blow the house down, because it was made of bricks. But he was a sly old wolf, and he was n't discouraged a bit. He softened his roar to as gentle a growl as he could, and he said:

"'Piggy, do you like turnips?'

"'Oh, my! I guess I do,' said piggy.

"'Well, Farmer Green has got a whole field of turnips, and I 'll come over to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, and we 'll go over and get some.'

"'Well,' said piggy, 'all right.' And the wolf went home to his den.

"The next morning, at six o'clock, he came again, and knocked at piggy's door.

"'Who 's there?' asked piggy.

"'It's I!' answered the wolf, in his softest growl. 'I 'm come to take you over to get the turnips.'

"'Oh!' said the wise little piggy. 'I went over at five o'clock, and ate as many as I could stuff.'

"Then the wolf gave a great growl; he could n't help it, because he was hungry, you know. But, in a minute he thought of another plan.

"'Piggy,' said he, 'do you like pears?'

"'Oh, my! I guess I do!' said piggy.

"'Well,' said the wolf, 'to-morrow, at five o'clock, I 'll come and take you over to Farmer Brown's orchard, where there 's a lovely tree of pears.'

"'Well, all right,' said piggy.

"Now, the piggy thought he 'd be smart, so he went over at four o'clock; but others could be cunning as well as he, and he had hardly got to the orchard before he saw the grey wolf coming along. Piggy hurried to climb into a pear-tree, and when the wolf got there he was eating pears.

"'Are they nice, piggy?' said the wolf, looking up wistfully,—not at the pears, but at the pig; for a wolf can't climb a tree, you know."

"No more can a piggy," said Robbie.

"No," answered Nimpo, "only in story-books.

"'Oh, I guess they are!' said piggy. 'Shall I throw you one?'

"'Yes,' said the wolf,—just to pretend, you know, for he could n't bear pears.

"So piggy threw down a pear, and the wolf ran and got it. And then he threw another, farther off, and the wolf ran after it. And the next one he threw just as far as he could; and while the wolf was gone after it, piggy jumped down, sprang into an empty barrel that stood there, and began to roll down the hill.

"When the wolf started to come back, he saw this barrel rolling down towards him, and he was awfully scared; and he turned and ran away, as fast as he could, off to his den. So piggy got safe home.

"By-'n'-by, the wolf came along again, and knocked at the door.

"'Who 's there?' asked the tiny pig.

"'Why, piggy! how did you get home?' asked the wolf. 'I got an awful fright; a barrel came rolling right at me, and I knew it was some trap of those awful men,—so I ran home.'

"'Why, that was me!' said the tiny pig, laughing. 'I was in that barrel.'

"Then the wolf gave an awful roar, to think he had been so foolish; and he said, in a dreadful voice:

"'Now, piggy, you *must* let me in.'

"'But I sha' n't let you in,' said piggy.

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"'Then I'll come down the chimney,' said the wolf.

"So he began to climb up on the house.

"But piggy pulled his feather bed up to the fire-place, and set it on fire. The wolf got on the chimney, and began to come down. But the horrible smoke and smell of the burning feathers choked him and smothered him, and he fell right down into the fire, and never troubled the tiny pig any more."

"Ohe!" said Robbie, with a sigh of intense satisfaction. "Now let's go home."

"Home!" echoed Nimpo, scornfully, as she hastened to put on Robbie's hat. "Well, it's all the home we have now, I suppose, so we might as well go."

(To be continued.)

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

Persimmons was a colored lad
  'Way down in Lou'sianny,
And all the teaching that he had
  Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever
  As well as you, it may be;

"HE MINDED MISSUS' BABY."

With faithfulness and pride always,
  He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
  And, sometimes, those of sinners,
To run off 'possum-hunting and
  Steal "water-milion" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
  On every Sunday night,
He 'd with the elders shout and pray
  By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
  With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
  From the angels' triumph song.

Song.

"We be nearer to de Lord
  Dan de white folks,—and dey knows it;
See de glory-gate unbarred,—
Walk in, darkies, past de guard,—
  Bet you dollar He won't close it.

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate,
  Hear de kullered angels holler;
Go 'way, white folks, you 're too late,
We 's de winnin' kuller. Wait
  Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
  As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,—
  His granny's favorite one,—

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Was, "Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick shut de do',
Get up off dat flo',
Come heah and mind de baby."

"JAWGE WASHINGTON!"

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood;
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high verandah,
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'T was then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the verandah roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cords of rope,
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft,
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide,
And for awhile they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapt in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-totin ob der baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes,
Persimmons "'lowed he'd spile 'em,"
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away;
De chilleren dey passed ober, for

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De sea gabe away.
O Lord! I feel so glad,
It am always dark 'fo' day,
So, honey, don't yer be sad,
De sea 'll gib away."

A lady, dressed in mourning,
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow,
That was walking by her side,
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And, while she shook him, cried:
"*You*, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick, splain yerself, chile,—
Stop dat ar fool smile,—
Whar you done been wid baby?"

A LETTER FROM HOLSTEIN.

A Wonderful Story of a Stork.

BY MRS. CHARLES A. JOY.

MY dear little American friends: As you are studying your geography in school, and are doubtless familiar with the shape of a very important country on this side of the ocean, called Germany, you may remember a point of land which projects beyond its northern boundary, and is separated from the former kingdom of Hanover by the river Elbe, while its western and eastern coast are enclosed by the North and Baltic Seas. The kingdom of Denmark forms the principal portion of it in the north, while in the southern half are the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, which, formerly independent Duchies, were still owing military allegiance to Denmark. In 1864 these provinces revolted, and Austria and Prussia stepping in, by their stronger military force detached them from Denmark. Then followed in 1866 the six weeks' Austrian war, when the Prussian arms gained a victory at every step, and in consequence of which, at the peace of Prague, the province of Holstein was ceded to Prussia. It is a most fruitful province, abounding in lakes and small rivers; but its chief glory is the beautiful beech forests, which crown the heights in all directions, and in which large herds of deer find protection and shelter.

Last summer I spent two charming months as a guest at one of the beautiful country residences of Holstein; and in seeing and enjoying so much that was novel and interesting to me, I was often reminded of my many friends among the dear boys and girls of far America. Here were two beautiful little girls, Olga and Claire, brought up with a care worthy of young princesses. Yet their charming mother knew how to respect child nature, its wants and pleasures; and so the little girls were allowed to have all sorts of animal pets, of whom they had the whole charge. There were, in the children's care, tame deer, hares, rabbits, swans, peacocks, not to speak of many varieties of chickens and ducks. A goat, its mother having died at its birth, was carefully tended; and two young hares, whom the gardener found one day forsaken by their mother in a most pitiable plight among his cabbage-heads in the garden, were tenderly received by them, and fed regularly with milk. When little Olga and Claire pursued their favorite game of croquet on the lawn before the house, many of these pets would gather around as if to admire their fine playing. In the large greenhouse were always some refugees in the forms of little birds, who had either fallen out of their nest, or been injured in such a way that they needed looking after.

But what interested me most, was a stork, so tame that he allowed the children to take him in their arms and carry him about like a baby. It was a most comical sight to watch little Claire, the younger of the two, carry the long-legged creature into the stable, holding its head, with the long red beak, tenderly against her own delicate face. "Watche" was the name given to the stork by the children, and to which he answered with the promptness of a dog. He had many a treat prepared for him; for Olga and Claire were often engaged in finding frogs, as well as grasshoppers, and other insects, for their greedy pet.

I suppose that most of my little American friends have never seen a stork, and as all German children watch his doings with eager interest, I want to tell the little ones at home something about him. The bird is nearly four feet long, has white feathers, a red bill, and very long, thin scarlet legs, upon which he struts over the meadows in northern

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Germany with quaint dignity. These birds spend the cold months of the year in Africa, particularly in Egypt, where the plains are often white with them. They travel South in hundreds, and have been known to kill the weaker ones among them, so as not to have their flight impeded. Here in the North they build their nests of branches and straw, and generally upon the thatched roofs of our farm-houses. They always return to the same nest, repairing it year after year, the male preceding the female, standing upright in it, to await the arrival of his mate. When one family of storks dies out, another takes possession of the nest, which sometimes is known to be a hundred years old. So attached are they to these nests, and their helpless young, that even fire does not drive them away from it; yet with true generosity they allow sparrows and swallows to build on the outside, never disturbing their weaker brethren. They feed themselves on frogs, lizards, small snakes, moles, field mice, bugs, and worms, and in their habits they are so neat, that all their leisure time is spent in cleaning themselves.

My interest in Olga and Claire's stork, "Watche," was much increased when one day my hostess told me its story, assuring me that it was literally true. I relate it now to my young friends at home, as an example how kindness even to a dumb animal will bring its reward. The parents of "Watche" had their nest on one of the gable ends of an immense farm-building, where they lived contentedly year after year, brooding their young. When the cold, windy days of autumn came, they, like other birds of passage, took their flight to the sunny South, but with the return of spring, when the rivers began to thaw, and forests and meadows were clad in their beautiful vesture of green, the storks returned to their nests—a good omen to the neighborhood, as the farmers say.

Two years ago this summer, one of their children, a young fledgling, fell out of the nest, and as it was almost impossible to reach the high gable upon which it was situated, my kind hostess took it upon herself to care for the helpless creature. In their walks and drives, mother and children never forgot their pet, collecting worms and insects for his maintenance; and even the sterner papa, who was very much given to the pleasures of the chase, would fill his hunting-pouch with frogs and other stork-treasures that would come across his way. Under such thoughtful care our young stork flourished; and with dread the children began to think of the autumn, when he, following the instinct of his nature, would seek a warmer climate.

The mother appreciated the anxiety of her children, and comforted them by saying that she would do all in her power to secure the return of the stork in the spring. To that end she wrote in French, on a piece of strong paper, the history of the stork, how her dear children had cared for him, how they would watch for him with the return of spring, and that she begged most tenderly that no one in the far South might prevent his return. This paper was securely fastened to a scarlet tape, and tied around the stork's neck, where it was plainly to be seen upon the white feathers. One clear autumn day the stork went, causing tears and deep regrets to the little ones.

Soon after, they themselves went to their beautiful city home in Hamburg; but all through the long, dreary winter days their thoughts followed their truant bird, and many a little city friend had to hear of him in that cheerful nursery; for dolls and many other toys did not seem to fill the place of those living pets left at their country home. Days came and went, Christmas was spent, and Easter approaching, when the family made their preparations to break up again, and go into the country. How the little hearts rejoiced, and how Olga and Claire anticipated with eager interest all the coming pleasure! And when finally the start had been taken, and they had even reached the last railway station, from which their father's horses must take them the rest of the way, their excitement knew no bounds, and every tree and shrub by the wayside was hailed as a dear, familiar friend. At their home everything was ready for their reception, but they must first go about their grounds to find their different pets, and to assure themselves that they had not suffered during the long, dreary Winter months.

Their friend, the stork, was still wanting; but as one after the other of the summer birds returned, the children watched for him, and had the great happiness to find him one bright morning standing on the lawn, where he must have arrived the night before. Shouts of joy went through the place, and soon the whole household was assembled to give "Watche" a greeting of welcome. But great was their astonishment when they found fastened around his neck what they supposed to be the same piece of paper which their thoughtful mother had attached there last autumn. He recognized the children, followed their call, and allowed little Olga to unfasten the paper, with which she flew to her mamma. It proved to be in French, an answer to the letter which "Watche" had carried away with him, and was written by a French gentleman, who filled the post of consul at one of the slave States in Africa. He said he had received my friend's letter, which, as he added, had touched him deeply, and suggested to him that hearts which were filled with such tenderness for dumb animals, would be more than willing to aid the suffering of their own

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kind, particularly those in bondage. He then related the story of a bright little negro boy, whom he wished to have educated and converted to Christianity; and as he himself was wanting in means, he begged for aid from my friends. He gave his full name and address, and proposed at the same time that my hostess might give the heathen child a Christian name, if she were otherwise inclined to follow his suggestion. Need I say that all was done as the kind Frenchman proposed; one hundred thalers were at once forwarded for the child's maintenance and education, and a similar sum is to be sent every year. The little girls themselves selected the name of Christian for the African boy, in token of the great blessings which he was to receive.

IN THE WOOD.

"WHAT says the book, my lassie?
What says the book to thee?"
"It says the wood is beautiful,
The blossoms fair to see;
It says the brook tells merrily
A little tale of glee,
And birds, brimful of melody,
Do sing their songs for me."

"Then close the page, my lassie,
And lift thy pretty head,
And what the book would say to thee
The wood shall say instead.
The brook shall tell its merry tale,
The flowers their brightness shed,
And the birds shall sing,—for life is life,
And printed words are dead.

"Hear what the bird sings, lassie:
'O, little lady fair!
The breath of flowers is over thee,
The sunlight in thy hair;
And the heart of a little maiden
Is free as birds in the air,—
And God is good to thee and me,
O little lady fair!'"

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THE JIMMYJOHNS' SAILOR-SUITS.

By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

The Jimmyjohns were a pair of twins, between four and five years old, and so much alike that even their own relatives hardly could tell them apart. One was Jimmy Plummer, and the other was Johnny Plummer. That is why everyone called them the Jimmyjohns. Their mother dressed them exactly alike, which made it all the harder to tell Jimmy from Johnny. They lived in the country with their parents, and their sister Annetta, aged seven; their sister Effie, aged three; their little baby brother; a very small rag dolly named Polly Cologne, who was missing; a big dolly named Joey Moon, and a dog named Rover, known as a runaway; and they all had a very good time, indeed, excepting when something or other happened to prevent. People said that Rover had run away with Polly Cologne; but nobody knew for certain, because Polly Cologne did n't come back to tell.

This chapter will tell why Mrs. Plummer had to sew very odd-looking patches on the Jimmyjohns' sailor-suits. It will also tell what boy cut holes in those sailor-suits, and why he cut them, and when, and will show that at the time it was done the three boys were in great danger.

It was on a Monday morning that people first took notice of the Jimmies' trowsers being patched in a curious manner. Johnny was carrying the new dog, and Jimmy was taking hold of Johnny's hand. After Rover was lost, the twins had a new dog given them, named Snip. He was the smallest dog they ever saw; but he was a dog,—he was not a puppy. Mr. Plummer brought him home in his pocket one day, two weeks after Rover went away. It was Rover, you know, that ran off with poor little Polly Cologne. People talked so much to him about this piece of mischief, that at last he began to feel ashamed of himself, and as soon as Polly Cologne's name was mentioned he would slink into a corner and hide his head. One day Annetta showed him an apron that poor little Polly used to wear,—it was a bib-apron,—and said to him, "St'boy! Go find her! Don't come back till you find her!"

The bib-apron was about three inches long. Rover caught it in his mouth and away he went, and—did not come back. They looked for him far and near, they put his name in the newspapers, but all in vain. The apron was found, sticking to a bramble-bush, about a mile from home, but nothing could be seen or heard of Rover. There was a circus in town that day, and he might have gone off with that. Perhaps he was ashamed to come back. Little Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-seller, thinks the dog understood what Annetta said, and that he may be, even now, scouring the woods, or else sniffing along the streets, peeping into back-yards, down cellar-ways, up staircases, in search of poor Polly Cologne!

Mr. Tompkins was among the very first to notice the sailor-suits. He met the twins that morning, as he was wheeling along his lobsters, and quickly dropped his wheelbarrow, and sat down on one of the sideboards. Being a small, slim man, he could sit there as well as not, without tipping the wheelbarrow over.

Mr. Tompkins wore short-legged pantaloons and a long-waisted coat. The reason of this was that he had short legs and (for his size) a long waist. His coat was buttoned up to his chin. His cap had a stiff visor, which stood out like the awning of a shop. He had a thin face, a small nose, small eyes, and a wide mouth, and he wore a blue apron with shoulder straps.

"What 's happened to your trowsers, eh?" asked little Mr. Tompkins. His way of speaking was as sharp and quick as Snip's way of barking. "Say! what 's happened to your trowsers?"

The trowsers were patched in this way: Jimmy's had a strip running down the left leg; Johnny's had a round patch above each knee, one being much farther up than the other.

"O, yes! I see! I see how it is!" said Mr. Tompkins. "Your mother did that so as to tell you apart! O, yes! Yes, yes! Very good! Johnny Shortpatch, Jimmy Longpatch! or, Jimmy Shortpatch, Johnny Longpatch! which is it?"

"She did n't do so for that," said Johnny, and then Jimmy after him. Johnny was always the first to speak. It was by this that some people knew which was Johnny.

"She did n't?" cried Mr. Tompkins; "then what did she do so for?"

"Perhaps to tell which is good and which is naughty," said a lady who had stopped to look on.

Then the butcher's boy stepped up, and *he* wanted to know about the trowsers. Then a woman looked out of the window, and *she* wanted to know about the trowsers. Then a great black dog came up, and he smelt of the trowsers, which made Snip snap his teeth. Then came a flock of school-children, and they had something to say. "Hallo!" "What 's up?" "What 's the matter with all

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your trowsers?" "Jail-birds come to town!" "Hoo! hoo!" "How d' ye do, Mr. Patcher-boys?"

Now, the truth was, that Amos Dyke cut holes in those trowsers with his jack-knife. It happened in this way. The Jimmies, the Saturday before that Monday, started from home to spend a cent at Mr. Juniper's store. They had, in the first place, two cents, but one was lost. They got those two cents by having a show in the barn. The price for going in to see the show was four pins. The Jimmies sold the pins to the funny man. He gave a cent for sixteen straight ones, but would take no crooked ones at any price. Sometimes the Jimmies tried to pound the crooked ones straight on a stone. Their pins, that Saturday, came to nearly a cent and three-quarters, and the funny man made it up to two. Jimmy let his fall on the barn-floor, and Johnny, in helping him find it, hit it accidentally with his toe, and knocked it through a crack. Then Mrs. Plummer said they would have to divide between them what was bought with the other cent.

The little boys left home to go to Mr. Juniper's store at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, taking Snip with them. Probably if they had not taken him with them all would have been well.

In passing a garden they looked through the pickets, and saw a kitten racing along the paths. Snip was after her in a moment.

"Now, you stay and take care of Snip," said Johnny to Jimmy, "and I 'll go spend the cent and bring your half here." And just so they did. Jimmy found Snip, and then went along to a shady place under a tree, and there he climbed to the top rail of a fence and sat down to wait.

Johnny went round to Mr. Juniper's store and asked for a cent roll of checkerberry lozenges. Mr. Juniper had no cent rolls of lozenges, but he had striped candy and some quite large peaches, which he was willing, for reasons well known to himself, to sell for a cent apiece. Johnny felt so thirsty, that he longed to bite of a peach, so he bought one and turned back towards the garden. Having no knife to cut it with, he ate off his half going along, and this tasted so good that he could hardly help eating Jimmy's half. But he only nibbled the edges to make them even.

Turning a corner, he spied Jimmy, and jumped over into a field so as to run across by a short cut. In the field he met Amos Dyke. Amos Dyke is a large boy, and a cruel boy. He likes to hurt small children who cannot hurt him.

Amos Dyke knocked Johnny's elbow with a basket he was carrying, and made him drop the half-peach in the grass. Then Johnny began to cry.

"Now, if you don't stop crying, I 'll eat it," said Amos, taking up the half-peach and setting his teeth in it.

"Oh! Don't you! Don't! Give it to me! It's Jimmy's half!" cried Johnny. Amos took two bites and then threw away the stone. The stone was all there was left, after the two bites were taken. Johnny cried louder than before.

"Here! Stop that! Stop that!" some one called out from the road. It was Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-seller. "Stop!" cried Mr. Tompkins. "Let that little chap alone! Why don't you take one of your own size?"

The fact is that Amos Dyke never does take one of his own size. He always takes some little fellow who can't defend himself.

Just about this time the funny man came along with his umbrellas under his arm. The funny man is an umbrella-mender. Then Amos Dyke, seeing that two men were looking at him, whispered to Johnny, "Hush up! Quick! Don't tell! Come down to the shore, and I 'll let you go graping with me in a boat. I 'll run ahead and get the oars, and you go get Jimmy!"

The boat was a row-boat. Johnny sat at one end and Jimmy at the other. Amos Dyke sat in the middle and rowed. Before starting he fastened a tall stick at the stern of the boat, and tied his handkerchief to it, and called that the flag.

They rowed along shore, then off beyond the rocks, then in shore again and farther along for nearly a mile, to a place called "High Pines," and there landed. The grapes grew in the woods, on the top of a steep, sandy cliff, as high as a high house. Twice, in climbing this cliff, did the little Jimmies slide down, down, down. Twice was poor Snip buried alive, and many times were all three pelted by the rolling, rattling stones.

They reached the top at last, and found Amos already picking grapes. He told them that if they would pick for him, he would give them two great bunches. The grapes were of a kind called sugar-grapes; light-colored, fragrant, and as sweet as honey. Amos told the little boys not to eat while they were picking. When he had filled his basket, he borrowed the Jimmies' pocket-handkerchiefs and tied some up in those. They were their "Lion" pocket-handkerchiefs. Each had in its centre a lion, with *a b c*'s all around the lion. Amos gave the Jimmies two great bunches apiece. He then hid the basket and two small bundles behind a bush, and they all three went to find a thick spot. When they found the thick spot, Amos, not having anything else to pick in, took off his jacket and filled both sleeves. Then he borrowed the Jimmyjohns' jackets, and filled the four sleeves. Then he filled his own hat and the Jimmyjohns' hats.

As it grew later the wind breezed up, and the

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Jimmies began to feel cold. Amos had long pantaloons and a vest, but the Jimmies' little fat legs were bare, and they had no vests. They only had thin waists, and their trowsers were rolled up.

It began to sprinkle, and Amos said it was time to go. They went back for the basket and two small bundles, but were a long time in finding the bush, on account of the bushes there looking so much alike. They did find it, though, or rather Snip found it. The Jimmies took one apiece of the bundles, and wanted to take more, but Amos was afraid they might lose some of the grapes. Perhaps he knew pretty well how they would reach the foot of the cliff. Perhaps he knew pretty well that they would begin slowly, and that the sliding sands would take them along so fast they could n't stop themselves, and would land them at the bottom in two small heaps!

Now about the row home. Such a bad time as they had! There was no rain to speak of, but the wind blew hard, and this made the sea very rough; so rough that the boat pitched up and down and sometimes took in water. Amos told the Jimmies to hold on by the sides. They were seated at the ends, as before, and by stretching their arms apart could take hold of each side, and did so. Amos put on his own hat and let them have theirs, but said it would n't do to stop to empty the jacket-sleeves. The grapes from the hats were emptied into the bottom of the boat. Snip was in the bottom of the boat, too. As there was no one to hold him, he lay down on the Jimmyjohns' jackets.

And there he did mischief. The boat, it seems, was an old, leaky boat, and the leaks were not well stopped. Snip pulled out with his teeth and chewed up what had been stuffed into the cracks, and before they knew what he was about, the water had begun to come in, and was wetting their feet and all the things in the bottom. The wind took their hats off and blew the flag away. They caught their hats and held them between their knees. Amos began to look pretty sober. The little boys, half crying, held fast by the sides of the boat, saying, over and over, "O, I want to go home!" "I want to see mother!"

This was the time when the trowsers were cut. "I must cut pieces out of your trowsers," said Amos, "and stop the leaks, or we shall be drowned. Mine are too thick cloth."

He took out his jack-knife as quick as ever he could, and cut pieces from their trowsers, and stuffed the pieces into the cracks. Even this did not wholly keep the water from coming in; so, just as soon as they got past the rocks, Amos steered the boat to the land. And there he pulled her up, the Jimmyjohns pushing behind.

By this time it was after sunset. Amos emptied all the grapes except those in his basket out upon the ground behind a log, and covered them with dry sea-weed. He let the Jimmies have a part of what were in their handkerchiefs. They all started then to walk along the sands. As the jackets were too wet to be worn, each boy carried his own on his arm. The Jimmies took turns in carrying Snip. In this manner they walked for nearly a quarter of a mile, to the place they started from. There were two men coming down toward the water. As soon as Amos saw those two men he ran away; for one was Mr. Plummer and the other was the umbrella-man. The umbrella-man, it seems, had told Mr. Plummer that he saw his little boys in the field with Amos Dyke, and had come to help him find them.

Mrs. Plummer sat up very late that Saturday night.

"THE LITTLE BOYS, HALF CRYING, HELD FAST BY THE SIDES OF THE BOAT."

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THE ROBIN'S NEST.

BY EMILY C. FORD.

THE climbing roses on the porch
  Bear the sweet promise of the Spring,
And shyly on the passing breeze
  The homage of their fragrance fling.

The rivulet has burst its bonds,
  And, glorying in its new-found power,
Carols the joy of freedom gained
  To springing grass and tender flower.

A robin twitt'ring on the bough,
  Says to his mate, "Love, let us fly
And seek soft lining for our nest,
  Where warm our little birds may lie."

The young wife sits upon the porch,
  And busily her distaff plies;
The while she thinks upon her babe,
  And gently murmurs lullabies.

When through the open cottage door
  A little wail the mother hears,
She hastens to the cradle side
  To soothe and quiet baby's fears.

Unheeded, on the mossy step
  The well-used distaff lies;
The robins, from the garden-walk
  Watch it with longing eyes.

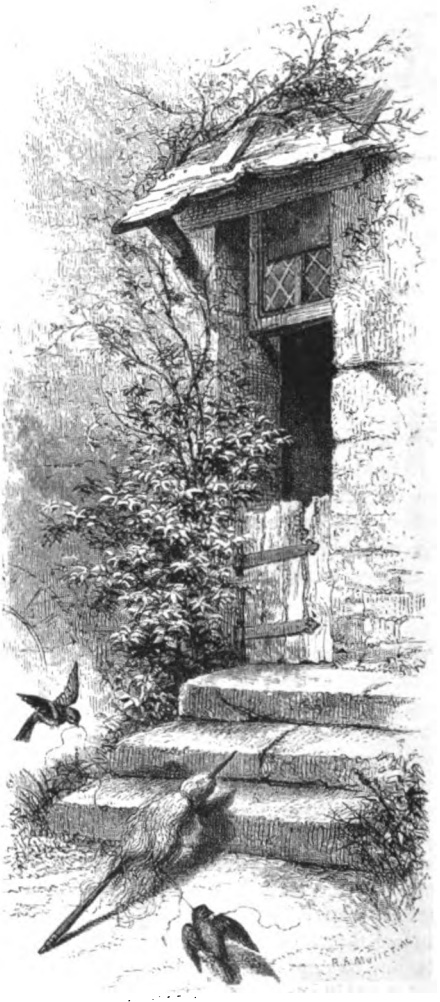
They hop a little nearer now,
  Then, listening, raise their heads,
Till, o'er the distaff hovering close,
  They snap its fluttering threads.

The housewife, stepping on the porch,
  Takes up her work once more,
And little thinks two pretty thieves
  Have robbed her thrifty store.

And yet, her lullaby to-night
  Would be more glad, I ween,
Could she but peep between the boughs,
  And see what might be seen.

Hidden by apple-blossoms pink,
  Is built a robin's nest,—
With lining soft of hair and down,
  Where birdlings five will rest.

And twisted in with wondrous art,
  And tireless, loving toil,
See in the middle of the nest
  The distaff's flaxen spoil.



"THEY SNAP ITS FLUTTERING THREADS."

None the less soft for little birds
  Will be the pretty bed,
Because a human mother's thoughts
  Are woven with the thread.

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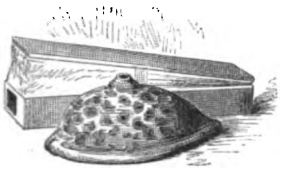
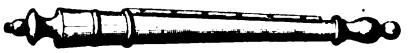
HAYDN'S CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY.

By James Judson Lord.

Do you know, dear young friends, that Haydn, the great musical composer, wrote a symphony for the special delight and exercise of children, —a real symphony, wilder and sweeter than the chorus of a thousand birds? The children required to perform it need not be trained little musicians. They must only be attentive, and possessed of a quick, true ear for music, and able to keep the dimples quiet while the very funny, yet beautiful, performance is going on. Now, you shall have full directions for getting up the symphony, just as it was performed lately at the Bettie Stuart Institute,



TWO FORMS OF CUCKOO.



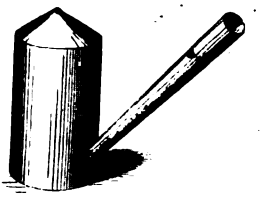
THE WHISTLE.

in Illinois, where a number of girls and boys (with four good musicians modestly playing behind the young orchestra) gave it to an admiring audience with fine effect. The music can be obtained at almost any first-class music publisher's, and the toy instruments at any importing toy-house.

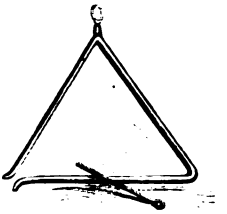
THE TRUMPET.

To perform the Children's Symphony successfully, an experienced musical director is required, and four instrumental performers, with first and second violins, violoncello, and bass-viol. Then eight children, with toy-instruments, viz.: The cuckoo,—with two tones, G and E. (The violins and bass-viol must be tuned by this instrument.) The whistle is a large clarionet-shaped toy, which must be in G. The trumpet, a large metallic toy, must also be in G. The part for the drum (a full-grown toy) is identical with the trumpet. For the quail (if a proper quail-pipe cannot be obtained), a second whistle can be used, which must be in F. The night-owl,—a mug-shaped instrument, with an orifice in its side, through which a whistle is inserted,—when used, is partly filled with water, to give the tremulous owl-hoot sound. The common rotary rattle and an ordinary triangle are used. The cymbelstern is an upright standard, with two horizontal rings of different diameter, on which are fastened many bells, various in shape and tone. Sometimes, however, the cymbelstern is made in the form represented in the cut.

THE DRUM.



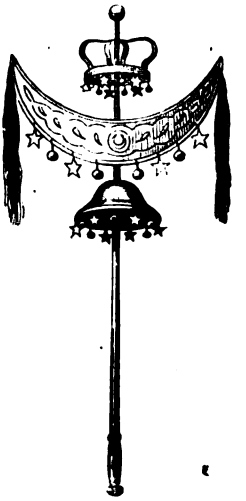
THE NIGHT-OWL.



THE TRIANGLE.

THE RATTLE.

The four leading instruments, playing in concert, seem to inspire the timid toys with confidence, and with persuasive and kindly notes to draw them out, each in its proper place, so that "cuckoo!" "cuckoo!" "cuckoo!" appears as harmonious among the peerless notes of the great master, as in the beautiful twilight of the summer sky, and the shriek of the night-owl, as weird and gloomy as at midnight hour, in the dark recesses of its woodland haunts. When we see one so eminent bending his heavenly art, like the rainbow touching the earth, to meet the



THE CYMBELSTERN

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capacity and to make glad the hearts of children, we can well believe that his own soul must have been touched with the spirit of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

The origin of the beautiful symphony is not generally known, but it has been pleasantly told by a German writer.

Would you like me to give a free translation of the story? Here it is:

PROLOGUE TO HAYDN'S CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY.

NEAR Salzburg, once good Father Haydn
Some leisure spent at Berchtholds-gaden
(A rustic hamlet, cheer'd by mountain rills,
Perch'd like a birdling's home among the hills),
Where, with much thrift, the villager employs
His gentle time and skill in making toys,
As drums and trumpets—such as swell the din
Of mimic battles fought with swords of tin,—
And tiny lutes, whose notes full oft inspire
In after years, to string the charmed lyre:
No trifler's art. (The maxim here unfurl'd
Is please the child and you will please the world.)

Once, as he linger'd in the village street
To sport with children he had chanced to meet
(For in his nature he was pure and mild,
Like all the truly great, himself a child),
Good Father Haydn to himself thus spoke:
"Oft has your ardor for the grand awoke
Such strains as might a worldly mind elate,
And please the learn'd, and men of high estate:
Now 'wake a grander symphony, to please
And move the hearts of such dear ones as these;
And with such instruments their hearts to move
As in their childish habits they approve."

The morning brought the "Children's Symphony"—
Eight tiny trinkets chiming in their glee,
Led by the abler, as you see at school
The master foremost with his rod and rule.
The rattle, whistle, and the cymbelstern
Rattled and piped and clatter'd in their turn.
The * cuckoo, quail, and night-owl could be heard
Whooping their best to be the better bird;
And drum and trumpet, with much clamor blest,
Were not a whit more bashful than the rest.

First an *allegro*, brisk as song of bird,
In which a cuckoo's cheering notes are heard;
And then a *trio* and a minuet,
Their graceful tones like sparkling jewels set;
And then a *presto* comes to close it all,
Which cannot fail to please both great and small.

Although upon such playthings, still the part
To be perform'd will be no less an art.
And should some small frightened trumpet shriek,
Or bashful whistle loose its voice and squeak,
Or some presumptuous little would-be drum
Should be puff'd up, and then collaps'd and dumb,
Don't let such little things excite your wonder;
You know, dear friends, great artists sometimes blunder.

* Cuckoo, quail, and night-owl, are names of German toy-instruments, shown in the illustrations on preceding page.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

(Translation of French Story in March No.)

TRANSLATED BY NELLIE BINCKLEY.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Castille a handsome prince and a beautiful princess, who had everything that a good human heart could have except trouble. It seemed that this could not come to them. They were young, full of health, and cheerful; they had kind and very wealthy parents; and, beyond all, they could count friends who had for them a sincere affection, which is a very rare happiness for persons of royal blood. Often the princess would say:

"Ferdinand, what is trouble? How does it feel?"

And Ferdinand replied, "Alas! Isabel, I do not know."

"Let us ask our parents to give us some," pursued Isabel; "they never refuse us anything."

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But the king and queen shuddered at their request:

"No, no, dear children," they cried; "you do not know what you ask. Pray that these wicked wishes may vanish from your hearts!"

But the prince and princess were not satisfied with this answer. They applied in secret to the most powerful of their courtiers, and, to their great astonishment, met with a refusal, accompanied with a laugh and a polite bow. They even had recourse to the court jester.

"Ah, that trouble is a very precious thing," said the jester. "One cannot buy it, and it is not to be had for the asking. But you may borrow it."

"Good!" cried the delighted pair. "We shall borrow some this moment."

"But," added the jester, "if you borrow any, you must pay back in the same coin."

"Alas!" sighed the prince and the princess. "How can we, if we have no trouble which belongs to us?"

"True! There is the trouble," pronounced* the jester, as he stole away.

"What did he intend those words to mean?"† said the prince, nearly out of patience; "but we need not trouble ourselves about him,—he is only a fool!"

Then, in despair, the two children went in search of their faithful nurse, who had been in the palace ever since their birth.

"Dear Catherine!" said they. "We have never had any trouble. The priests say it is the common lot of mortals. Have you had yours?"

"Oh, yes, my darlings; I have always had more trouble than I want," replied the old woman, sadly, shaking her head.

"Oh, oh! Give us some! Give us some, good Catherine!" eagerly exclaimed the prince and princess.

But Catherine lifted her hands in horror, and tottered away, mumbling prayers.

Then the prince and princess went down into the garden, and sat upon a mossy seat.

"Nobody will give us what we have asked for," said Isabel. "It is very cruel."

"Yes, very cruel," replied Ferdinand, taking his sister's hand.

"Our parents never refused us anything before," resumed Isabel.

"Never!" answered Ferdinand.

"Nor the courtiers," added Isabel.

"Nor the courtiers," echoed Ferdinand.

"Nor our dear old nurse," said Isabel, with a strange feeling in her eyes.

"Nor our dear nurse."

"It is wickedness!"

"It is insolence!"

"It is ingratitude!"

"Very great ingratitude!"

"It is cruelty!" finished Isabel, with sobs; "and my eyes are all full of tears! How do you feel, Ferdinand?"

"Very badly, Isabel. I think my eyes also are wet with tears!"

Just then the chief gardener came that way. He hastened‡ to them.

"My dear prince and princess!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before them. "You are weeping! Oh, Heaven! to think that these noble and beautiful children can have trouble!"

"Trouble!" echoed Ferdinand and Isabel. "This is trouble, Carlos?"

"Assuredly, I think so," said Carlos, much puzzled.

Then the prince and princess arose gaily and clapped their hands, and ran to the palace as happy as two birds. Their wish was gratified at last.

* Should be "said." † This is too literal. "What did he mean by those words?" would be better. ‡ Should be "ran."

We have received excellent translations of "Emprunt de Peine" from the girls and boys whose names are in the following list. Although the translation we print is the best received, there were many others nearly as good, and there were none that were not creditable to the young authors.

Translators of French Story in March Number.—Marie Bigelow, Lillie A. Pancoast, Alexander Noyes, G. E. F., D'Arcy, "Traducteur," Edith Milicent B., Maria Cecilia Mary Lee, Anna S. McDougall, Jennie A. Brown, Valeria F. Penrose, Philip Little, Nettie J. York, Adrian H. Souveine, Worthington C. Ford, "Hallie," Mary H. Stockwell, Lizzie Jarvis, Lelia M. Smith, Effie L. C. Gates, Nellie Binckley, B. Preston Clark, Edward H. Connor, Ella, Anna C. Starbuck, Robert Trow Smith, Agnes J. Pollard, Emma Preston, Leon F. Chamecin, R. H. Miner, L. H., Willie L. Haskell, E. Corning Townsend, May P. Trumbull, Adele Weil, "Bébé," Frank H. Clapp, John F. Wing, Ella M. Truesdell, Daisy Lee, Carrie Merritt, Eleanor Frothingham, Jennie E. Foote, Alice H. Jenks, Alvina J. Noa, Maria L. H. Cross, "May," Mollie H. Beach, Annie S. Leigh, Emma De Witt, "A Young Contributor," Alice Robinson, S. A. H., Mary E. Goodwin, Mary S. Clark, A. L. N., May Ewing, Harry Walbridge, C. E. R., L. E. L., M. L. B., M. P. Reynolds, L. B., C. S. G., S. D., Lizzie A. Dyer, Myrta A. Tryon, Leonard E. Reibold, Leona H. McAlmont, Sally Gantt, James S. Rogers, jr., Lilian Loyd, Grace Winans, William Mead, Katie E. Howland, Sallie H. Borden, L. H., Lillie M. Shaw, Frank H. Burt, Sophie Ducloux, Robbie Haddow, Frank A. Eaton, R. M. A., M. A. H., Edwin S. Crawley, David H. Shipman, Lewis Hopkins Rutherford, A. L. H., Charles J. Adams, Henry K. Gilman, "Claire," Nellie M. Cyr, Clara B. Kimball, "Luzette," Sadie T. Carlisle, Anna W. Olcott, Annie M. Barbey, Katie M. Wilcox, Alice M. Richards, Edith Ayrault, F. B. McClintock, Martha Lewis, Florence M. Washburne, Hattie Bogardus, H. L. Reginald de Korm, S. G. W., Annie M. Lang, Marie C. Taylor, Grace B. Hitchcock, "Rosslyn," Catherine A. Ricketts, Florrie G., Charlie W. Balestier, R. W. Trezevant, Wm. R. Slade, A. B., Daisy M. Bellinger, Birdie Todd, Tillie F. Salter and Annie B. Clapp, R. W. L., Ida Ober, William C. Parker, L. L. H., C. C., Daisy Warner, Charles L. Chapin, L. A. H., Margaret Christina Ward, Thaddeus E. Murphy, and Lena B. Putnam.

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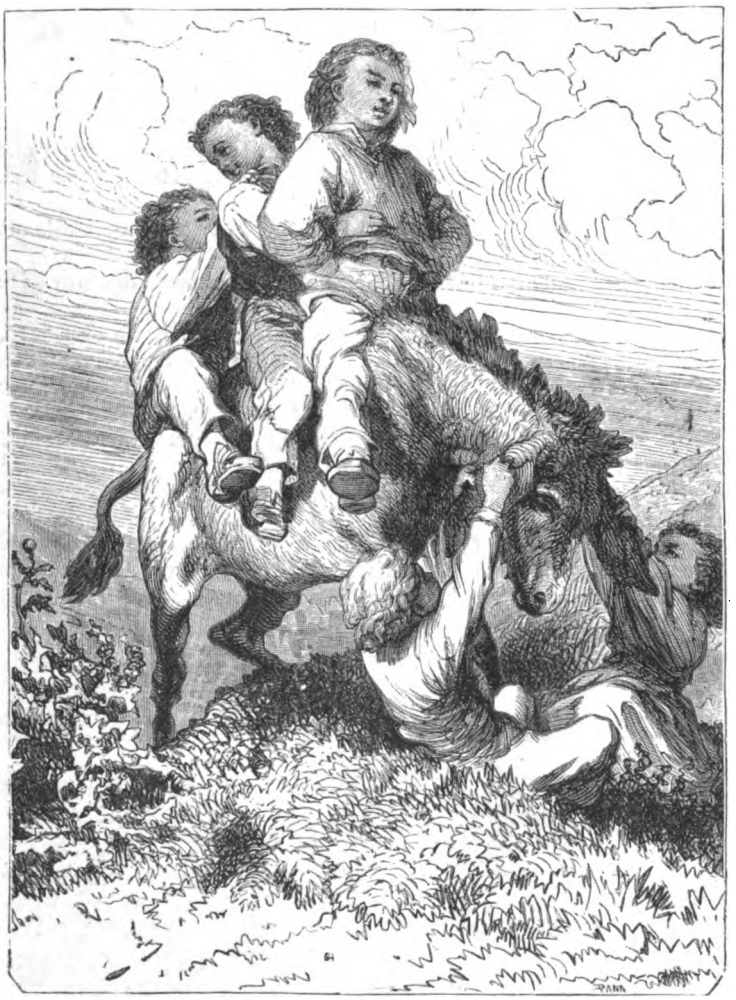
NOT SUCH A NODDY AS HE LOOKED.

He was a ragged little fellow, that donkey, with a shaggy head, great flapping ears, and a short, queer tail. His name was Noddy. One fine day, Noddy was in the lot, eating clover, when Fred and Tom came out of the house, with three more young scamps,—their cousins,—who had just come to visit them.



"Now for a ride!" shouted Fred.

"Let 's all get on his back at once," said one of the cousins.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the rest, in high glee.

But before a finger could be laid on him, off he started, galloping round the lot in fine style. The boys chased him, and a grand race they had, —whisking and frisking, falling and sprawling, darting and dodging,—until they came to a little hill. The donkey trotted up to the top, braying gladly:

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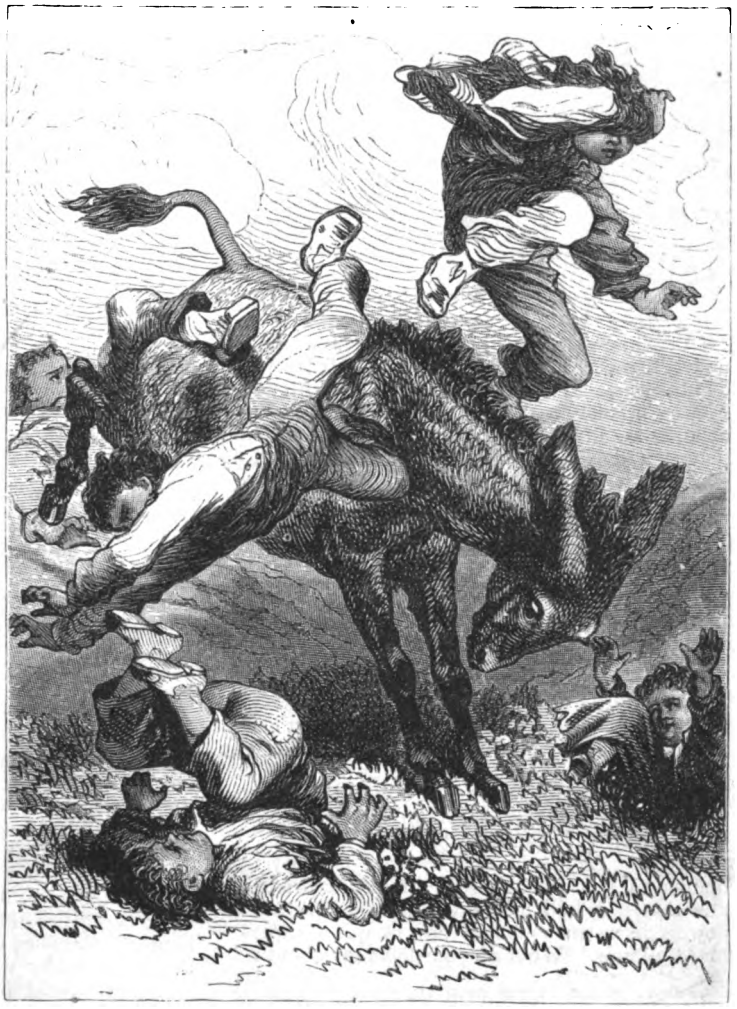
"It will never do to give it up so, Cousin Fred," said little Archie. "See! his back is turned; let 's creep up softly." Softly they went; and, in two minutes more, they were around poor Noddy like a swarm of bees. Fred and Frank leaped upon his back, with shouts of delight. Fred sat with his legs stuck out ever so wide, while Frank held on to his waist. Little Archie pulled himself up behind them, using poor Noddy's tail as a rope; while Tom and Curtis, taking hold of the donkey's ears,



tried to pull themselves up over his head. But just then that sly old Noddy gave a great hee-haw! HEE-H-A-W! down with his head; up with his heels; over went Tom and Curtis, topsy-turvy; off flew Fred, Frank and Archie, and away they all rolled down to the bottom of the hill. As for Noddy, he laughed a donkey-laugh; and when the boys went away, he brayed them a very polite good-by. Not such a noddy, after all! Was he?

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GOOD news! Good news! It 's whispered underground. It 's sung overhead. It 's written on the air. The Earth is awake! Flowers! Flowers are coming! Dear me! and here are the children! I 'm the happiest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived! Now let us talk about things in general.

HELIOTROPES ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

I HAPPENED, one day, to mention incidentally to an escaped Java sparrow, that the heliotrope was just about the sweetest and prettiest little thing that grew, and that once, when a little chap delighted me by planting one near me, I was astonished at the fragrance of its tiny clusters of wee, little purple blossoms.

"Wee, little, tiny mites of specks of blossoms!" twittered the Java sparrow, or sounds to that effect. "How funny! Why, in my country the heliotrope is n't a little plant at all. It grows to be fifteen feet high, and its purple clusters are as big as a cocoanut; and their fragrance, when indoors, is more than human folks can bear."

Children, for weeks and weeks I had my own opinion of that Java sparrow; but it occurs to me now that may be I have done him an injustice, for flowers in warm countries do cut queer capers—*that* we know. What do your folks say about it?

LOW SPIRITS.

A LOW-SPIRITED turtle who came creeping near me the other day gave such a melancholy puff of a sigh that I could n't help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter?" he gulped. "Matter enough, I can tell you. I heard a school-boy say, this very morning, that this earth is over 24,000 miles in circumference. That means *around;* does n't it?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Well then, how do you suppose I feel? How, in the name of all the inches, am I ever to accomplish it? Why, life is n't long enough for the purpose! I can't do it!"

"Do what, my friend?"

"Why, go around the earth, of course."

Well, I tried and tried to persuade that turtle that there was n't the least sense in his trying to do such a thing; that nobody wanted him to, and nobody would care a snap if he did n't; but I might as well have talked to the wind. Around the world he must, could, should and would go. So I said at last, by way of consolation:

"Well, my friend, it might be worse. Think of the planet Jupiter, one of those worlds that twinkle up in the sky. *I* heard a school-boy say that Jupiter was fourteen hundred times larger than the earth! Think of that. You ought to be thankful that your lot is cast here instead of there."

At these sensible words, what did that ridiculous turtle do but roll his eyes and gasp harder than ever.

"Alas!" said he, "I did n't put myself here; and how do I know but as soon as I get around this globe I shall find myself suddenly placed on that other one; and I never, never would travel around *that*, I am sure. Fourteen hundred times bigger—fourteen hun--dred—times— Oh my!"

Out of all patience, I shouted out, as he hitched himself along, "Get out of your shell then, and scamper, you absurd thing! Get out of your shell and scamper, or you 'll never finish your journey!"

But, children, if you meet that poor, misguided turtle don't turn him around. It will put him back, you know. It is a notion common to all the turtles that they must travel around the world, and, I suppose, that 's why if you pick one up and set him down with his head in an opposite direction from the one in which he was going, he 'll turn right around again.

I wonder if girls and boys ever are so foolish as my low-spirited turtle.

PET SPIDERS.

THEY have a funny house-pet in the West Indies. It is a great big spider,—an ugly fellow,—the very sight of which would make anyone who was not used to it want to jump into the middle of next week. These creatures are considered sacred, and are not to be hurt or disturbed on any account. Ugly as they are, they are useful, because they kill the cockroaches that otherwise would overrun the houses. Families who happen not to have any of these pet spiders will take pains to obtain some, just as we would bring home a cat to drive mice away. I heard a girl reading about this.

THE SPLENDID TROGON.

AH! that is a fellow who deserves his name, you may be sure. My friend, Peacock, who told me all about him, assured me that he, with all his beauty, would be only a dingy fowl beside the Trogon. This most magnificent of birds almost makes the sun blink. His breast is scarlet, his back and wings golden brown and golden green; he is crowned with a crest of silky green plumes; his tail-feathers are golden-tinted, and three or four feet long. He lives in Mexico, Central America, and South America. He never takes trips North, so it is likely that many of you never will see him, except as a poor stuffed bird in a museum.

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Loretta Bryant

One comfort in that will be to know that the superb fellow is resting in peace. It is more than he can do during his life. The Indians rob him of his gorgeous feathers and wear them in their barbaric processions and at their festivals. When the Incas ruled over Peru the members of the royal family alone had the privilege of adorning themselves with the magnificent tail-feathers of the splendid Tro-gon. But the Incas were swept away by the Spaniards, and their right to rob the beautiful bird has long been shared by all Peruvians.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRANSLATION.

THAT funny little French story about John Martin's snowball—though John Martin is n't quite the kind of boy that I like—delighted hosts of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I am told, especially when they saw it translated into English. Somebody told me, too, that the little chap who translated it did the work wonderfully well.

I heard a translation read once, that was n't quite so good. It was of another story, and was made by a Frenchman, who professed to teach languages, and who thought he was telling it in perfectly beautiful English. You shall hear it just in his words:

"A lady which was to dine, chid to her servant that she not had used butter enough. This girl, for to excuse himselve, was bring a little cat on the hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat whom was put in the balances, it just weighed that two pound.

"'This is all the very much well for the butter,' the lady then she said, 'but where is the cat?'"

A CANNON THAT FIRES ITSELF OFF.

AN imported bird, lately escaped from his cage, I'm glad to say, tells me that he has seen a little cannon at the Palais Royal in Paris that fires itself off with a pop! every day at noon. I don't know what to think about this. It strikes me that sort of cannon ought n't to be allowed. The sun has something to do with the business, he says. You'd better look into this matter, my dears; I hear there 's an account given of it in a book called Roundabout Rambles.

A WATER-CUSHION.

I BEGIN to think that there is no end to the wonderful things one may learn when once one tries.

I 've just heard of a big water-cushion. No one knows how thick it is; but it is as big as all the oceans in the world. A tall boy who comes to our meadow read all about it in Mangin's "Mysteries of the Ocean."

You see, if the oceans were as stormy all the way through as they are on top, they would cut and plow the lands and rocks at the bottom, tearing their way through the very earth itself. So, when God made this wonderful world, it appears he covered a very large part of it with the deep waters of the oceans, which lie smooth and still under all the storms that rend and vex the parts nearer the top. This great body of smooth water acts as a cushion between the stormy waters and the lands at the bottom. Is not this a very wonderful thing?

WAX AND WAX FLOWERS.

I NEVER saw any wax flowers, but I 've heard about them. I 've been told that they sometimes look just like real flowers,—roses, daisies, lilies, or even Jack-in-the-Pulpits; but, somehow, it makes me shiver to think of them. There 's something queer too about using wax for that purpose, though it comes from flowers in the first place, and ought to know just how they look. But, my children, don't ever tear flowers to pieces to get wax. You could n't find any in that way. It takes those cunning little chemists, the bees, to find the wax in clover blossoms and heliotrope and buck-wheat and mignonette, and ever so many other things. They find something else there, too, don't they?—something that you love as much as they do.

And yet, after all is said and done, I must say, as I said before, there 's something about the idea of making wax flowers that I don't fancy. They must be monstrosities, after all, never mind how good the imitation may be. For what is a flower if you take away its perfume, its soul, and the fact of its being a flower—the sweetest, freshest, tenderest thing on earth?

HOREHOUND.

"I LIKE horehound candy; it is so nice!"

That is what little Jenny said, as she and her brother passed by me one day early in last autumn. In another moment, she spied a dusty-looking plant, with clusters of small white flowers growing round the stalk. She stooped and smelled of the flower, though it was not very pretty. I fancy she did not like its perfume, for she exclaimed:

"Oh! is n't it horrid? The disagreeable weed! What in the world can it be good for?"

Then I said to myself: "Ah! Jenny, if it were not for two growing things,—sugar-cane and that ugly little weed over which you 're twisting your pretty nose,—I 'd like to know how you 'd ever get your horehound candy."

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are two more new conundrums from my friend, Jack Daw:

What bankers were hardest off during the late panic? Those who could n't even pay one a little attention.

Why is a good-natured man like a house afire? Because he is not easily put out.

Here is one that I heard so very, very long ago, that I 'm quite sure other Jacks have forgotten it:

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

Classical students will please finish this sentence with a familiar article of diet: "When the Greeks looked at Plato and Socrates, they ——"

Yes; that 's right. They saw sages, of course.

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THE LETTER BOX.

"A YOUNG FRIEND" wishes us to "tell the children what pretty things May baskets are, and how very welcome they are as birthday gifts to May children, or as sweet offerings to invalids and to little children in hospitals, or to put before fathers' and mothers' plates on a fair May morning." A pretty May basket, she adds, can be made by trimming a paper box (a collar-box will do for a small one) with tissue paper, fringed and crinkled, so as to hang around the outside, and by sewing on opposite sides of the box a strip of cardboard for a handle. This also can be covered with tissue paper. Moss, wild flowers, and green leaves will soon make the basket beautiful; and if you have a delicate bit of vine to wreathe about the handle, so much the better. Narrow white ribbon bows, with streamers, where the handle joins the basket, give a pretty effect; and for very little children, it will do no harm to put a quantity of tiny round, egg-like sugar-plums in the middle of the flowers.

"ILLUSTRATION" WORD-MAKERS.—Minnie L. G. is outdone. We announced in the March Letter Box that she had made ninety-seven English nouns out of the letters of the word "Illustration;" but hosts of boys and girls, taking it as a challenge, have sent in so much longer lists of English common nouns made from "Illustration," that we have nothing more to say. The following deserve special mention:

Edward M., of Austin, Texas, 107 nouns; M. R., Rochester (with the help of father and mother), 107; Worthington C. Ford, 114; John C. Howard, 114; Charley M. A., of Le Roy, N. Y., 115; Arnold Guyot Cameron, of Princeton, 117; L. H., of New Orleans, 128; Bennie L. P., of Rutland, Vermont, 132 (Bennie also sends 21 proper nouns); "A Young Subscriber," of Little Falls, 134 in common use, and 82 nouns found in the dictionary but *not* in common use: and Mary D. B., of Boston, who beats them all, sends 172.

ANOTHER WORD.—"It never rains but it pours." Here comes "Scribe," of San Francisco, with an English word containing all the vowels set down in their right order, and out of which he makes two hundred and fifty English words. "Scribe" says he will be pleased to hear from the girls and boys concerning this word, in next month's Letter Box.

ELLEN R. C.—Thanks for your kind letter. But what do you mean by "your stories are so interesting and funny I have had the measles * * *" Have you no period nor exclamation point to spare? Your letter, in its need of punctuation, reminds us of the touching epitaph on a country tombstone: "Erected to the memory of John Philips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A LITTLE GIRL, of Freeport, Ill., writes:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the Letter Box of your magazine, I noticed that a good many things were there that I am very glad to learn. Now, as a favor, I ask you if you can tell me what a runcible spoon is? It is found in J. G. Whittier's book of children's poetry, entitled "Child-Life," page 146, the sixth line in the last verse. I have consulted several dictionaries and "Zell's Encyclopædia," and a good many other references, but am unable to get any meaning to the word "runcible." So, if you can give me the meaning of it, you will very much oblige OSCARETTA T.

Runcible spoons are not made now-a-days, so it is not to be wondered at that Oscaretta did not find the word in any modern dictionary. If our little friend only could find an encyclopædia that was published in the times when all these things happened,—when Owls and Pussies, on their wedding tours, really sailed in pea-green boats "to the land where the Bong-tree grows,"—she would not long be kept in ignorance. But we'll whisper a word or two in Oscaretta's ear. There's a great big, big volume called Imagination; and in this volume, right in among the R's, she'll find "runcible;" and, perhaps, among the B's a perfect description of the Bong-tree. Why not?

HERE is a letter which will interest many of our readers:

Cheyenne Agency, Dakota, Feb. 20, '74.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder what some of your young readers would say if they saw who was just looking over your pleasant pages. Nothing but a great savage Indian, with feathers in his hair, a big dab of vermilion on each cheek, dashed with a streak of blue, and his forehead ribbed with yellow bars, like a walking bird-cage. A red blanket over his shoulders, ragged leggings, a dirty shirt, and beaded moccasins completed his outfit,—unless I should include an ominous-looking Henry rifle, which was lying by his side as he turned over your leaves. I suppose some of them would be wanting to get behind the door, or to go off visiting; but there is no need of being afraid. He looks awfully savage, but his heart can be won by a meal or a few beads and trinkets. Most of his valor lies in his paint; and if you were to wash it off and dress him in civilized clothes, he would make a very ordinary, harmless-looking man. There are two kinds of these Indians, however. One class has been brought to live on the Missouri River, where they are furnished by the Government with food and clothing. Then there are many more who will not live on the reservations, but stay far back from the river. These you want to look out for, if you ever come here, for they not only carry guns and knives and tomahawks, but they will use them, if they have a chance, on the first white person they happen to meet. You will find these men sometimes among the other Indians on the reservation, but most of the "agency" Indians are peaceable enough. I have many good friends among these people, and they love to be in the house admiring all the little wonders of civilization so common to you all, and nothing pleases them more than to look at illustrated books and papers, and especially ST. NICHOLAS. M——.

S. T. NICHOLAS.—In sending rebuses for ST. N., dear namesake, a written statement of the symbols will answer the purpose of drawings, though we prefer to see drawings, however rough. Mrs. Elizabeth Charles is the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family."

H. STEUSSIE, JR., AND OTHERS.—We are glad to print German stories for translation now and then, but we cannot afford space in the Riddle Box for German riddles, as they could be solved by only a few of our readers.

ROBT., OF DEGRAW ST.—Your criticism is quite just.

OUR young friend, Nellie W., sends the boys and girls the following riddle, in the hope of receiving a solution. It is very old, she says; and the true answer, lost long ago, has not yet been found.

Man cannot live without my first;
By day and night 't is used.
My second is by all accurst;
By day and night abused.

My whole is never seen by day,
Nor ever seen by night;
'T is dear to friends, when far away,
But hated when in sight.

LILY M——N.—Your sketches are very good for a little girl of nine years; but we cannot print puzzles founded on the name of the editor of this magazine.

F. C. G.—We are not at present in favor of opening a "correspondence column for our boys and girls." It has its advantages, but it also has its abuses, and in our opinion the chances of the latter outweigh the former.

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J. G., inspired by the specimens of high-flown proverbs given in our March Letter Box, sends the following:

"The medium of exchanges starts from rest,
And puts the equine female to her best."

"CHARL."—Your communication is in type, waiting for a chance to appear.

ABOUT ST. NICHOLAS.—We cannot resist the temptation to show our young folks these two letters,—from a mother and her little daughter,—and we trust they will attribute our doing so, not to vanity, but to genuine joy at such encouragement, and a desire to satisfy certain honest well-wishers who, while they admit the fascinations of ST. NICHOLAS for big boys and girls, fear that we are not paying enough attention to little children:

Albany, N. Y., March 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose a letter, dictated, word for word, by my little daughter, whose delight in your magazine is truly inexpressible.

Although you are doubtless surfeited with compliments, I must add a word of congratulation upon the success you have had so far in making your magazine unexceptionable,—a word that has been quite inapplicable to most of those offered to the children heretofore. Having had the care of many young people, both as mother and teacher, I have examined the children's literature of the day with much anxiety. Notwithstanding its merit and attractiveness, it is beset with snares and pitfalls that will destroy the innocence and ignorance (of worldly wisdom) that give childhood its charm and its joy. Your work is a noble one, and will yield a rich reward.—Respectfully,

ELLEN HARDIN W——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old. I have taken the "Nursery" two years, and now my mamma says I read it through so fast that I have outgrown it. I am very glad you have come this year, for I am sure that I would not like any other magazine as well as you.

My brother has a dog named Leaune (that is a German word), that I think is as wonderful as the Brighton cats. She can run up a tree, she will shut the door, or pick up scraps from the floor and put them in the waste-basket, and she can spell her name with alphabet-cards.

I think "The Trio" is very funny,—the sheep singing about themselves; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is splendid. I love to read his sermons. I found a real Jack-in-the-pulpit last summer in the woods.

I am glad you don't love fine dolls. I keep "Lady Alice" in a trunk, but "Rosa" sleeps with me every night. Some people say she is freckled and ugly; but Santa Claus sent her to me long, long ago, and I think she is lovely.—Your friend, RUBY.

Every mail brings us letters as warm, hearty, and cheering as these. Of course, we cannot reply to them all by letter. There would be no time left for ST. NICHOLAS if we did that; but we can assure the writers that their kind words are of great help to us, and that their suggestions always are carefully considered.

So, good friends, especially you whose names are given below,—as we cannot reply to you each by letter, we desire to thank you here for your hearty words: F. H. Zabriskie, "Sedgwick," S. B. C., Minnie H., Charley A. Osborn, "Powhatan," Julia C. Lakin, J. H. F., Jessie Nicholson, W. W. W., George E. S., Edward F. P., Abbie and Lottie, M. A. W., Charlie L., Jessie L. McD., W. F. Bridge, E. P., Charles J. Fuller, F. C. G., Howard F. Bowers, S. T. N., Harold C. Powers, L. H., Meta Gage, H. Steussie, jr., Lelia Ruth Haines, Harry King, R. O. B., Annie Wilkins, E. P., Mrs. E. H. Walworth, C. M. A., Edward H. Tibbits, Lottie J. Bachman.

HORACE BUTLER.—We shall soon give a Latin story for translation.

CHARLEY J. FULLER writes: "I noticed in your March Letter Box about keeping a list of all the books we read in the year 1874, and I have commenced to do so." This is right, Charley. We hope scores and scores of boys and girls are "doing so" with you.

HERE comes a letter which makes us right glad:

Huntsville, Madison Co., Ark., Feb. 27, 1874.

MR. ST. NICHOLAS: You see we have been to work. My papa wrote out the pledge for me, and I took it to school and got the teacher, Mr. Alexander,—who is a good man,—to read your piece on birds in January number, and every single girl and boy signed it. They all thought it a splendid thing to not kill any more birds. I and my little brothers, Bennie and Frank and Dick, are going to cut some holes in some gourds that we raised last year in our garden, and hang them up in our shade-trees,—they 're big, tall locust trees,—for the blue-birds to build in. We will hang them with wire, so that the little birdies will have a good home for a long time to come. I send the pledge paper all signed. Don't you think this pretty good for Arkansas? Yours truly, ROBBIE PRATHER.

Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, we, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds. That we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise; and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the Great Father for the joy and good of mankind.

(Signed)

BOYS.—Hugh F. Berry, Edward Barbour, M. S. Newton, W. Van Buren, Willie Sams, Nat Sanders, George Anthony, Robert Prather, W. P. Buren, Howard A. Kenner, Bennie Prather, Frankie Prather, Frank E. Johnson, O. D. Johnson, Noah U. S. Johnson, Johnnie Moody.

GIRLS.—Allie A. Powe, Bell Berry, Ella Sams, Fannie Richmond, Cener Sanders, Bell Parks, Selina Copeland, Minda Bohannon, Allie Moody, Bettie Polk, Clint Kenner.

Who 'll sign next? Send in your names, boys and girls,—all who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders,—big and little, young and old, and Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western—in fact, from any part of this big round world.

ROBERT R. S.—We do not know the author of the lines:

"The waves that creep to kiss the pebbly shore,
And seek forgiveness for the tempest's roar."

ALLEN F——'s rather lengthy description of various "Curiosities in Plant Life" is not exactly suited to the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, but we willingly give the Letter Box the benefit of his offer of "any portion of the article that will interest the boys and girls." His pleasant account of 'The Biggest Flower in the World" is well worth reading.

THE BIGGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

On some of the East India islands, where so many queer things grow, is found a flower that measures a full yard across. Yet it has only a cup-like centre, and five broad, thick, fleshy petals. Seen from a distance, through the dark-green leaves of the vines among which it grows, the rich wine-tint of the flower, flecked with spots of a lighter shade, is said to impart a warmth and brilliancy of color to the whole surrounding scene. But the nearer the observer comes—all eagerness to see more closely so wonderful a flower—the less does he like it. Not that the color is less beautiful; but who cares for beauty in human beings, when its possessor is malicious, disdainful, or untruthful? and who cares for beauty in a flower, when the odor is disagreeable?

So, notwithstanding its proudly brilliant color, and its great size, the *rafflesia-arnoldia* will never be admired, for we are told that its "odor is intolerable, polluting the atmosphere for many feet around." Another bad trait of its flower-character is, that it is too lazy to support itself, but lives upon the labors of others. In the forests where it is found, there are many vines, sometimes climbing up the trunks of the trees, and sometimes trailing along the ground. Fastening itself to a vine in the latter position, the unprincipled *rafflesia* grows without other trouble to itself than to draw for its own use, the nutriment which the industrious vine-roots are all the while collecting from the earth. The vine must be very amiable, you think? Ah! but the poor vine cannot help itself. It cannot shake off the big, selfish flower, and can only work harder than ever to collect supplies sufficient to nourish the odious hanger-on, and have enough, in addition, for its own branches and leaves.

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SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

BY J. C. BEARD.

THERE are fish in the sea so curious, that when we see pictures of them we can scarcely believe that any such creatures really exist.

Do not some of the odd-looking fishes, for instance, pictured on page 256 of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, look more like wild and impossible inventions of the artist than like anything else? And yet they are all native Americans, and can be caught almost any fine day off the coast of New England or New York.

What do you suppose that wide-mouthed monster at the bottom of the picture is about? Do you think he foolishly believes that the fish about him will swim into his great mouth? He is much too wise for that. He knows, too, how useless it would be to try to catch his swift-finned companions by chasing them, for he is a slow swimmer. So he lies quietly at the bottom of the ocean and fishes for his prey. Think of that,—a fish fishing! This creature has a natural fishing-rod, with a bait at the end, growing from his head, near his mouth. The fishing-rod is a fine fish-bone, tapering off to a point, on which hangs a little streamer, or slip of shining membrane, that serves for the bait.

Lying motionless in the soft mud, the Angler, as this fish is rightly named, waves about the long spines on his head and back until the silly fish in the immediate vicinity, attracted by the movement and the glittering bait, come within reach, when they are immediately swallowed. His side fins, as you can see, are more like the flippers of a seal than like fins, and serve to slide him forward over the bottom mud.

The fish immediately over his head is called the Toad-fish. It is a very curious-looking creature with its toad-like, flattened head, of which a glimpse may be had in the right hand upper corner of the picture, where a second fish of this species is shown swimming toward the spectator. This fish generally lives under stones and eel-grass and mud at the bottom of shallow sea-water. Examining the places where the water is but a few inches in depth at low tide, it will be seen that under many of the stones and smaller rocks the sand on one side has been removed, leaving a shallow cavity extending back beneath the stone. If care is taken to approach gently, and without noise, the head of the Toad-fish can be seen very much in the position of a dog as he lies looking out of his kennel. If this happen in the summer months, the little creature, you may be sure, is guarding her young, for which she seems to have a great affection. If the stone is removed, the young Toad-fish can be found in hundreds sticking to the under surface.

The ferocious-looking creature above the Toad-fish is the Sea Raven, or Deep Water Sculpin. Nothing could present a more remarkable appearance than this fish, with his oddly-colored body, his prodigious fins, his crushed-looking head, hung about with tatters and scraps of skin, and his absurd yet horrible expression of ill-humor.

There remain four fishes which are well worthy of notice. The Sea-Wolf, on the left of the illustration; the Mullet, just below; the Sea-Robin, on the right; and the Sea-Mouse, between the Sea-Wolf and the Toad-fish. Of these four, as might be expected, the Sea-Wolf is the most savage and ferocious, and is dreaded even by the fishermen who catch it. The Mullet is so artful and cunning that it is very difficult to effect its capture with a seine or net. And if once caught in this way, it will dash furiously against the sides of the net, and will even search every mesh, in order to find a large one through which it may escape. The Sea-Robin is both beautiful and harmless,—a near relation to the Flying-fish,—and the Sea-Mouse is a strange little creature, from two to four inches long, sometimes, but rarely, caught along the coast of the Eastern States.

THE Editors are very much gratified by the numerous and excellent descriptions, which they have received, of the fishes shown in the engraving in the March number. They would be glad to make special mention of these, but there are so many of them that it is impossible to do so. They give below, however, a classified list of all received before March 15th:

Virginia B. Ladd correctly named and described *five* of the fishes.

The following list correctly described *four* fishes, viz.: Susie Burrows, Fred Faville, Bessie Atlee and Harry Erisman, Robert D. Dashiell, "Bub," Garry Banker, Annie Goodman, Lena W. Chamberlain, and Virginia H. Curtis.

The following had *three* right: Theodora Chase, Freddie Huckel, Will Culver, Robert Pratt Bliss, and Leila Ruth Haynes.

The following were correct concerning *two* of the fishes: Wallace C. Carter, F. H. Zabriskie, Lulu A. Paine, Willie H. Frost, Harry R. Huntington, Rosalie M. Bemis, Lincoln Hill and Ernest Winne, Willie Wright, J. S. McCormack, and Mark J. Mason.

Correct descriptions of the large fish, called "The Angler," were received from Georgie Platts, Oscar H. Babbitt and George Barrell, Chas. I. Fuller, Frank W. Hoyt, Nannie B. Tamberton, James C. Ayer, S. D. Jennings, Stella Clark, Claire B. Potwin, Commodore Ruple, Lulie M. French, George Montaldo, Leo Doggett, Lizzie F. Bradford, Arthur L. Brandiger, R. Hays Irvin, Nellie Chase, Frank H. Jackson, Bertie Wilson, Annabel Crandall, Sarah Gallett, "Walter," A. D. W., Charlie Burton, Arthur L. Ropes, John Heiss West, Eddie W. Clark, George H. Ashley, Alfred H. Williams, Edward F. Bragg, Charlie W., Anna W. Olcott, Frederick W. Chapman, "Izaak Walton," Willie Remaine, Melvin L. Dorr, Frank Burr Mallory, Knight C. Richmond, and Charles Swift Richie, jr.

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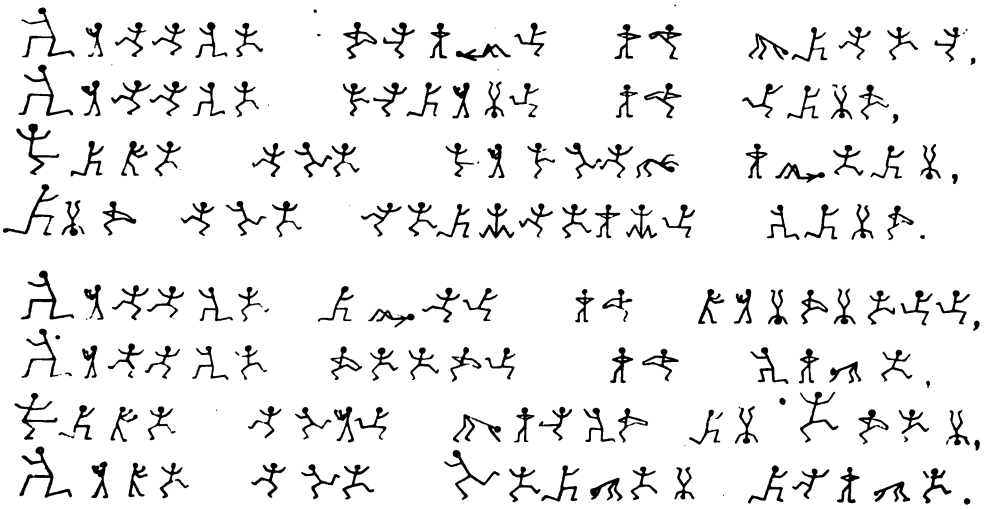
THE RIDDLE BOX.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS.



HERE you have two very well-known verses written in the language of the Restless Imps. It is exactly the same as English, excepting in the form of its letters. The imps have twenty-six distinct positions, one for each letter of the alphabet. P and C, for instance, invariably lie on their backs, though the head of one points to the right and that of the other to the left. E is always seen dancing, with his arms up in the air, and X, not being often needed, sits at his ease. In due time we shall publish a full key to this interesting alphabet, for the benefit of all who wish to correspond in the new language. Meanwhile, who can read the above verses?

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

(These rivers are spelled backwards.)

YOU would have been of no use, Major, for, if I had n't found a glove, he would have bled to death under the window. I tried to stop Pete, both times, for I needed him to go to the cellar. Useful, he was; only, when he brought the box of salve, his life, you see, depended on my exertions. NIP.

RIDDLE.

TAKE away my first five, and I am a tree. Take away my last five, and I am a vegetable. Without my last three, I am an ornament. Cut off my first, and two parts of your head are left. Divide me in half, and you read a fruit and an instrument of correction. Without my first and last three, I am a titled gentleman. My whole, you can obtain of any druggist. FLOY.

ENIGMA, No. 1.

MY first is in stag, but not in elk.
My second is in cream, but not in milk.
My third is in shoe, but not in boot.
My fourth is in laugh, but not in hoot.
My fifth is in hot, but not in cold.
My sixth is in bought, but not in sold.
My seventh is in hornet, but not in bee.
My eighth is in tied, but not in free.
My ninth is in shot, but not in gun.
My tenth is in play, but not in fun.
My eleventh is in fish, but not in eel.
My twelfth is in stern, but not in keel.
And my whole is the name of an island.

NIP.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

PUT the same prefix before each of the following, when found, so as to form twelve words (puns allowed): 1. A writer. 2. The coat of certain animals. 3. A near relation. 4. An attitude. 5. A sort of match used in warfare. 6. What schoolboys should never be. 7. A part of a church 8. A growing thing. 9. Something that is nothing if not musical. 10. A shape. 11. The number eight. 12. An ocean.

WORD-SQUARE.

FRAGRANCE. A stream. A germ. A fruit. A fiel of strife. J. P. B.

CHARADE.

1st Syllable

SOMETHING we too early sigh for,
What, through life, too hard we try for,
What, alas, too many die for.

2d Syllable.

Upon my second, in a boat
We lightly toss, or idly float,
Or bathe within its wavelets clear—
(The word to Tennyson is dear).

My Whole.

A lovely vale, well known to Fame,
Of which a fabric bears the name
Well worthy of the proudest dame.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

PUZZLE.

MAKE a word of three syllables out of these letters: X U X L X I. WILLIE CROCKER.

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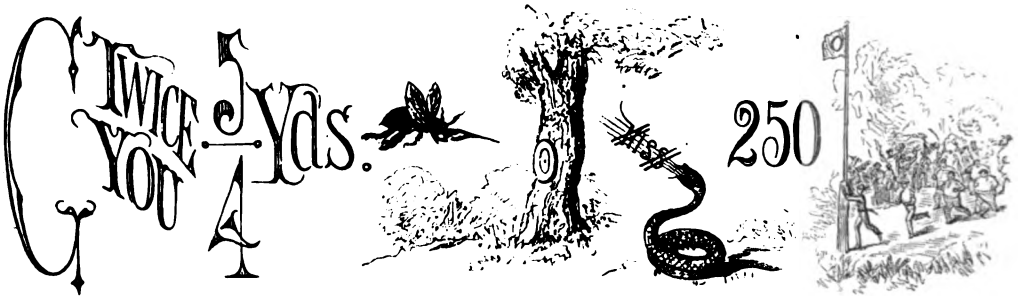
REBUS.



A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

MY first is a country in Asia. Change my head, and I am a small country of Africa. Behead, and I am an ancient name of a part of Europe. "Put a head on me" and drop the last two letters, and I become a celebrated river. Change the last letter, and I am a country in Asia. B. A. R.

CURIOUS CROSS-WORD.

WHILE at a 4, old-fashioned 7 lately, composed of about ¼ of 1, we had 2, 6 for dinner, and had lots of 8, and while there we made this 3, 5, and by guessing the answer you will a 9 times oblige.

JOHN SHERMAN.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE diagonals form respectively the names of a town of Madison County, N. Y., and a village of Venango County, Pa. The horizontal words have the following for their signification: 1. A city of Kansas. 2. A town of W. Va. 3. A kind of pigeon. 4. A village of N. H. 5. A town of N. Y. 6. A large town of Conn. 7. A town of Mass. 8. Any vain or empty terror, or the local English name for the black-gull. 9. A town of W. Va. ALDEBARAN.

ENIGMA, No. 2.

I AM composed of seven letters, of which my 1, 2, 3 spell what you call the members of your family; my 4, 5, 6, 7, a trader's highest ambition; my 6, 5, 3, 7, a narrow way; my 6, 5, 1, 7, a body of fresh water; my 6, 2, 3, 7, that which denotes length, without breadth or thickness; my 3, 2, 6, 7, the name of a noted river, at the mouth of which stands a city famous both in ancient and modern times; my 4, 3, 5, 1, 7, an object of universal terror, beautiful and fascinating, but dangerous; my 4, 2, 3, 7, a term used in geometry; my 4, 5, 3, 7 mean healthy; my 5, 6, 7, a beverage of which the Scotch are very fond; my 6, 7, 5, 1 tell what ships are apt to do in a storm; my 6, 7, 5, 3 mean to bend or incline; my 4, 2, 3, 1 tell what a boy does who ventures into deep water without being able to swim; my 4, 6, 2, 3, 1 mean to steal away; and my whole is a bluff on the western coast of Ireland, that gives his title to the only British nobleman who is allowed to wear his hat in the presence of the Queen of England.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form two cities: 1. A city in Central America. 2. A boy's name. 3. A city in Asia. 4. A fastening. 5. To change. 6. A city of Europe. 7. A nautical term. NIP.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PICTURE QUOTATION.—

"But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year."
King Lear, Act 3, Scene 4.

RHYTHMIC ENIGMA.—Enigma.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Stale, tale, ale, at, slat, slate, as, sat, lea, least, east, late, last, lest.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Passamaquoddy.

RIDDLE.—April Fool.

LOGOGRIPH.—Start, tart, art, at, as, star, tar, at.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.—1. Crabbe, Shelley, Moore. 2. Goldsmith, Locke. 3. Campbell, Knight, Day, Foote.

CHARADE.—Phantom.

REBUS.—"The tired fellow wheeled around and spoke out."

A QUEER AQUARIUM.—Pipe-fish, Balloon-fish, Moon-fish, Sea-horse, Sheep's-head, Swallow-fish, Bullhead, Sword-fish, Toad-fish, Wolf-fish, Dog-fish, Pike, Horse-shoe, Dace, Razor-fish, Star-fish, Cat-fish, Trunk-fish.

ENIGMA.—Mischief-makers.

APOCOPES.—1. Index, in. 2. Coward, cow. 3. Codger, cod. 4. Titter, tit. 5. Wasteful, waste. 6. Stockade, stock. 7. Target, tar.

NUMERICAL EXERCISE.—1, 3, 4, 5, 2.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

T E N
E V E
N E T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER have been received from Carrie L. Hastings, Louise F. Olmstead, Frank S. Halsey, Estelle Parker, Fred W., Walter Bixby, Welmore Briscoe, H. S. M., T. F. Sykes, Hobart Park, Edward H. Connor, Johnnie Hersh, Mary Inman Drake, Hattie B. Granger, Howard F. Bowers, Emily Morrison, Mary M. Grace, Harry C. Powers, Ralph Blaisdell and Sidney Taylor, Willie Boucher Jones, Montgomery H. Rochester, "A Biped," H. O. Turner, Wm. T. Roberts, Jessie L. McDermott, Laura Opper, Annie and Bertha Shoemaker, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mabel Afton and Estelle Hartford, Eddie E. Judson, Carrie W. Mairs, W. F. Bridge, jr., Wilson E. Skinner, S. D., Harrie Town, A. R. M., Jennie Church, Fannie B. James, John A. Paine, E. Langdon Bishop, Helen W. Allen, Ralph R. Carlin, John B. Crawford, Minnie S., Willie Siebert, A. E. K., S. Schmucker, S. B. L. Penrose, Lottie W., Edward H. Saunders, Will Ruggles, Ellen G. Hodges, F. A. Shutes, Joseph and Frank Bird, G. Deney Stratton, James S. Rogers, jr., Minnie Thomas, May W. Bond, George Morton, Edna H. Kiersted, Lawrence Norton, "Dough and P. Nutt," Harry R. Huntington, Q. H. B. and G. L. B., Anna W. Olcott, M. A. H., Lincoln Hill and Ernest Winne, "Luzette," F. B. McClintock, "Eider Jay," Gracie M. Morse, Minnie Batcham, Charlie W. Balestier, "Cambridge Place," Mary and Reuben Sloan.

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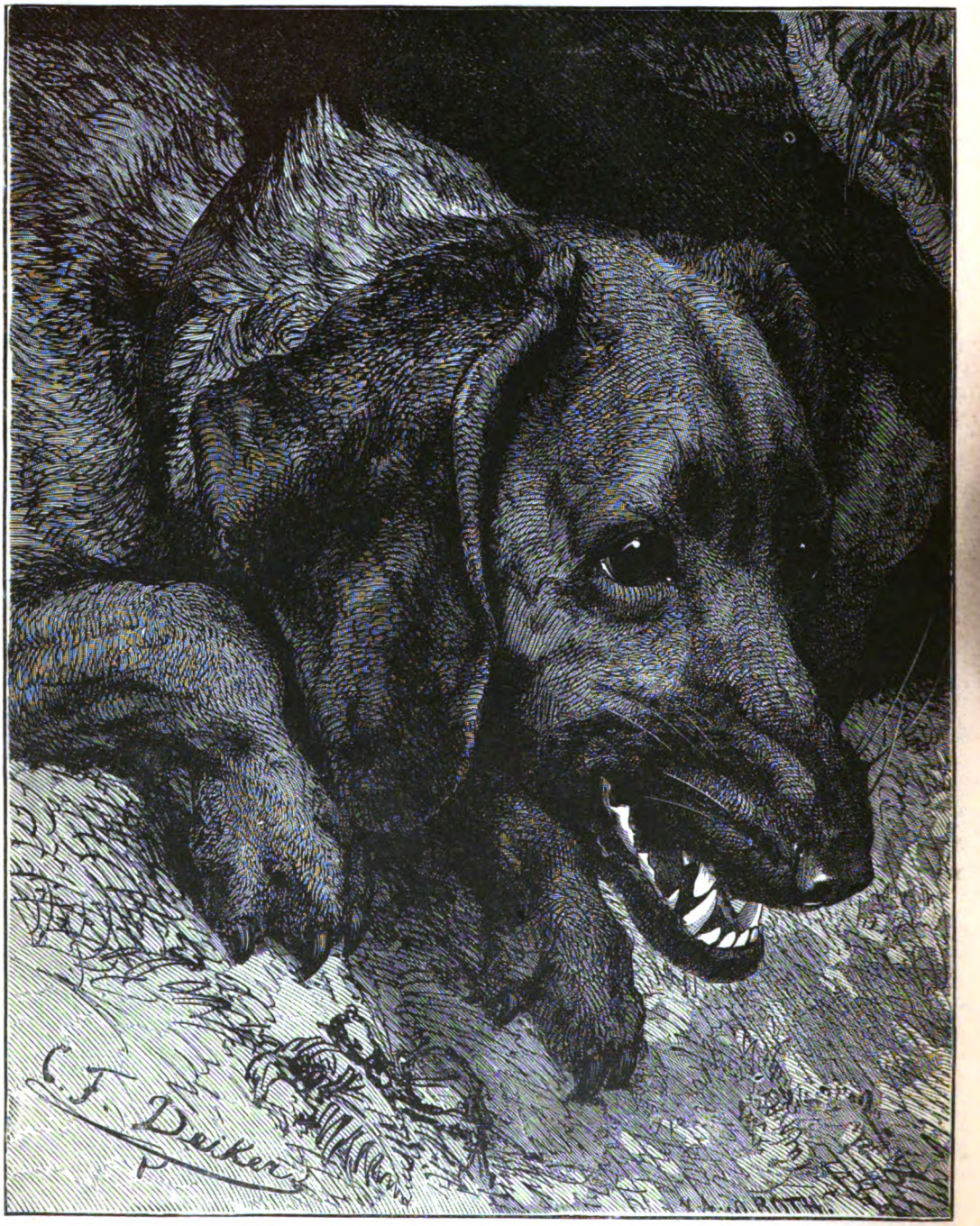

READY FOR ACTION.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1874. No. 8.

HOW THE "GULL" WENT DOWN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

BEN had pulled his boat up on shore and swabbed it out, so that his wife's new blue calico might not smell of fish when they reached Shark River. Then Dan came and took a turn at swabbing, while his father went up to put on his Sunday clothes. Conny sat on the sand, watching him.

"Take the crabs out of the fo'cas'le, Dan," she ordered.

Dan went to the bow, and peeped into the little black hole.

"Reckon I wont. Them crabs 's nigh soft," he said.

Conny waded out at once, and threw them into the water.

"Do you think *my* mother 's agoing on a journey with a lot of shedders and busters?" she scolded on, while Dan sat down contentedly, splash into the water, and punched his toes lazily into the mud. Conny always had her own way.

Presently, Ben and Mrs. Van Dort came down, ready to set off. The children did not heed their father's going, for he started to the Barnegat fishing banks every morning before three o'clock, and seldom was back until dark; but it was a great event for their mother to leave home. Twice a year Ben took her down to Shark River, to buy calico and sugar and shoes and such "trade." These voyages were each a crisis in the family history. The children hung about her, stroking her white cotton gloves and looking admiringly at the pink rose in her bonnet.

"Come, hurry in, Jane," called Ben. "We 'll have considerable of a blow before we reach Sherk's River."

But Jane ran back once more to kiss Conny and hug Dan. She tried to say "God bless you, children!" but the words would not come. Only the minister ought to say such solemn things, she thought.

"Mind and say your prayers, Conny," she whispered; "and take good care of Dan and baby."

"One would think you were agoing to be gone a year," grumbled Ben. "Good-bye, you young vaggybonds," nodding as he pushed the boat out beyond the first breaker.

It was a warm, clear day. The "Gull" danced over the low, sparkling waves, light as a feather. Conny could see the blue line of paint below her taffrail, and even the rose in her mother's bonnet, until they were out quite into deep sea water.

"I tell you, Dan!" she said. "Let 's not go to bed, to-night. Let 's have supper ready for them."

Dan nodded. "Reckon I 'll histe a lantern to light 'em in."

"To light father in? No! He 's bin a-coming in here every night since he was a boy."

"Mother has n't, then. It was her I was agoing to light in. Anybody 'd hev knowed that!"

Dan went on composedly picking up great blobs of broken jelly-fish from the sand.

"Throw them horrid things away, Dan'l Van Dort!" for Conny wanted to air her new authority. "You stuff 'em in yer pockets till I can't abear your trowsers in the house at night," covering her nose with her apron.

Dan sniffed at them with an air of relish.

"They won't shine until ye keep 'em awhile. I 've got my light-house 'most built, an' I want these for lanterns. Better come and help, Con. Here 's a big un you may put in," holding it out to her.

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Conny paused wishfully a minute; then tossed her head.

"Light-house, indeed! I've got to keep house and mind baby. I've no time for play."

Baby was easily taken care of through the day; she lay playing with Dan in the sand, as he built his light-house, and only kicked her fat legs when anybody spoke to her. Conny had plenty of time to make ready the supper; she had plenty of things with which to make it ready, too. Not half so much money came into Ben's cottage as into many of the wretched rooms where beggars live in towns; but there was always an abundance of meat, potatoes, and fish in the cellar, and a Sunday suit apiece for the whole family up stairs; and the house itself,—with its rag-carpets, and big wood fires, and painted wooden chairs, and colored prints (a hundred years old) on the whitewashed wall, of King George and Queen Caroline, and the Animals going into the Ark,—was as bright and clean and shining as the white sand or blue sea without. When a person has so much fishing and sea and weather and beach to think of out-of-doors, he really has not time to care for sofas or clothes or those unnecessary things.

"BETTER COME AND HELP, CON."

Conny set the table, and made hot cakes and put the soft-crabs down ready to broil; and then she rocked baby to sleep, and tucked her into bed. She was sure to sleep until morning; so that Conny could shut the door and run down on the beach to see the "Gull" come in.

The evening was damp and cold; but the sky and sea were one blaze of fierce, yellow light. She stopped to look at it.

"I never saw anything like that before, Dan."

"It's mighty curious."

Dan grunted, as if he could say a great deal more if he chose, and if she were not a girl.

The white caps were all gone. The sea was coming in, in deep, dark swells, with a dull, threatening roar. Conny saw all the fishing-boats fluttering into the little cove, although it was an hour before their usual time. Men were running down from the village to help the fishermen haul them up on shore. They worked quickly, — but, like sea-coast people, without a word,—lowered the sails, unshipped the masts.

"Now we're all in," said Cap'n Job, the wrecking-master, as the last was pulled up. "Van Dort were n't at the Banks to-day."

"But he's at Sherk's River, with Jane," some one said.

Nobody spoke; the men looked at each other, then out to sea, and, glancing at Conny, drew apart, and whispered.

"Is the 'Gull' in danger, sir?" She pulled Cap'n Job's sleeve. He did not look down at her.

"Danger, nonsense! You ought to be in bed, child. Go to the house, and take Dan. Go at once, I tell you!"

Conny did not go. She saw a sail, close reefed, out in the grey distance, like the flicker of a bird's wing.

"There's father now!" she cried.

At that moment there was a sharp crackling in the air. The yellow light was gone. The sea rushed in as if driven by terror.

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"It 's come, men! It 's come!" cried Cap'n Job.

Conny had heard of a wind-squall which, fifty years ago, had strewed the shore with wrecks. She clung to an old spar, in the sudden darkness and the storm of spray and sand that drove over her, cutting her hands and face.

"It 's a wind-squall; but it can't hurt mother—it can't hurt mother!" she cried.

When the darkness passed with the heavy cloud, she climbed up to the little headland, and, sheltering her eyes with one hand, looked steadily out to sea.

The fishermen were near the cove, watching her, and whispering together. One of them went to the village and brought down two or three women. Nanty Hepburn, who was a friend of Jane Van Dort's, went up to Conny.

"Come home with me, dear," she said. "Don't look out yonder," putting her hand over the girl's eyes. "It's growin' clearer, and the sea 's ugly to look at after a storm; weeds and wrecks and dead things is washed ashore, and——"

Conny quietly put down her hand.

"I must see the 'Gull' come in. Mother 's a-board."

Nanty looked at the men, perplexed. She wiped her eyes once or twice, and then put her hands on Conny's shoulders.

"There was a wind-squall like this once afore, Conny."

"I know."

"And—and of all the ships within two miles of the bar, not one lived through it. Not the big ships, dear! Are you listenin'?"

Conny, after a minute, drew away.

"I wish you would go to Dan, Nanty. He 's crying yonder. I—I can't speak to him now."

She put her hand over her eyes again, looking through the slowly lifted weight of mist. Her lips moved.

Dan pulled her by the skirt, after awhile.

"Come away, Conny," he sobbed. "They say the 'Gull' has gone down, and they 're afeard for you to stay here."

"It could n't go down. God would n't let it. I 've bin prayin'." But her face was like death as she said it.

The mist had lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast angry sea—the waves rising out of fathomless darkness. Conny caught Dan fiercely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too parched to speak.

"The 'Gull!' The 'Gull!'" shouted the men.

Only sea-bred eyes could see the far-off boat which was dashed to and fro like a bubble. "Ther 's no chance ther fur a *good* boat," said Cap'n Job; "but for that old water-log—— Take

"SHELTERING HER EYES WITH ONE HAND, LOOKED STEADILY OUT TO SEA."

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them children away, Nanty. Don't let 'em see their own mammy go down."

The wind beat the masts of the "Gull" level with the water, once again.

Conny clinched Dan's hand in hers.

"Pray, Dan! Pray! and God can't let them drown!"

A great wave lifted the "Gull" tauntingly into sight, and then—it was gone! Only a black hull was washed above the yellow foam for an instant, and sank never to rise again.

Nanty ran to the child as she fell on the sand, and carried her to her own house; but at the door, Conny opened her eyes and struggled to her feet.

"I must go home. Mother told me to take care of Dan and baby till she came back."

Nanty sobbed out loud then. She had been very fond of Jane.

"Child, did n't you *see* the 'Gull' go down?" she said.

"Yes," said Conny; "but I was a-prayin'. Mother 'll come back."

She ran alone through the darkness to the cottage. Dan was crouched, crying, by the fire. She knelt down beside him.

"God would n't take them when we was prayin'," was all she could say.

And there came then a great shouting and cries without, and the door burst open, and her mother was on the floor and had them both in her arms, sobbing and laughing all at once; and Ben was talking to the neighbors, with a queer quaver in his voice.

"'Gull' went down? Yes, of course she must hev. She sprung a leak an hour afore the squall struck her, and I knew it was no use to try to bring her in, and Jane and I got aboard the steamer putting into the inlet, and come over afoot. I'm glad I did n't see the old boat agoin' down."

"It was good luck as drove you nigh the steamer, Ben," said Cap'n Job.

"Luck or—God," said Ben, taking off his old hat. "Hillo! give us a kiss, you young uns," stooping to hide his wet eyes.

GOWNS OF GOSSAMER.

By Lucy Larcom.

They 're hastening up across the fields; I see them on their way!
They will not wait for cloudless skies, nor even a pleasant day;
For Mother Earth will weave and spread a carpet for their feet;
Already voices in the air announce their coming sweet.

One sturdy little violet peeped out alone, in March,
While cobwebs of the snow yet hung about the sky's gray arch;
But merry winds to sweep them down in earnest had begun.
The violet, though she shook with cold, staid on to watch the fun.

And now the other violets are crowding up to see
What welcome in this blustering world may chance for them to be;
They lift themselves on slender stems in every shaded place,—
Heads over heads, all turned one way, wonder in every face.

There shiver, in rose-tinted white, the pale anemones;
There pink, perfumed arbutus trails from underneath bare trees;
Hepatica shows opal gleams beneath her silk-lined cloak,
Then slips it off, and hides herself 'mid gnarled roots of the oak.

They like the clear, cool weather well, when they are fairly out,
And they are happy as the flowers of sunnier climes, no doubt;
When little starry innocence makes every field snow-white
With her four-cornered neckerchiefs, there is no lovelier sight.

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And when the wild geranium comes, in gauzy purple sheen,
Forerunner of the woodland rose, June's darling, Summer's queen,
With small herb-robert like a page close following her feet,
Jack-in-the-pulpit will stand up in his green-curtained seat:

Marsh-marigold and adder's-tongue will doze, the brook across,
Where cornel-flowers are grouped, in crowds, on strips of turf and moss;
And wood-stars white, from lucent green will glimmer and unfold,
And scarlet columbines will lift their trumpets, mouthed with gold.

Then will the birds sing anthems; for the earth and sky and air
Will seem a great cathedral, filled with beings dear and fair;
And long processions, from the time that blue-bird-notes begin
Till gentians fade, through forest-aisles will still move out and in.

Unnumbered multitudes of flowers it were in vain to name,
Along the roads and in the woods will old acquaintance claim;
And scarcely shall we know which one for beauty we prefer
Of all the wayside fairies clad in gowns of gossamer.

THE HERONRY AMONG THE GNARLED PINES.

By C. A. Stephens.

About half-a-mile above the head of the great Pennesseewassee pond, down in Maine, there is a small grove (or clump) of large, gnarled pines, too crooked and forked to be fit for lumber, and therefore rejected by the lumber-men. Some of these misshapen giants are five or six feet in diameter, but knotty and gnarly beyond any fair description. They stand on both sides of the Foy stream, which comes down the valley from the little Pennesseewassee, a couple of miles above.

In the tops and in the great crotches and forks of these pines, a colony of herons have built their nests for many years. Until quite recently, there have been at least three nests every spring. When the first settlers came into the township, there were dozens of them; but like their contemporaries, the red Pequawkets, the herons have gradually died out from the presence of the forest-destroying white man. Year before last there were no nests; but last spring the boys reported one, newly-repaired, in the largest of the pines.

The Foy stream is noted for its suckers. Every spring parties resort to it, in the evenings after dark, for the purpose of spearing them by torch-light. It is said that these suckering parties used to derive a great deal of sport from thrusting their torches, on the ends of long poles, up among the pine branches, to frighten the herons. The unearthly squawks and croaks of the disturbed birds could be heard for more than a mile. It may have been from persecutions of this sort that the herons have finally abandoned their old haunt.

Four years ago, I went there one afternoon to shoot a heron for a particular purpose. It was while I had the "bird-stuffing fever," by which I mean that sudden "inspiration" to get right up and do the same thing which will inflate a fellow while reading Audubon and seeing the stuffed collections of some amateur naturalist. Nearly all school-boys, especially those who aspire to a certain distinction in natural history studies, know what this fever is from their own experience. My attack was a tolerably violent one; it lasted over a month. My original plan was to get and preserve a stuffed specimen of every bird and small quadruped in my native county. As a matter of fact, I did stuff four birds (after a fashion),—a robin, a blue jay, a ground-sparrow and a heron; and two quadrupeds, —a grey squirrel and a raccoon. I have always been glad that I had the disease when I did. I shall never take it again, I am sure.

It is all very well to study ornithology, stuff birds,

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and become a great naturalist; but then there are other businesses in life fully as pleasant, and a great deal more useful. If all the boys who have the fever were to persevere and do what they start to do, why, great naturalists would be as plentiful as lawyers.

As I said, my attack lasted about a month; then the fever began to wane. I suspect I found it much as my friend, Tom Edwards, expressed it. Tom, you must know, had very little enthusiasm for such "spurts," as he called them. He had n't much imagination, anyway, and never could see the good of anything that failed to pay at once, either in fun or dollars.

Says Tom, "Now, look 'ere, Kit! this 'ere bird-stuffing business may be all very well for college perfessers and chaps that 's got time enough and money enough and to spare; but for you to spend all yer time a-skinning and a-wiring and a-slicking and a-putting in glass eyes, won't pay. You and I 've got to do something what 'll *bread* us and bring in the dimes."

Now, I never exactly admired Tom's way of thinking or talking; but, somehow, his plan always leads to his getting hold of twice as much ready money as I do; and it is hard to argue against a fellow who is always able to lend you cash.

The heron was the third specimen I tried to stuff. My enthusiasm was then at its height. I think it was Saturday. Tom wanted to see a matched game of base-ball down at the village; but I coaxed him into going with me after a heron. We went first to the bog which borders the head of the pond, for it is here that the herons resort for food.

Generally one or two, and sometimes a dozen, would be seen wading and *frogging* along the shore, or standing knee-deep in the water, watching for perch. They rob the black-birds, too, that build out on the old stumps and stubs standing in the water. These nests are often so low that the herons have only to wade out to them and gobble up the eggs or young birds at their leisure.

There were three herons along the shore, standing like lazy sentinels. We crept down through the alders. But their acute sense of hearing detected us. Before we could get within fifteen rods, the nearest turned a wary eye for an instant, then sprang into the air with heavy flaps, and directed his ungainly flight toward the opposite shore. The others followed, one of them giving a low croak, and turning back to reconnoitre the bushes from aloft.

"They 're too shy for us," muttered Tom. "The Skillings boys have been down here firing at 'em. I don't see any good in shooting the poor *beats*. They aint fit to eat."

"Killed them for fun, I suppose," said I; "that 's mean."

"Well, I don't see much choice for the cranes" (we used to call them cranes) "between being shot for fun or to *stuff*," said Tom; "but if you 're set on getting one, let 's go up to the big pines, where their nests are. They 're coming and going there all the time, now their mates are setting. Funny—aint it? how the old birds feed each other on the nests, an' take turns setting on the eggs."

"THE HERONS ALONG THE SHORE."

"How do you know they do that?" I demanded, for I was then a little skeptical on this point.

"Old Hughy Clives says he 's watched 'em there, an' seen 'em come up from the pond with frogs an' fish, an' give 'em to the ones on the nests. An' then, he said he 'd seen one fly off the nest an' the other come and light and sit down on the eggs, just like taking turns."

The whole valley which leads up to the great pines from the pond is heavily wooded with cedar, black-ash, and maple, with an undergrowth of alders. Following quietly up the bank of the

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stream, beneath the thick boughs, we soon came near the pines.

"Easy now," whispered Tom. "Keep under the alders."

Creeping through a dense clump, Tom peeped out from among the leaves.

"Sh-sh!" he whispered, putting back a cautioning hand and gazing intently for some moments. Then turning, "Come up, still," continued he. "Look over my shoulder."

I tip-toed up behind him. "Up there," pointing with his finger into one of the pines.

In a crotch formed by one of the large limbs, near the top, there was a great mass of sticks and reeds, as large as a two-bushel basket.

"One of the nests," said I.

"But just see there,—out there!" whispered Tom, pointing to another part of the top.

On a higher, drooping bough stood a heron on one long leg, perfectly motionless. The other foot was drawn up so as to be hidden in the feathers upon the under part of its body. Its neck was drawn down so far that its long bill rested on its breast. It was seemingly asleep. A more stupid, absurd-looking fowl I never saw. The sight of it almost set us laughing, despite all our caution.

Several other nests were presently espied high up among the green boughs.

"If you want to shoot one, you won't get a better chance than that," whispered Tom, pointing to the sleeping heron. "He 's just in good, easy range."

"Seems almost too bad to shoot him while he 's asleep," said I.

"But once let him wake up and he 'd make himself scarce in a hurry," said Tom. "Better make sure of him."

Cautiously raising the gun, I took aim through the leaves and fired. The great bird uttered a hoarse squawk, straightened up, then toppled over and fell to the ground—sixty or seventy feet—with a heavy thud. Instantly there arose a deafening cry of "quarks" and "quocks." The herons flew up from the tree-tops all about us—more than a dozen of them. The tops of the pines fairly rocked. Great sticks, dirt and burrs came rattling down. Up they went in a great flock several hundred feet above the trees, then flew round and round overhead, with hoarse, harsh cries. We ran out to the place where the wounded heron had fallen. His neck was curled down, but a bright, sinister eye was turned up, watching us in still defiance.

"Don't get too near," said I; "he 'll strike with his beak. You know I read to you from Audubon how a gentleman came near losing an eye from the sudden stroke of a wounded heron. They always aim for the eye."

Tom then took the gun and put out the butt of it toward him. The heron watched it till within a couple of feet; then struck at it quick as thought, darting its bill into the hard walnut of the stock. This was repeated several times.

Meanwhile, the other herons had flown away to the side of the ridge, half-a-mile off. Now and then one would come back and circle about over the pines. The nest was some sixty feet from the ground, but Tom thought he could get up to it. I *boosted* him up to the dry knots, which extended down to within six feet of the ground. Getting hold of these, he climbed up to the lowest limbs, and then went on from branch to branch toward the top.

"Two eggs!" he shouted, peeping over into the great nest. "I 'll bring 'em down. They won't do no more good now; an' you might as well take the house now you 've gone and killed the master of it."

He put the eggs carefully inside his loose frock, and then overturned the nest from the crotch in which it rested. It came bumping down through the branches to the ground. The fall shook and knocked it to pieces considerably. Still, we could see what its shape had been. There were sticks and clubs in it three and four feet long, and thick as a man's wrist. The inside was lined with dry grass. It was big enough to let the old heron double up its long legs and sit in it easily.

Tom got down with the eggs quite whole. They were of a dirty-white color, and the shells were rough and uneven. I had supposed they would be as large as goose-eggs, but they were not larger than those of a turkey.

Turning to the heron, we found that it was already dead.

Its color was bluish-grey, with reddish tinges about the edges of its wings. Its length, from the tip of its long bill to the end of its tail, was just equal to that of the gun-barrel,—a little over three feet; but from tip to tip of its wings, it must have measured nearly six feet. Its bill alone was nearly six inches long.

We took it home with us, and also the eggs. I had a vexatious time of it, trying to skin and stuff the heron. It did n't look very nice, after I had done my best.

The eggs I put under a hen. She sat on them one day and deserted the nest. Tom then put them under one of his hens, who sat on them four weeks steadily and gave it up. We next put them under a goose; but the old gander found it out somehow the next morning, and made such an outcry that grandmother made us take them away. Finding they were likely to make trouble, we threw them at a mark behind the barn.

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LOOK AHEAD.

BY JOHN HAY.

A PELICAN, flying home one day
With a fine fat fish from Oyster Bay,
Was met by a crow, who had sought in vain
For something to still his hunger's pain—
And who knew that fish was good for the brain.
So he slyly said, "Why, friend, what 's in you,
To carry a fish at a full neck's length?
Is that any way to economize strength?
I call it a waste of muscle and sinew.
Just throw your head over your shoulder, so—
You distribute the weight over all your frame,
You can carry a double load of game,
And thus, without tiring, home you go!"
The pelican did as his false friend bade,
But striking a bough he came to wreck,
And down he fell with a broken neck,
And the crow had a royal dinner of shad.

I wrote this fable for three little men,
Whose names are Willie and Arthur and Jack;
And this is the moral, clear and plain:
"When you run forward, don't look back."

THE LAST GUEST AT THE WEDDING.
(Drawn by Miss M. I. MacDonald.)

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FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XVIII.

HOW MR. MANTON TOOK THE BOYS HOME.

George, who was looking at the wrong man, gasped out, "I know him! It 's that rascal—the pickpocket—who got our money!"

"Who is?" said Mr. Manton.

Jack had by this time discovered and recognized the rogue, who was at the same table with Wilkins; and he united with George in pointing him out to their companion.

"That?" cried Mr. Manton, with a laugh. "Good joke! Why, that 's my friend; wonder I did n't see him before! That 's one of the ge'l'men I want to int'duce you to!"

Both George and Jack were intensely excited, and Jack was for rushing out at once and calling a policeman to take charge of Mr. Manton's friend. But Mr. Manton only laughed at them.

"You 're greatly mistaken," he said, "and that shows your ignorance of the world. He 's one of the finest ge'l'men. MacPheeler! See here, MacPheeler!"

MacPheeler gave Manton an impatient look, and went on shuffling a pack of cards.

"A grave accusation 'gainst you, MacPheeler!" cried Manton, with his most amused expression. "These young men 'cuse you of picking their pockets."

Thereupon MacPheeler, noticing the boys for the first time, dropped the cards, and rose abruptly from the table with a startled look, which quickly changed to an insinuating smile.

"What fun is this, Manton?" he inquired.

"Do you know these young men?"

"I am not aware that I ever had the pleasure of meeting them before."

"You don't remember?" cried Jack. "But we do! and will thank you to give us back our money."

"Your money?" echoed MacPheeler, in the greatest astonishment. "Why, Manton, what *is* the meaning of all this?"

"Perhaps you are not the man who pretended to be in a fit, on the steamboat at Albany, and who picked our pockets when we were taking him ashore!" exclaimed Jack.

"If I am, it must have been a good while ago," replied MacPheeler, coolly. "I have n't been in Albany for two years. This is a curious mistake, Manton!"

"All the more strange," said Manton, "since I was bringing these young friends of mine to int'duce 'em to you, for you to help 'em to a situation, through your stensive business 'quaintance."

"Certainly," said MacPheeler. "Anything to oblige you, Manton."

"There! what did I tell you?" said Mr. Manton. "You see, boys, what a blunder you 've made! MacPheeler has n't been in Albany for two years; I can swear to that."

But the boys were not convinced. MacPheeler's face, his dress, his hat (for he had his hat on),—everything about him reminded them of the pickpocket; and George—who, though at times so timid, was full of courage and resolution on great occasions—said firmly, "Will you have the kindness to let me look at the ring on the hand you hold behind you?"

"Certainly," replied MacPheeler, with the most perfect unconcern. "Did you ever see it before?"

"I—thought I had," said George, bending over the outstretched hand. "It is just such a ring, but there was a diamond in it. There 's the place for a stone!"

"That setting held a ruby once,—never a diamond," said MacPheeler. "You remember the ruby, Manton?"

"O, perfectly well!" said Manton.

MacPheeler then remarked pleasantly that, though he had often been taken for other men, he had never before passed for a pickpocket, and proposed that they should sit down and discuss the joke over something to drink. The boys declined the treat; but Manton accepted with cheerful alacrity, and two glasses of brandy-and-water were brought. While the two gentlemen were drinking together, Jack looked for the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man, of whom he hoped to hear something about Phineas, but he had disappeared.

"What shall we do?" whispered George.

"I don't know," replied Jack. "I believe this is the rogue, but we 've no proof."

"He has just such white hands, and long slim fingers," muttered George. "But I don't see that we can do anything."

"Let 's keep track of him, if we can," said Jack. "I 'll ask for his address, so that we can call on him, for the situations, you know."

The gentleman seemed to anticipate this request; for, as the boys approached, he held out to them,

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between his delicate thumb and finger, a neat card, bearing his name, *Alex. MacPheeler*, saying, "Inquire for me at Lindley's Employment Rooms, on Chatham street, after eleven o'clock. Happy to serve you."

As this was all the satisfaction they were likely to get at present, they took leave, with a promise to call on him, and after a good deal of trouble and delay got Mr. Manton started for home.

Exercise, and the encounter with MacPheeler, had served to sober their friend and patron for awhile; but his last glass had made him merrier even than before. He was inclined to sing snatches of jolly songs as the boys, one at each side, guided his unsteady steps along the street. Sometimes he would burst into fits of whimsical laughter at their blunder in mistaking his friend, MacPheeler—"one of the bes' men in the world"—for a pickpocket. Then he would assume the air of a mentor, halt on the sidewalk, square off at the boys, and lecture there.

"What s'prises me," said he, preaching to Jack, while George held him up, "is your utter ig'rance of the world! You need sperience; you mus' 'quire sperience, and the pol'sh of s'ciety."

"We are getting experience and the polish of society pretty fast!" said Jack, seizing the gesticulating arm. "Come along home."

"Wait till I've spressed my sentiments!" cried Mr. Manton, now supported by Jack, while he turned and preached to George. "One thing of firs' impor'nce, is dress. My young friend, you must have a better coat, if you're going to mix with genteel s'ciety. I never can int'duce you to my friend, Mr. Bry'nt, in such short sleeves. What would my friend, Mr. Bry'nt say, if I should say to my friend, Mr. Bry'nt—'Mr. Bry'nt, this is my young friend;' and Mr. Bry'nt should look at those sleeves; for Mr. Bry'nt knows me, and knows I 'sociate only with ge'l'men."

This discourse was of a nature to touch George in a tender spot; and he felt it all the more because of a number of bystanders who had stopped in the street to be entertained by Mr. Manton's maudlin vehemence. Nor was it soothing to know that the truth which now came out in words, when the man was fuddled, must have existed all along in his silent thoughts when he was sober. Burning with confusion and anger, George once more grasped the arm that had freed itself, and assisted Jack in the difficult navigation of their friend and patron along that billowy sea, the sidewalk.

When it became necessary to cross the street, Mr. Manton shook himself clear of both supporters, and squared off again, with his back against a lamp-post.

"Now, with regard to crossing a street, I can lay down a pri'ciple that 'll be useful to you all your lives. *Cross when you can—not when you must.* For, don't you see? when you must, then may be you can't. Vehicles, you know. Le' 's take a drink."

"You've had too much already," said George.

"That's so; I've had too much, or else I have n't had enough. I'm just a little smashed, and I want another glass to sober me. Len' me a quarter."

"You've taken all our money, and got drunk with it," said Jack, seizing him again. "Now, come home!"

"Home? At this hour? That's child's talk!"

"But *we're* going," cried George. "You may come with us or not, as you please."

"But I've got the nigh'-key!" returned the friend and patron, with a cunning laugh.

"No matter; we'll take our chance of getting in," said Jack. "Stay in the gutter, if you like, to be picked up by the next policeman. Come, George!"

"Look here! you won't desert a friend in this way, will you? I'll go; I promised to see you safe 'ome, an' I will. Hook on here!"

Fortunately, another of Mrs. Libby's boarders appeared just then, with whose assistance they got Mr. Manton home and put him to bed.

Chapter XIX.

THE QUARREL MADE UP.

"I don't know what we should ever have done without you, Mr. Timkins!" exclaimed Jack, as, this duty performed, they retired from Mr. Manton's door. "We've had a fearful time with that man!"

Timkins followed the boys into their attic, and looked about him with his chin canted, first one way and then the other, over the edge of his shirt-collar. He seated himself in the chair, midway between Jack, on the bedside, and George, on the trunk, and asked how it happened.

"In the first place," replied George, "he promised to help us find situations."

"And was going to introduce you to some of his influential friends?" said Timkins, with his chin over his dickey, looking at George. "Then he asked you to take a drink with him, and borrowed money of you to pay the bill?" with his chin over the other side of his dickey, looking at Jack. "Of course; then he proposed to show you the sights?"

"That's about the way of it," said Jack, surprised. "But how did you know?"

"He runs that rig with every new boarder. Played it on me once!"

"How does he live? What supports him?"

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"He has a brother, who pays his board and tailor's bills. He has set him up in business two or three times, on his promise not to drink or gamble any more. But it 's no use."

"He has no money, then?"

"Not unless he gets some foolish fellow to lend him some."

George and Jack looked at each other, and thought of their last half-dollar.

"I don't think the man means any harm," said Timkins. "He really knows almost everybody; and he 's very friendly and sociable—likes to make big promises. I hope he did n't get very deep into you?" And the chin slid up interrogatively over Jack's side of the shirt-collar.

"Only half-a-dollar," said Jack.

"But it was every cent we had!" added George, dismally.

"Sho! that 's bad!" And the Timkins chin went up, and the Timkins eye glanced down, on George's side.

"But who was the lady who called on him to-day?" Jack inquired.

"Was there one? It must have been his wife."

"His wife! That beautiful woman! No, not beautiful, exactly, but—you know!"

"Nice woman, I 'm told," said Timkins. "But she can't live with him. He has no conscience,—that 's the trouble with Manton. Rum, you know."

The boys were overwhelmed with pity and chagrin, at this account of their gay friend and patron.

"I felt all the time there was something wrong about him," said George, after Timkins had retired. "But, then, he talked so fair, and I *wanted* to believe him!"

"Oh! but is n't it too bad?" said Jack. "Think of that woman—his wife! I tell you, George, if a man lets rum get the mastery of him, it makes little difference what station of society he is in. I 've seen drunkards enough in low life, but I never saw a sadder wreck than this handsome, witty Mr. Manton!"

"He would go low enough, if it was n't for his brother who keeps him up," replied George. "We shall never see our money again."

Jack took a few quick turns about the little room, moved by strong emotion. Then he walked up to his friend.

"George!" he exclaimed, "we 've been a couple of fools!"

"I am the biggest fool!" said George. "We should have given him up,—I am sure we should have saved our money,—if it had n't been for me."

"I don't mean that," replied Jack. "We can't always help being deceived. And, for my part, I can stand anything that happens, which I am not to blame for. But we *were* to blame for quarreling. And I was the most to blame. I called you hard names."

"No!" cried George, his voice broken with rising sobs, "I am just what you called me. I am—I was—a muttonhead! You were quite right; you *do* know more than I! Forgive me, Jack, for calling you conceited!" And poor George, grasping his friend's two hands, broke forth in a fit of manly weeping.

Jack, whose feelings were, I suppose, no less deep, though he possessed more self-control, dashed away a few tears, choked back the rest that would have come, and answered in tones of earnest self-condemnation:

"I believe I am the most self-conceited upstart under the sun! Because, from a miserable little driver on the canal, I rose to be—as I thought—somebody, I imagined I knew more than anybody else. If I had followed Mr. Chatford's advice, I should not be here."

"I am glad you did n't," murmured George, "for, then, you would never have met me."

"Good may come out of it,—I needed this lesson,—but, nevertheless," Jack went on, "I have acted like a confirmed idiot. Mr. Chatford said there might be some mistake about what Molly told me; either she or Mother Hazard might have lied. He said the way to do was to put the case into the hands of somebody here in New York, while I staid at home. But we knew of nobody, and I was in such a hurry—I am the most impulsive little simpleton in existence!" exclaimed Jack. "Off I came; had my pocket picked the first thing; and now I have found all the difficulties in the way which he predicted, and more. That 's the kind of fellow I am—conceited enough, I tell you!"

George threw his arms about him. "O, Jack! dear Jack! never mind! Everybody is liable to make mistakes. But I—I feel as if I could meet anything, and brave anything, now that we are friends again. You don't know how wretched our quarrel made me!"

"Did it? I fancied you did n't care. Well, it 's over now!" said Jack, the cloud passing from his brow. "No matter for Mr. Manton, and the half-dollar; if we stick together, George,—and we *will* stick together!—let come what will, we shall get through all right, somehow."

"You are a wonderful fellow!" exclaimed George, laughing through his tears. "Now that we are friends once more, I believe I was never happier in my life."

Strong in this sense of mutual affection and support, the boys went to bed, and slept well, and dreamed pleasant dreams, in spite of their misfortunes in the past, and the dubious future that still awaited them.

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CHAPTER XX.

HOW GEORGE AND JACK EARNED A SHILLING.

AFTER dinner, the next day, George and Jack, who had been about their separate affairs all the morning, set out together to find Lindley's Employment Rooms, in Chatham street, and to call on Mr. Alex. MacPheeler.

They were prompted to this quite as much, perhaps, by curiosity, as by any other motive. Of course, they had no hope of recovering their lost pocket-books; but they thought they would like to know where Mr. MacPheeler was to be found, and what he would propose to do for them. "And who knows," said George, "but that we may be glad enough, if everything else fails, to have him help us to any sort of a situation?"

Jack laughed. "I have had enough of Mr. Manton's promises; I sha' n't be fooled by those of any friend of his—especially such a friend as MacPheeler! But, come on. May be we shall find out something.'

The Employment Rooms consisted of one good-sized front chamber, up one flight of stairs, and a private office leading out of it. As the lads entered the first room, a tall, dark gentleman, with very black hair and whiskers, came out of the second room, and, with a smile of insinuating softness, inquired what he could do for them.

"We wish to see Mr. MacPheeler," said Jack, producing that gentleman's card.

The insinuating smile vanished, and, with a stern look, which seemed more natural to his features, the tall man turned on his heel.

"Is he in?" the boys inquired.

"Mr. MacPheeler is *not* in," said the tall gentleman, turning again, and confronting them loftily and coldly.

"He said we should find him here," urged George. "Can you tell us where he is?"

"I have no information to give regarding Mr. MacPheeler," was the formal and chilling response.

A happy thought occurred to Jack, and he asked:

"Has he returned from Albany?"

"I cannot say that he has returned from Albany."

"We saw him there last week, and had the pleasure of making his acquaintance," Jack went on, with an audacious smile.

"That is quite possible. Mr. MacPheeler is often in Albany," said the tall man, bending stiffly. "If you have any message for him, I will take it."

"He promised to help us to situations," suggested George.

"Ah!" The tall form bent more and more, and the insinuating smile returned. "That is another affair. That is *my* affair. One dollar apiece, young gentlemen, and your names go on my list. I am Mr. Lindley."

"MR. MACPHEELER IS NOT IN."

Jack appeared to hesitate. "Does Mr. MacPheeler often come here?"

"He does. But I have not seen him since he went to Albany last Friday. He may have returned yesterday. But he can do nothing about the situations, except through me."

"What shall we be sure of, if we pay our dollars?" George asked.

"Of very good clerkships, when your turns

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come. That may be in a week, or it may be in two weeks, according to circumstances. For one dollar, I insure nobody anything. For twenty-five dollars apiece, I insure you clerkships, with salaries ranging from three to five hundred dollars a year. For fifty dollars, salaries double those amounts. Better have your places insured, by all means."

"Money in advance?" said Jack.

"Invariably in advance." And Mr. Lindley bowed graciously.

"How would it do," said Jack, "for you to get us the situations, and then take the pay for your trouble out of our salaries?"

"That," replied Mr. Lindley, politely but firmly, "would not answer my purpose."

The conversation—somewhat to the relief of the boys, it must be owned—was here interrupted by the entrance of a somewhat stoutish, blustering gentleman, with a hooked nose, a very red face, and a curious defect in his left eye, the lids of which stuck together and then peeled open comically, as he marched fiercely up to Mr. Lindley.

"My name is Fitz Dingle!" he said, or rather shouted, in a menacing way, pompously inflating his waistcoat (which was a soiled white waistcoat), and slapping it with a soiled kid glove.

"Nobody disputes that fact," said Mr. Lindley, coolly.

"I have come to see about that trunk!" cried the fierce Fitz Dingle.

"May I be so bold as to inquire what trunk?" rejoined the placid Lindley.

"Goffer's trunk. I sent for it this morning—sent Goffer's order. Now I've come myself."

"I *have* a trunk here, Mr. Fitz Dingle, pledged by one Thomas Goffer, in default of twenty-five dollars, which he was to pay me for getting him a situation."

"But you never got him a situation!"

"No matter. I was to get him one. It was a contract. I stand ready to fulfill my part of it, and I exact his part."

"Mr. Rudolph Lindley!" roared Fitz Dingle,—and the contrast between the impetuous violence of the man and the extremely deliberate peeling apart of his left eyelids was, to say the least, remarkable,—"you're a humbug, and you're employment business is a swindle. I've heard of your taking money from persons for getting them situations, but I never heard of your getting one a situation yet. I've come for that trunk; and either that trunk goes with me down these stairs, or you go headforemost out of your own front-window. Take your choice." And with one eye temporarily sealed, and the other flashing fire for two, Fitz Dingle began to strip up his sleeves, as if for business.

Mr. Lindley turned pale, till the preternatural black of his whiskers appeared all the more striking in contrast with his unwholesome, sallow skin. But he did not lose his self-command.

"I do not stoop to dispute with such men about trifles," he answered, loftily. "Here's the trunk; the sooner you take it away the better." And with his own hand he dragged it out of the inner office.

"Give us a lift here, young fellows, will you?" said Fitz Dingle.

The boys were quite willing, and, laying hold of the handles, they bore the trunk out of the room and down the stairs, while Fitz Dingle imparted, in a very emphatic manner, to Mr. Rudolph Lindley, his opinion (more in detail) of that gentleman and his relations to the public.

"Now one of you run to the corner for a hack, and here's a couple of tickets to one of the most elegant places of entertainment in the metropolis,—Fitz Dingle's Colored Minstrels, Bowery Hall. I hope you have n't been paying this scoundrel up stairs any money."

"Luckily for us, we have n't any to pay," said Jack, laughing. "Thank you," declining the proffered reward; "we are already under obligations to you for tickets, which we have not used."

"Ah? I think—yes, I remember you now!" cried Fitz Dingle. "The young fellow with the pair of heels! What a mistake you made, not to accept my offer! 'T was such an opening for a person of your talent! You would have made fame and fortune,—fame and fortune, sir, quick as wink."

Jack thought if it were no quicker than the wink of the eye which was just then struggling to come open, his acquisition of fame and fortune would have been slow enough. But he said, smiling:

"Perhaps it is n't too late now?"

"I fear it is too late," replied Fitz Dingle. "I've engaged another man,—Goffer, owner of this trunk, and a good pair of legs; but I am free to say, not *your* legs."

"I should be sorry to have Goffer, or any other man, own my legs," said Jack. "But I had about made up my mind, that if you would hire them, as you proposed the other day——"

Fitz Dingle shook his head; and Jack, who had of late been thinking that to accept this man's offer was his only resource, felt his hopes sink.

"My troupe is full now,—the finest combination of artists in this or any other country!" said Fitz Dingle, proudly. "Come and see. And give me your address. Something may turn up."

George, who had gone for the hack, now returned with it, and Fitz Dingle stepped inside.

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"Let me see!" he remarked, with one eye closed and the other hidden behind his hooked nose. "Since you did n't care for the tickets" (thrusting a hand in his pocket), "here 's a shilling to divide between you. Good day. Remember Fitz Dingle! Bowery Hall," he said to the driver. And the hack rattled away.

THE BOYS ASSIST MR. FITZ DINGLE

"I've lost that chance!" said Jack, rather gloomily. "Goffer's legs have got the start of mine. George, we must do something desperate!"

"How would it do to take another trip up the river?" suggested George, timidly.

"And give the passengers a little more music and dancing? I've thought of that. But we've no money to pay our passage, and we might make a failure the second time; the officers of the boat might forbid the exhibition, or the passengers might not be so much interested in us as they were when it was known we had just had our pockets picked. But I've another idea."

"What?"

"We can go down to the steamboat-landing this evening, and perhaps get one or two jobs at handling trunks. For my part, I'm ready for any honest work."

"So am I," said George, though with a blush at the thought of joining the vociferous throng of porters and hackmen at the steamboat wharf. "And I've learned this,—that we have only ourselves to rely on. This Lindley is a rogue,—no better than a pickpocket himself. How shrewdly you got out of him the fact that MacPheeler was in Albany last week, where MacPheeler said he had n't been for two years!"

"You see," said Jack, "such fellows as MacPheeler have no settled place of residence; the police might find them at any time, if they had. But their friends can hear of them through some mutual friend, like this Lindley. I wish we had some better proof against him; then we would keep watch, and trap Mr. Alex. MacPheeler yet."

But any plan of thus recovering their stolen money seemed to both boys utterly hopeless. So, as they crossed the Park, they turned their attention to other schemes of bettering their fortunes.

Suddenly Jack laid hold of his friend's shoulder, and stopped short.

"See here, George! How would it do for us to go around to some of the big hotels in the evening, and give them a little music and dancing? I think we can pick up some money that way."

George confessed that the idea had occurred to him. "But I hope we sha'n't be driven to that,—here, where we may become known!" he said. "I'm going now to see a book-publisher and one or two editors; I'll try what can be done with them first."

(To be continued.)

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THE SUN AND THE STARS.

By M. M. D.

One day, when the sun was going down,
He said to a star hard by:
"Sparkle your best; for you see, my friend,
I 'm going out of the sky."

Now, the little star was old as the sun,
Though rather small of his age,
So he kept quite still in the yellow light,
And looked as wise as a sage.

"I 'm going, you see!" cried the sun again,
"Going right out of the sky!"
And he slid away, but not out of sight
Of that little star hard by.

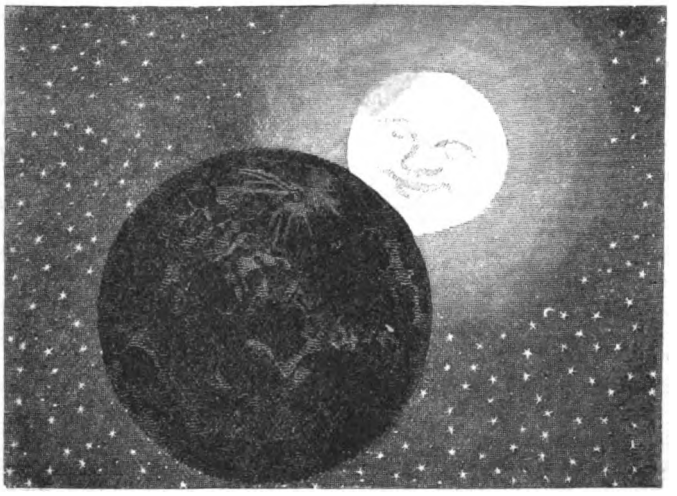
The little star, peeping, saw him go
On his gorgeous western way;
And twinkled with fun, as he said, "O sun!
You 're in for another day!

No answer. Then the star grew bright,
And sparkled as neighbors came;
He told the joke to the twinkling crowd,
And they laughed the sun to shame.

One merry star was so amused,
He shot across the sky;
And all the others bobbed and blinked
To see him speeding by.

But, after awhile, a rosy light
Appeared on the Eastern side;
And, one by one, the stars grew shy,
And tried in the sky to hide.

"Ho! ho!" the sun broke forth. "Ho! ho!
Just stay where you are, my dears,
And shine away, for you can't be seen
When all of my light appears.



"HO! HO!" THE SUN BROKE FORTH.

"And as for going out of the sky,
Your majesty knows you can't;
You are shining somewhere, full and strong,
In spite of your rays aslant."

"The people below will say you are gone,
Though you 're shining. Think of that!
Well, they thought all night I had left the sky,
So it 's only tit for tat."

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THE TWO CARRIAGES.

BY MRS. CHANTER.

IT was on a fine morning in June, in a little town near the English coast, that John Hartop was sent by his father to engage a carriage of some sort, to convey himself and his family to the sea-side for a day's pleasure. John started off, quite proud at being entrusted with the commission, to get a carriage; and he determined to get the handsomest one that he could find. Accordingly, he was delighted, when he came to the door of an inn called the Red Lion, at seeing drawn up outside one of the gayest carriages imaginable. It seemed to be quite new, and certainly was just painted, for it was gorgeous with yellow and red, and glittered in the sun.

"This," he said to himself, "is the carriage I must have. How pleased papa and mamma will be with it, and brother Tom and sister Susan!"

Now, just at this moment, a neighbor of his, a schoolfellow, Robert Scraggins, came to the inn door.

"I suppose," he said, "John Hartop, you are going to the pic-nic to-day at Morton Sands?"

"Yes, I am," said John Hartop.

"I have come here," observed Scraggins, "to get a carriage for our family. *That* is a capital one by the door. Landlord, I will have that one,—that yellow and red one, which looks so bright and new."

"Very well, sir," answered the landlord, who stood at the entrance, reckoning his morning accounts.

"I say, Hartop," pursued Scraggins, "sha' n't we look smart as we move along in that carriage?"

Poor John Hartop! He was sadly disappointed. He thought, however, he would make an effort to secure the prize.

"But—but—Scraggins, I was going to have that carriage, myself."

"Were you?" said Scraggins, coolly.

"Yes; and I was here before you. And if you had not spoken, I should have had it."

"Well," said Scraggins, "but you *wont* have it now, so you had better make up your mind to that, and look out for another."

John Hartop knew Scraggins to be an ungenerous, selfish boy, and so he said no more, but went into the inn yard to look for another carriage. There was nothing very desirable to look at; indeed, in consequence of the great demand for carriages on that day, there was but one left, and that was rather shabby. He was meditating as to whether his father would be pleased with such a vehicle or not, when the landlord, who had heard what passed, said to him:

"You had better take that, sir. You will find it very strong and very serviceable, and, I dare say that at the end of the day you will be right well pleased with your bargain."

John went home crest-fallen. He told his father what had happened,—of the sort of carriage he intended to have, so smart-looking, gay and shining, and the sort of carriage that was coming, so worn and shabby.

"Never mind, my boy," said the father. "We shall do very well. We don't want show and glitter; we want a carriage to carry us to Morton Sands and bring us back again."

Breakfast was over. The carriage arrived. The children, and better still, the provisions, were packed; I mean those nice things, for which chiefly, I suspect, people go to pic-nics,—the veal-pies, the ham-sandwiches, the cold chickens, the plum-puddings, the fruit-tartlets, the bread, the cheese, the cucumbers, the oranges. All these things were deposited in a place of safety, and the party jogged on toward Morton Sands.

Not far had they gone, when they heard a rattling noise behind them. All looked round—and behold! Master Robert Scraggins and his glittering conveyance!

Robert himself drove. He was perched on a pile of cushions, and held the reins between a pair of white gloves. Beside him sat papa, a fat man, with a rosy necktie; behind him sat mamma, fat likewise, and blue all over; and small Scragginses without number.

"Here we go!" cried Robert Scraggins, as his carriage rolled by with a waddle. "Here we go, old slow-coach! I wish you may catch us!" And away they went, and soon were out of sight.

John Hartop's was a heavy carriage, and so they went slowly up the hill. Soon, however, they reached the top, and then they bowled down the other side.

"What is that," said his father, "at the bottom of the hill? It looks like the Scraggins' carriage. Surely something has happened."

And sure enough, as they drew near, they saw that the whole party had got out, and were busy about the left wheel.

"What has happened?" said Hartop's father.

"Oh," said Scraggins, "the horrid wheel came

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off, and threw me over papa's head into the dirt, and nearly caused the death of mamma and three of the little ones; but, fortunately, no bones are broken. And now what can we do? We shall never get to Morton Sands."

"Let us see," said Mr. Hartop. "Oh, the linch-pin that keeps the wheel on, has tumbled out; but we will put that to rights. John, go to that house, and ask for a big nail."

THE LANDLORD OF THE RED LION.

"I am not sorry," said John Hartop to himself, as he returned with the nail, "that we are in the plain-looking, strong carriage."

Mr. Hartop soon adjusted the wheel in its proper place, saying, "That will do until you get home."

The Scragginses got into their carriage again, and went on a little more slowly; but the carriage was a very feeble one—that is the truth. It was shaky, old, and weak, and had just been painted and varnished over, in hopes that it would do tolerable service for another summer; but the present party were too heavy for it. Mr. Scraggins was like an elephant; Mrs. Scraggins was like a hogshead; and the young Scragginses, to say the least, were very lumpy children. The consequence was that the newly-painted carriage was obliged to give in. He might have carried such burdens in his youth, when he was first put together, but he could not bear them in his old age, when he had many weak joints and tender places, although he had been freshly painted. Nobody but himself—not even the innkeeper—knew how often he had been doctored, with a piece here, and a nail there, and an iron bandage there; when, for instance, just as he was new and fresh from the builder's hands, Mrs. Tomkins' horse fell and broke one of the shafts; when, on another occasion, Master Tomkins drove so fast over a jolting road as to injure seriously one of the springs. These and other like accidents had happened before he got into the innkeeper's hands; and after that they were too numerous to remember. You may well suppose that such a vehicle was not able to bear the weight of this huge family. It began to give great signs of distress. There were many creakings in various parts. Mrs. Scraggins thought the creakings arose from the children's new shoes. Mr. Scraggins, for his part, could not understand it. Robert Scraggins said "it was all that rascally landlord." However, they soon knew what it was, for, just as they had jolted over a tremendous stone—crash went the carriage down upon the ground!

"Halloo!" cried Mr. Hartop, who was close behind. "What is the matter now? Ah!" he said, "Scraggins, there is no help for this,—the carriage is done for."

Mr. Hartop helped the mother and children to a cottage close by, and found that by-and-by they would be able to get a farmer's cart to take them home; and then he bade them good day.

Soon after, the Hartops arrived at Morton Sands, and oh, how they did enjoy themselves! There were many children there, and plenty of room to play, and plenty of good things to eat. They chased each other over the sands, rolled down the hills, dabbled in the water, caught crabs and small fish, collected colored stones and shells, and, when they were thoroughly tired, returned home.

When John Hartop, on his way back, saw the broken carriage still lying by the road-side, he thought to himself, "I will never again go by the eye only. One ought to consider whether a thing is useful, whether it will answer one's purpose, and not merely whether it looks gay and handsome."

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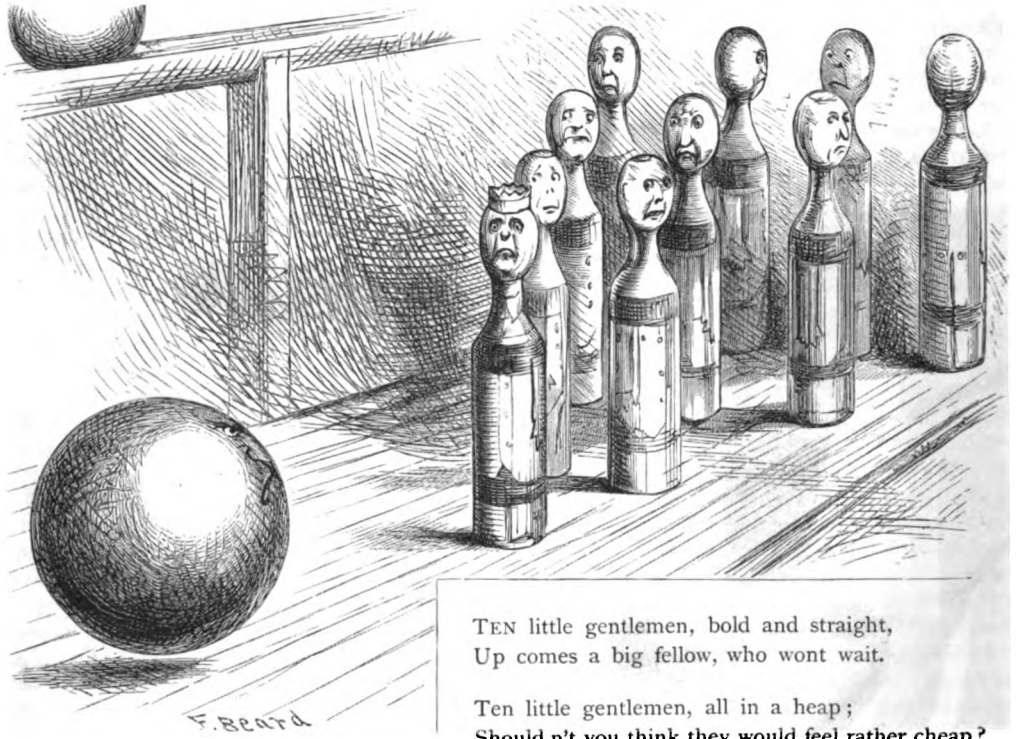
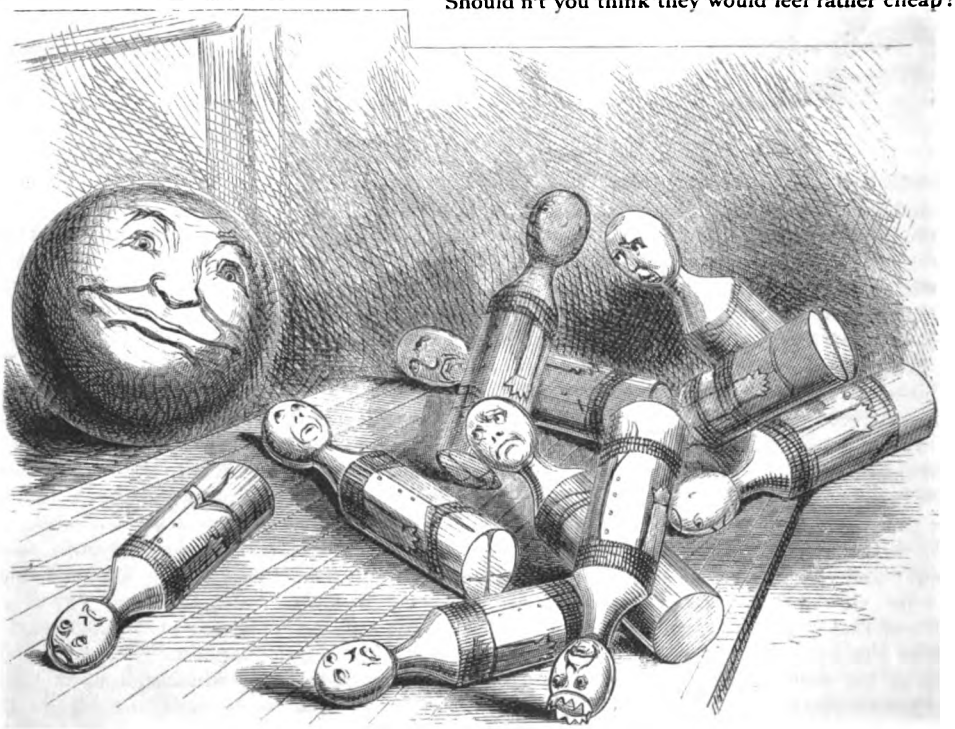


TEN little gentlemen, bold and straight,
Up comes a big fellow, who wont wait.

Ten little gentlemen, all in a heap;
Should n't you think they would feel rather cheap?



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FOLDED HANDS.

By B. W.

In Nuremberg, about the year 1486, lived two boys, Albrecht Dürer and Franz Knigstein. Both were near of an age, and both were about to enter the studio of Michael Wohlgemuth, a famous artist of that day. But, with a difference: Jacob Knigstein, worthy builder and craftsman that he was, had one supreme longing, namely, to see his son an artist, so Franz's hands were made strong by home-love and sympathy, while Albrecht had won but a grudging consent from the old goldsmith father, who would fain have seen his craft handed down as an heirloom, from generation to generation. However, consent had been given. As for sympathy, one could work without it, as Dürer found in later years, at even greater cost, when he married Hans Fritz's daughter.

The boys were Michael Wohlgemuth's steady, patient students through the appointed years of service; but the wandering years that Albrecht gave to Germany, Franz decided to pass in sunny Italy. Their master gave an expressive shrug as Franz left him after good-by words. "Franz is a good lad, Dürer," he said to the old goldsmith. "But a painter—never! Albrecht, now—that is another matter."

The goldsmith grunted, not yet fully reconciled to his son's choice; but pleased at Wohlgemuth's rare praise.

"Albrecht does well enough; but has not Franz the prize for perspective, even now?"

"Yes," said the old painter, smiling. "By Albrecht's grace, albeit Franz knows it not. Albrecht did not choose to take it from him; that is all."

"Aye, aye," grunted out old Dürer. "Very fine such ways for Paradise and the saints; but how is a boy like that to make his way among plain burghers, Master Wohlgemuth?"

Michael gave another shrug, and shook his head; the matter was too hard for him.

"To speak plainly, friend Dürer," he said, "that is the only fault I find with the Junker. He has wit in both head and his hands—aye, more of it than I ever saw in anyone. But his fancy is ever on the Saints. I paint pictures of the Saints myself; I honor the Holy Mother, too: but one need not make the world a very church, as I told Albrecht the other day. And what dost think he answered me?"

Dürer shook his head.

"His flights are far beyond me."

"That to artists, more than others, the world was the Lord's holy temple; and it behooved them to open the eyes of common folk, lest they missed His presence there."

"Pfui!"

"For myself," went on Wohlgemuth, "I told him that, being only a poor painter, I had not aspired to *much* preaching."

"And what said the saucy Junker to thee then?"

"Colored up to the eyes,—I wish some of our Nuremberg maidens had the grace to blush as easily,—and begged my pardon, if he had been rude. I laughed, and told him I had painted too many church-pictures not to have done some preaching, even if I thought it needless to be ever at it."

"He will learn better," said the old goldsmith. "For myself, I long ago gave up fretting about losing the boy's deft hands; they would have done little good while his head was running on your brushes, good Michael; heartless work often gets to be handless work. But, as for his fancies, I know not to what they will bring him! The boy lacks not discretion; travel may teach him sense."

"Yes, seeing the world brushes the cobwebs from one's brain," agreed the artist. "But to come back to Franz. It is a marvel to me that, when he is so steady and painstaking and loves his work so well, he does not do it better!"

"Why, Albrecht is never tired of praising his touches, and his curves, and—all the rest of the jargon."

"Come, come, Dürer! Craftsmen should not call each other names. Albrecht praises rightly. If Franz sketches a cat, he must needs dissect it first, to be sure about the muscles; then he looks after each particular hair in Puss's tail; and yet, it is but a dead cat, after all. Whereas, five strokes from Albrecht make Kätschen herself, back up, ready to spring! And poor Franz keeps laboring on with might and main, over what the other does with a turn of his little finger! And yet, with the good father, who thinks the sun rises over Franz's right shoulder and sets over the left, and that pretty Gretchen, for whom he has set the world on fire already, and his own earnest belief in his vocation, the lad *must* some day do something."

"Why, three of his pictures are sold already!" ejaculated Dürer, surprised.

Wohlgemuth looked comically disgusted.

"Oh, yes; sold—to kinsmen and friends, who think any daub on canvas a marvel, and do not

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even see the careful work that really is there. Pah! What good does such selling do an artist, I should like to know?"

"Well, I never was a painter, and do not understand their notions," placidly returned the goldsmith. "To me, a bargain is a bargain; I hope Albrecht is sure to do as much!"

With which remark he quitted Wohlgemuth, who muttered:

"Good Master Dürer, I have more part in Albrecht than thou hast; son of thy blood he is, in truth, but yet, more truly son of my heart!"

Nuremberg heard from time to time of the art-students' journeyings. When the three years were ended, Franz came back to his proud father and the sweetheart who had patiently bided her time of waiting. They were wedded; and Wohlgemuth came early to see the young people in their new home, and say God-speed. The little Hansfrau showed him all her treasures of linen, delf and silver; then, exulting in having kept the best to the last, she said, "*Now*, Franz shall show you his studies, Herr Wohlgemuth!"

To tell the truth, the painter was not over anxious for a sight of them, but he made courteous answer that he should be glad to see how Franz had improved his time. Gretchen put the great portfolio on the table, and stood over it in pride. Wohlgemuth settled himself before the sketches with the air of one who means to give thorough and critical attention to his work, while Franz drew back into the shelter of the window, whence he could catch the look on his master's face, and know the verdict, yet unspoken.

When an artist looks at a picture, the looking means close, careful inspection; and twilight was setting in before Wohlgemuth closed the portfolio.

"You have worked hard, Franz, and gained much," he said. "The Italian influence tells. Nay, I meant it not for blame," as Franz was about to speak. "I am jealous for neither Germany nor Nuremberg; that may be Albrecht's feeling. Every man must work after his own fashion. You have learned to handle your brush more freely; but the fire on the hearth will throw more life into the pictures than even Italian suns; is it not true, Gretchen?" And the old man took his leave.

"Oh, Franz, are you not glad?" cried the little wife. "Praise from him means so much!"

Franz shook his head sadly as he tied up the portfolio.

"Wohlgemuth has praise and praise, Gretchen mine. He thinks there is no use in blaming me, so he praises. I used to wish he would rate me as he did Albrecht!"

But the little wife's zealous praises and fond admiration soon eased the sore spot in Franz's heart.

"The master is right," he said at last. "With thee beside me, Gretchen, my work *must* be better!"

I have dwelt a good while on Franz's beginning the world, but there is no need to do the same for Albrecht. You know how, his travels ended, he came home, married a shrew, and lived, labored and died in Nuremberg. Perhaps the man's suffering was the artist's gain; and if Hans Fritz's daughter cared nothing for that noble heart, it was all the freer for Art's unchallenged holding. But the contrast between the two friends' handiwork grew more marked as time went on. No matter how strange or far-fetched any fancy of Dürer's, some heart rang to its touch; no matter how careful, how elaborate,—aye, how loftily and deeply spiritual, Franz's picture, it hung unsought and unregarded in his studio, till the disgusted artist put it out of sight. Gretchen still believed in her husband. Old Knigstein was dead, and Franz had not now full leisure to give to painting; for, finding his art unprofitable, so far as money was concerned, he had taken up his father's old trade of house-building. *Here*, the Nurembergers sang his praises, nothing loth, and work poured in upon him, for the new houses were better than old Knigstein's; but no matter what the pressure, Franz still held firmly to his rule—so many days in the week a builder, so many days an artist.

But the ever-present sense of failure was making the sweet temper bitter, and turning the old, sunny, humble frankness to moody, proud reserve. Albrecht Dürer must give his opinion about every scrap of artist work; and that opinion was too much like that of their old master to satisfy poor Franz. There was often—indeed, always—praise of careful detail, but never of the picture as a whole. How could it be otherwise, when the root of the matter was not in it? The spirit of life had never touched the artist's fingers; how should men find it in his work?

In one of the many talks between the two friends, they found that both had been planning a series of etchings on the same subject—the Passion of our Lord. It was Franz who proposed that neither should hear the other's conception nor see his fellow's work in progress, until both had done, then they would compare results. And to the sincere, simple-hearted men, it was only natural to kneel and ask a blessing on the work of their hands before they parted.

I cannot tell you how much time the etchings took, but it was long enough to make Franz's face sharpen in a way that made his serener comrade think of Dante, whose cheeks the great poem made

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lean through so many years. To Albrecht, the work ever brought peace and calm; it was well for him that it did!

At last, both had finished; and Albrecht brought his work to Franz's room. In silence they laid out corresponding sketches, one by one, then stood regarding the well-covered table. Truly, the great subject had but shown Franz's lack of fitness for it. His etchings showed, beside Dürer's, like a set of mocking, godless caricatures; and with one move of his arm, he swept them to the floor.

"Lie there," he said, bitterly. "Dost think that I would dishonor my God by such as ye are?"

He sat down, with his face between his hands. Ah, children, failures are hard at fifteen, but they are crushing at forty-five! Dürer sat watching him, in great distress, yet not daring to say a word of comfort. How could he, when the only comfort worth having was praise of the work so rightly condemned?

There was a long silence, with one or two tearless, heart-wringing sobs to break it; then Franz said, "To-morrow, Albrecht, you shall know all my heart; but now ——"

"You are best alone," returned his friend, gathering up his own studies, and heartily glad to be gone.

True to his word, Franz came in the morning. He looked like one worn by a long vigil, but yet his face had a serene, steadfast look, that surprised Albrecht, who had rather dreaded to see him.

"Let me see your etchings again," Franz asked, after the morning greetings.

Albrecht silently laid them before him. He looked at them, one by one; then he said:

"The good Lord bless them to others as He has to me; I can give them no better God-speed, Albrecht. For they have shown me how utterly useless my strivings have been; how truly my work has been dead work."

"It was never false work, Franz," interrupted Dürer, in a choked voice. Franz smiled sadly.

"Not willfully false, it may be. But the Madonna Hans Liebsten bought of me—is it not the dead body without the living spirit, and so false work? No, Albrecht; you must long have known what I know now—that I may be fit to build houses for our good Nuremberg folk, but I must let Art be."

Not a word could Dürer say, because of his heart-ache at Franz's quiet resignation of his dearest hopes.

"It will be hard for Gretchen," he went on. "Yet, I think, even she has not her old faith in my pictures. And no marvel; the wonder is that she was blind so long. Ass that I was!"

He got up, and stood looking out of the window for a moment, then came back to the table where Dürer sat, still speechless, and nervously working with his pencil.

"Here," said Franz, folding his hands, "I give it all up. The good Lord gave me not an artist's hands, so He never meant them to do artist's work; but may He bless, day by day, the homely labor He *has* given me to do!"

He stood, leaning against the table. As Albrecht dared at last to look up into his friend's face, the folded hands caught his eye.

"Franz, be quiet one moment!" he exclaimed. "Don't stir!"

Weary with his long struggle, Franz cared not to ask the why or the wherefore of his friend's abrupt command, but stood passive until he was released.

"That will do now," said Dürer. "Franz, old comrade, I can say nothing, but that you are nobly right."

"Nay, Albrecht, there is no nobility in mere seeing of the truth," Franz returned, as he went down the long stair, to which assertion Dürer did not agree, nor need you and I.

A few days later, Franz was again with Albrecht; and a sketch of two folded hands was the latest addition to the treasures of the studio.

"Dost know them?" asked the artist.

Franz looked closer.

"I should; they are my very own. Was that what thou wast doing the other morning?"

Albrecht nodded.

"I have great faith in those hands. But the spirit that is in them is thine, not mine; I did but set it forth. Thou shalt see whether they go not to men's hearts!"

Franz shook his head in doubt.

"Were not the sketch the better of an inscription? say, a scroll coming from between the hands, '*Fiat voluntas tua?*'"

The artist smiled his own sweet, far-sighted smile.

"Nay, Franz," he said. "Where the spirit of Holy Writ is so plain, there needs not the graven letter. I may err; but, I think, in resigning art, thou hast done at last true artist's work!"

It proved so, indeed; for Dürer made many copies of the sketch before men ceased to call for them. How much comfort Franz Knigstein, master-builder in Nuremberg, had from that picture, the chronicles of the quaint old city do not tell; but the tradition is, that wherever Franz Knigstein's Folded Hands go, they bring a blessing with them; for the artist's skill has stayed the spirit of the living creature that was in them—of humble owning that work is to be done where and when and as God pleases; and where that spirit is, the work of the hands cannot but prosper, whether, to our eyes, it fail or it succeed.

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THE LITTLE REFORMERS.

By Rossiter Johnson.

"What are you thinking about, George, to make you so sober?" said Walter Ford to George Marvin, one day when we three were sitting together on the brink of the river, looking at the reflection of the fleecy summer clouds in its clear depths, and tossing pebbles into it.

"I was thinking," said George, "of something I heard father read this morning, about some people that shut their dog up in their house when they were going away on a visit, and told him to stay there and guard it until they came back. The house caught fire; but the neighbors could n't get the dog to come out, so he was burned, poor fellow."

"That 's just like some folks!" said Walter. "Why did n't they have the dog lie down on the stoop, instead of inside the house?"

"I suppose," said I, "they always kicked and pounded the dog if he did n't do exactly what they told him to, and that 's what made him afraid to come out of the house."

"That 's what I was thinking," said George. "It seems to me dogs get more abused than any other animals."

"Yes," said Walter, "they do; and it 's a shame, for a good dog is a good thing. I always like to read stories about noble dogs. I wish I had one of my own."

"I suppose it 's so everywhere, and everybody knows it," said I, "for, when folks think they don't have a good time, they say they 're leading a dog's life of it."

"I wish we could do something about it," said George, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps we could get all the boys to sign a pledge not to throw any more stones at dogs," said Walter.

"Yes," said George, "perhaps we might; but that would n't help much."

"Why not?" said I; for I thought the idea was a very good one.

"Because," said George, "though the boys throw stones at all the dogs they see, they never hit one."

"Oh, yes they do!" said Walter. "I hit one once—took him right in the ear."

"I 'd like," said George, "to build a big kennel—or, may be, a row of little kennels would be better,—and get all the abused and unhappy dogs in the world to come and stay in them, and give them enough to eat, and teach them nice tricks, and let them lie around on the grass and have a good time."

"It would take an awful big kennel," said Walter. "I wonder how many dogs there are in the world."

"Must be at least a million," said George.

"But they 're not all abused," said Walter.

"No; may be not more than half of them," said George.

"Half a million would be a tremendous pile of dogs, though," said Walter. "How big a kennel would it take?"

George fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a small remnant of a lead pencil. Then from another pocket he produced an old business card, much broken, and worn at the corners.

"Let 's see," said he, "how much room would each dog want?"

"A common-sized dog would want about two feet square, to turn around and lie down in," said Walter. "That 's the average."

After figuring awhile, George said:

"That would take a kennel two thousand feet long, and one thousand feet wide. It would cover nearly forty-six acres."

"That 's too big," said Walter; "but we might begin with one that would hold a couple of dozen dogs, and then put up others as we wanted them. A nice kennel, five or six stories high, would be splendid."

"No, we can't do even that; but I 'll tell you what we *can* do. We can do something for the poor dogs that we know are abused around here," said George.

"I 'm in for that," said Walter. "How shall we do it?"

"Count me in, too," said I.

"I have n't thought much about it yet," said George; "but I guess if we could talk to their owners in just the right way, they might treat them better."

"I don't believe it," said Walter, warmly. "Any man that 'll abuse a good dog, 'll do it again as soon as you 're out of his sight. And some of 'em would tell you 't was none of your business. The only sure way 's to get the dogs away from 'em."

"That 's it exactly," said George. "That 's just what we 'll do!"

"Agreed," said Walter.

"Agreed," said I.

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"When shall we start to hunt them up?" said Walter.

"The sooner the better," said George. "Let's go to-morrow."

So we determined that on the morrow, in good season, we would set out to rescue from man's inhumanity, all the unfortunate dogs that had cruel masters.

We met at George's house in the morning, and began to talk over the details of the plan.

WALTER FORD'S IDEAL KENNEL

"Some of the dogs," said Walter, "might not be willing to come with us. They would n't know we intended to do them any good. Ought n't we to have a little meat to coax them with?"

"Not only to coax them with," said George, "but some of the poor beasts may be starving, and need food right away."

"We must carry some meat, that's certain," said I. And I put my hand into my pocket to see if I had anything to pay for it. I found two cents. Each of the other boys contributed two cents.

"And then," said Walter, "may be some of them wont be willing to follow us, even after they get the meat."

"That's so," said we. And, for a moment, we felt a keen disappointment at the thought that our benevolent enterprise was to fail, through the ignorance of those who were to be benefited by it.

"Then," said Walter, "I guess we must take along some good strong strings to lead them by."

This suggestion was approved, and George told Walter to go for the six cents' worth of meat while we looked up the strings. In the barn we found some small rope, and we cut off several pieces, each about three yards long, and coiled them up so that we could carry them conveniently. Walter soon came back with a large piece of liver, which we cut into half-a-dozen pieces, and wrapped them in paper.

Then we sallied forth on the canine quest. Several boys of our acquaintance, who met us, asked where we were going; but they all received very evasive and puzzling answers. As we arrived before the house of a family named Hill, George stoppcd, and said:

"The Hill boys abuse that dog of theirs horribly. I don't know but we ought to take it away."

"They deserve to lose it," said Walter; "but there are four of them, and they can lick us. I

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guess we 'd better not meddle with poor old Carlo yet."

This reasoning appeared sound and conclusive; so we passed on.

We came to Dr. Gordon's office, where a brown dog was lying on the steps.

"I 've heard," said I, "that the doctor gives that dog all sorts of drugs and medicines, to try their effect."

"I 've heard the same thing," said Walter. "My brother Dick was there once when he gave it some awful-tasting stuff; and the poor dog sneezed and then whined, and sneezed and whined, and tried to get out of the office, but the doctor would n't let him."

"We ought to take *that* dog, certain," said George, as he uncoiled one of the cords and began to make a halter of the end of it.

"Yes," said Walter, very slowly, "it would be better for the dog if he could get away; but ——"

"But what?" said I.

"Well, the fact is," said Walter, "Dr. Gordon is our doctor."

"What of that?" said I. "That does n't give him a right to abuse a poor dog; does it?"

"No, of course not," said Walter; "but, you see, the next time I was sick he might put some awful thing in my medicine. And, besides, I guess father would know the dog, and make me take him back."

George and I consented to leave the doctor's dog to his hard fate,—that of having physic thrown at him continually; but it seemed to us that Walter hardly exhibited the self-sacrificing spirit which is really necessary in such a cause.

In the outskirts of the village we found a terrier, which was very lame, and evidently in pain. It was shy of us, and hobbled away as we approached.

"That poor dog," said Walter, "has been stoned by boys. Probably that 's what broke its paw. Here, Priny, Priny! Here, Fido! Here, Cæsar! come here, good fellow!"

"Try the meat," said George.

"Sure enough!" said Walter. "Why did n't I think of that?" And he held out a piece. By some coaxing and considerable dexterity, he managed to catch the terrier, carrying it in his arms as we pursued our journey.

A little farther on, we came to a large black Newfoundland, which was harnessed to a heavily-loaded swill-cart, and was standing perfectly still, waiting patiently the return of its master, who was probably in some of the neighboring houses.

"What a shame!" said Walter.

"Dogs were never made for beasts of burden," said George.

"Especially to draw old swill-carts," said I. "And see how unmercifully it 's loaded up. I wonder that he could stir it at all."

"We must release him," said George. And he began to undo the harness.

"Be quick! Just undo the tugs, and fetch him along," said Walter.

"No," said George, "that wont do. We 've no right to take any of the harness; that would be stealing." And while he talked, he unbuckled the straps rapidly, and slipped his halter around the great, docile fellow's neck. "Come along," said he, giving the cord a little jerk; and the dog wonderingly followed us.

In the next street, a gentleman, apparently starting for his place of business, was trying to drive home his dog,—a beautiful spaniel,—which wanted to follow him. The poor dog would crouch very low, almost flat on the ground, and make a wide detour toward the other side of the road, keeping his eye all the time on his master. The man would turn around, and, in a monstrous voice, command the dog to "Go-o-o ho-o-o-me!" throwing his arms into the air, pushing his palms against it, and stamping with his foot. The dog would then stop, flatten himself almost into the earth, and perhaps retreat an inch or two. Then the man would walk on a few yards, and look back over his shoulder. There the dog would be, trotting after him at a pretty lively gait, but still keeping well over toward the safe side of the road. Finally his master got out of patience, and, walking back to where the poor beast was once more flattening himself into a canine pancake, he gave him two or three smart cuffs and a heavy kick, that turned the tide of argument, and sent the sorrowful spaniel back in earnest.

"That 's enough of that," said Walter. "I suppose he gets such treatment every morning. Can you catch him, boys?"

We held out a piece of meat, but the dog did n't seem to be hungry, and it was no temptation. George, however, by coaxing and skillful management, succeeded in making friends with the dog, and slipped a halter round his neck.

The next thing we came to that interested us, was a group of half-a-dozen boys, who stood looking at two bull-dogs fighting. The contest was just over as we came up. George took a good look at the boys, and judged it was a case for pecuniary negotiation.

"How much will you take for those dogs?" said he.

"Don't want to sell," said the owner of the victor.

"What 'll you give?" said the owner of the dog that had been defeated.

George took out his pocket-knife, which was quite a handsome one, and offered it for the dog.

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"What 'll you give to boot?" said the little jockey.

"Did n't that other dog just lick him?" said George.

"Yes, he did! and he can do it again, too," said the proud master of "that other dog."

"Then," said George, "I wont give anything to boot. This is all he 's worth."

"What do you want of him?" said the boy.

"No matter what I want of him. Will you trade?" answered George.

The boy examined the knife very carefully—opened every blade, and breathed on it, watching the disappearance of the moisture from the polished surfaces, muttering to himself that they were "good steel." The other boys crowded around, and looked at the knife with evident admiration. "Trade him, Jim, trade him," said one of them, in a low voice. "I 'll give you *my* dog for the knife, if you don't want to keep it."

"No, you wont," said Jim, in the same low tone; and then, addressing George, he said, "All right! take the dog."

George put a halter on the astonished beast, and our little caravan moved on.

"Goin' to set up a sassage factory?" said the smallest boy of the group, when we were a few rods distant. But we deigned no reply.

We were now leading three dogs and carrying one. The bull-dog showed a disposition to pick a quarrel with the Newfoundland; but George got a stick, and kept him quiet with an occasional rap.

The next object of charity we came to, was a large-bodied, short-legged yellow dog, at which some small boys were throwing stones. George tweaked the ear of one of them, and asked him what he was about. The boy did not answer,—probably because he thought it was sufficiently evident what he was about,—but squirmed himself out of George's grasp, and ran away.

"Fetch him!" said George to me.

"Which?" said I. "The boy, or the dog?"

"The dog, of course."

"Do we want any such looking dog as that?" said Walter.

"Don't care how it *looks*," said George. "It 's unhappy, and that 's enough."

I took a halter and a piece of meat, and went to do as I was bid. I had a long and somewhat exciting chase across lots and through fences, but came back at last, out of breath, leading old Yellow triumphantly.

We were now in the country, and we journeyed some distance before any more dogs appeared. Just as we were talking of turning back, we heard a piteous howl, and, on looking about, we discovered that it came from a large, beautiful shepherd dog, which was chained up in a door-yard. The house was shut up, all the blinds being closed, and nobody anywhere in sight.

"I suppose they 've gone to the city," said George, "and left the poor lonesome dog to wait and howl here until they come back. Here, Walter, hold these." And he handed him the four halters.

Walter took them in one hand, the other being occupied with the lame terrier, which he still carried on his arm. George and I walked into the yard and approached the dog, which seemed heartily glad to see any human being.

"I wonder if he 's hungry," said George. And he gave him a piece of meat.

The dog ate it, but did not seem to care much about it.

"Perhaps he 's thirsty," said I. And I ran to the well, and brought some water in an old dish I found there.

The dog lapped it eagerly, and then wagged his tail in gratitude, while I patted his head.

"Such people are not fit to own such a dog," said I.

"We must liberate him," said George. And he unhooked the chain and substituted his last halter for it, and led the dog out of the yard. When we reached the road, there was Walter with his legs completely tangled up in the cords which the Newfoundland, the bull-dog, the spaniel, and the yellow dog had wound up by running around him in opposite directions. The bull-dog was growling ominously at the Newfoundland, and showing his teeth. George rapped him smartly a few times with the stick, and he subsided. Then we untangled Walter; I took the Newfoundland and the shepherd dog; George, the bull-dog and the yellow; Walter, the spaniel and the terrier, and we all started for home. We took a different route from that we had come by,—through unfrequented streets,—and arrived at George's house without accident.

We fastened the dogs under an empty, open carriage-shed: and, while I got them some water, George brought them some broken victuals from the house. Walter bound up the injured paw of the terrier, fastening some splints around it to keep it straight. Then we sat down on an old feed-box, and discussed plans for the future happiness of our wards.

"The best thing to do with them," said George, "is to find them good homes among kind people who will use them well."

"Don't be in a hurry, boys," said George; "we must go on another expedition in a few days, as soon as we get these comfortably settled; and we will then settle how we 'll keep them."

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Without coming to any definite conclusion as to the education or disposal of the dogs, we separated, and Walter and I went home.

Next morning we went over to George's again.

We passed around to the shed at once. There was George, sitting silent and moody on the upturned feed-box.

The bull-dog, the Newfoundland, and the spaniel were gone. The two former had broken their halters, and the spaniel had slipped his head through his. The shepherd dog was still there, securely tied. The terrier lay dead, bitten in the neck—probably by the bull-dog. The yellow dog was howling in a corner.

While George was explaining to us his theory of the case, two men came into the yard. One of them, who carried a bit of paper in his hand, we knew to be Mr. Miller, the constable. The other was a stranger.

"That 's my dog," said the stranger, addressing Constable Miller; "and, by the description, those must be the boys. Take 'em—take 'em all!" And he proceeded to untie the shepherd dog, while the constable came toward us.

At this moment, Mr. Marvin came out of the house.

"What 's the trouble?" said he.

"Trouble enough!" said the stranger. "Your boys, there, have bin stealin' my dog. One of my neighbors met 'em goin' off with him yesterday."

"George, how is this?" said Mr. Marvin.

George told his father all about it.

"I suppose we *had* ought to have put water in his reach," said the stranger, who was listening to George's story; "but that is none of *your* business, and that don't jestify your stealin' of him."

The constable took the man aside, and I heard him say, "Better settle it." Then he went to Mr. Marvin and spoke with him, who presently took out his wallet, and handed him a bill, which, I thought, looked like a five. Then the stranger and the constable went away, taking the dog with them, while Mr. Marvin went into the house with a puzzled expression on his face, as if he did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. I have since heard him called a philanthropist, an abolitionist, a progressionist, and other hard names.

We three formed a funeral procession, and buried the terrier with appropriate honors. Then we went back to look at old Yellow.

"There 's just one dog for the three of us," said George.

"You may have my share," said I.

"And mine," said Walter.

A FAMOUS GARDEN.

By M. E. Edwards.

In Paris there is a beautiful park called the Bois de Boulogne, and in this is a charming garden, where may be found trees, plants, and animals from all parts of the world. This is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, or, as we would say, the Garden of Acclimation. There are a great many other things in this park, but perhaps nothing quite as interesting to everybody as this garden. It contains thirty-three acres, and is laid out in winding roads, and pretty paths encircling the enclosures in which the animals are kept and the picturesque little cottages, which are really stables, though you would never suspect it. There is a small lake in the garden, and also several silvery streams of water. You can cross these on the daintiest little rustic bridges; and, dotted here and there, you will see fairy green islands. On these islands, and along the banks of the streams, grow the plants that live in or near water; and you will be surprised to see what a great variety there is, and that they have been brought from all the countries that you ever heard of, and from some, perhaps, of which you know nothing. The same may be said of the vegetable-growth you see all around you—it represents every quarter of the world. Some of the trees and shrubs and flowers you will recognize at once, but the greater part will be entire strangers. Some of them are great, tall trees, stretching up sixty feet into the air, and some are tiny plants, not much longer than their names; for most of them have very long names, indeed, which the wise men have taken out of the Latin dictionary, and bestowed upon them. No doubt, in their own country, the children who knew these plants, and loved them, gave them pretty names, but these were lost on the way to France. For that pretty, delicate field-blossom that we call Innocence, and that you can cover with the tip of your little finger, the botanists call *Houstonia cerulea;* and if we were to find it in a conservatory in Japan, no

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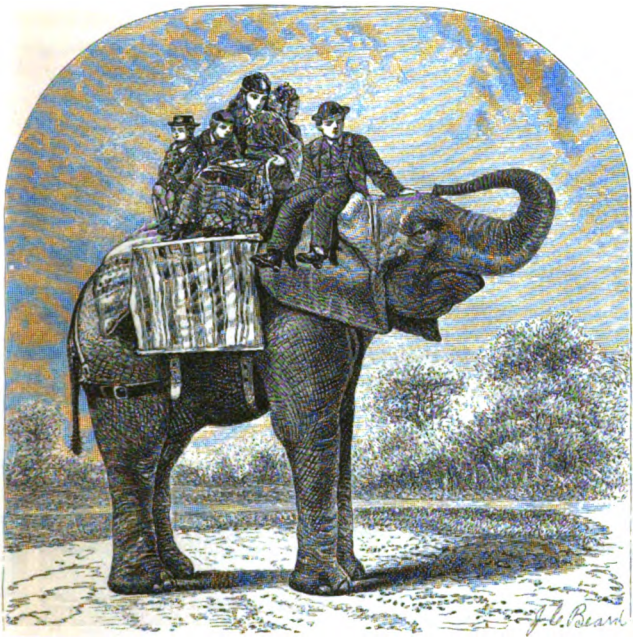
doubt that would be the only name it would have; and if, in our travels through strange countries, we ever come across the potato, cultivated for its blossom only, the people will tell us it is the *Solanum tuberosum*. The Latin names are useful, however, because they are the same everywhere, no matter what the language of the country may be; and as



A STEADY OLD FELLOW.

plants grow just as well under one name as another, there is no harm done.

Those plants that are natives of tropical countries will not live through a Parisian winter out of doors, so they are planted in a great hot-house, which also has a pretty little stream running through it. And it has a grotto which looks, for all the world, as if it belonged to the elves. In fact, this whole garden seems to be the work of elves, fairies, magicians, and such powerful beings whom, unfortunately for us, we meet with only in books. For, if we walk out of this hot-house, where the graceful palms, and the curious fan-leaved plants make us think of Indian jungles, which, of course, make us think of elephants and tigers, we immediately come upon these very creatures! Yes, here we see the great elephants roaming about a large enclosure, apparently very well satisfied, and, in an open space, a steady old fellow is carrying a party of girls and boys upon his back. There, too, the beautifully-striped Bengal tiger is seen, securely enclosed in iron bars. And there is a hyena grinning at us; and, directly, we see the form of a leopard gliding gracefully about, and we wish we had its beautiful skin for a rug, and are thankful we meet it here in a cage, instead of in its own home. And then, if we next come to a stream, the chances are that we will see ducks, geese, and swans from Canada, Egypt, Patagonia, and Algeria, swimming along as gaily as if they were on their native rivers. And comical storks will stand on one leg, and wink at us; and flamingoes will flash their bright colors before our eyes. And, a little way on, we may see an immense aquarium, into which are gathered sea-flowers and sponges and the oddest-looking shell-fish, and little fishes with heads shaped like horses'; and a great many other very queer things that have their abode in the salt sea.

Great care is taken in this garden to have everything made as comfortable and pleasant as possible for the different animals, so that they may all feel at home, and enjoy themselves in their own way, when that way does not interfere with the comfort of others. The gazelles have a rock all to themselves, made on purpose for them. There is a pretty little building where the worms that give us our silk dresses are tenderly cared for, and fed on luscious green leaves. There are nice poultry-yards, surrounded by a network of wire; and there are aviaries with shrubs growing in them, and fountains playing, where a great variety of birds have a good time in spaces so large that they probably have not the least idea that they are in cages.

But the finest birds in the garden are not in these aviaries. They have here some magnificent ostriches, which do not need cages, as they cannot fly; and it is well they do not, for an ostrich-cage would have to be as large as a small house. These birds are good-natured enough to allow themselves to be harnessed to little carriages filled with proud and happy children, which they draw about the grounds. A man walks by the bird to regulate its gait, otherwise it might take it into its head to travel at a prodigious speed, and with no regard whatever to roads and fences. It is estimated that an ostrich at full speed travels at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which is as fast as most trains of cars are run; and, though it might be a pleasant sensation for a time to be whizzed along at such a rate, a very short trip would suffice, and there

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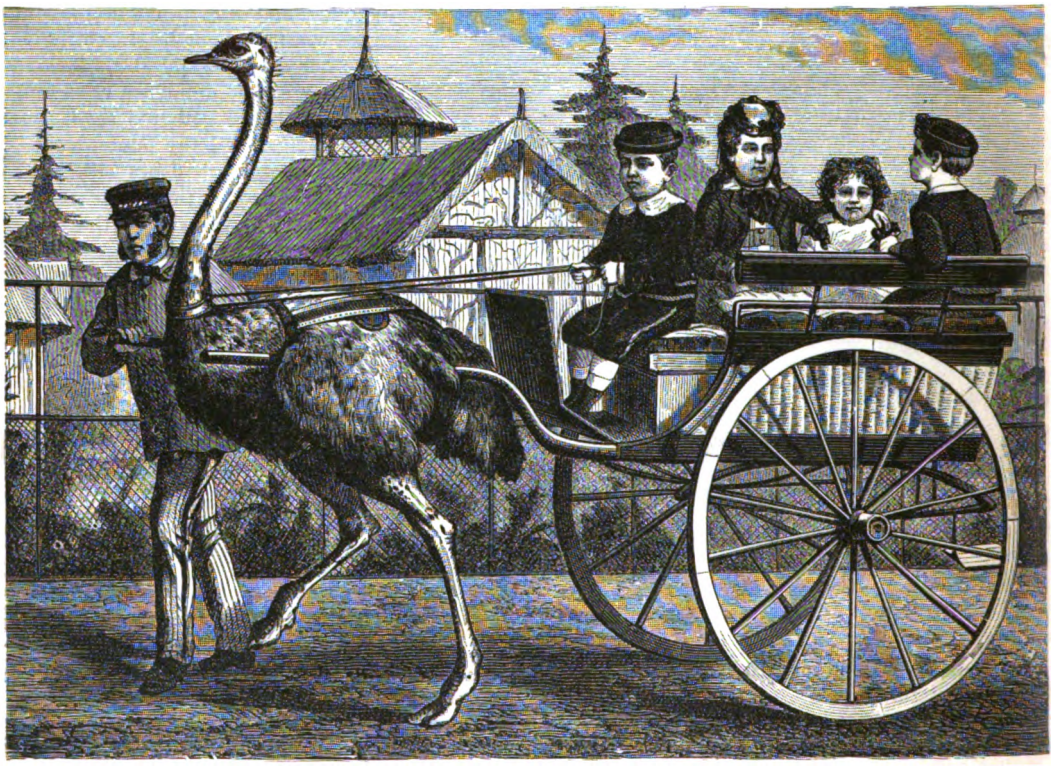
would be the chance that the ostrich might not choose to stop when you were out of breath. So it is best to have an attendant who can regulate matters.

This fleetness of the ostrich is given it for defence. When danger approaches, it runs away, and no animal can overtake it. Its wings are not intended for flight, but to assist it in running. These birds are very strong, and could draw heavier carriages than these light ones of the garden, if they were as tractable as horses, and could be trained. It is said that some African tribes have succeeded in training them so that they ride ostrich-back more swiftly than our cavaliers ride horseback. But this account may not be any more true than the stories told by some African travelers of the stupidity of this bird. Who that has once seen this splendid bird, with its noble carriage and its full, bright eye, will believe that it hides its head in the sand when brought to bay, and thinks, because it sees nobody, it cannot be seen? Or who will believe that other story, of its laying its eggs in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and leaving its little ones to get along as best they can? These are both mean slanders. When surrounded by enemies so that it cannot escape, the ostrich makes a bold fight; and, although it does lay its eggs in a hole in the sand, its takes good care of them, and of the young birds.



THE OSTRICH CARRIAGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

There are carriages for little folks in the garden drawn by other steeds than ostriches,—by ponies, by goats, and by Indian oxen. But none of these, in the children's estimation, compare in beauty, or grandeur, or dignity to the ostrich chariot. It is finer even than the equipage of Juno, which, you know the fable says, was drawn by peacocks.

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MRS. SLIPPERKIN'S FAMILY.

By Clara G. Dolliver.

Mrs. Slipperkin is eight years old; just eight, too, although, when she is asked, she takes pains to say that she will be nine her next birthday. It is a harmless delusion of Mrs. Slipperkin's, that such a statement makes her seem considerably older, while it has the advantage of being strictly true.

Mr. Slipperkin is said to be traveling in Europe, and his wife sometimes receives small letters, bearing a foreign post-mark, which she says are from her husband. But, on examining these letters closely, we are of the opinion that the only part which has seen the post-office is the stamp; and we have frequently remarked to Mrs. Slipperkin that her husband writes a hand resembling her own in a most surprising degree; we think, but do not say, that the letters are *fat*, and the t's and i's neglected.

She lives with her dear friend,—her sister, in fact, though she does not usually call her so,—Mrs. Coppertip, in our attic.

This latter lady is six,—I beg her pardon, will be seven her next birthday,—and she also has a husband traveling in foreign lands. Mr. Coppertip, however, does not attend to his family as he should, for his wife has received but one letter from him, and that was written on a piece of an old writing-book, in a hand strongly resembling Mrs. Slipperkin's and *not* written in her best style.

Mrs. Coppertip is one of the gentlest of human beings. She has little, soft hands, which are often cool and kind on aching heads; she has gentle brown eyes, and soft brown hair, very nice to brush, and very easy to care for. I believe she loves everybody, and I am quite sure that everybody loves her, because I know they cannot help it.

Mrs. Slipperkin's eyes are likewise brown, but they have more snap in them than Mrs. Coppertip's. Her hair, too, is brown, and very pretty, being full of snarly curls, which she loves, but which are quite dreadful to brush. I know she does n't love everybody, for she goes to school, and I have heard her say that she "hates" Laura Brown, and "despises" Amelia Lake, and "can't endure" somebody else; and so we judge from this that Laura and Amelia and somebody else, do not love Mrs. Slipperkin, either.

Mrs. Coppertip has three children, all of whom have been extremely unfortunate.

One has lost an arm, another both legs, and the youngest, shocking to say, once lost her head, which was afterwards found, and is now very insecurely fastened on with white wax.

In spite of their misfortunes, they are very still and well-behaved, and their mother loves them dearly. She does not believe in dressing them too finely; she does not think it is good for children to be so much interested in fashion; and then, besides,—this is between ourselves,—she is not much of a sewer, and really finds it impossible to put many stitches in their dresses; so they are made of calico, and all the embroidery is done with the scissors.

When her youngest child, Evelina, was baptized, she attempted a little more, and actually hemmed the skirt of her dress all around; but every stitch was marked by a drop of blood, where the cruel, sharp needle pricked the patient little finger, and I counted three great big stains on it, caused by the fall of three great big tears.

The Slipperkin children, on the contrary, are always decked out in the finest of clothes.

I cannot positively state that Mrs. Slipperkin is fond of sewing, for we have to quote the old saying, "A stitch in time, saves nine," a great many times in the course of a year. But, though she can endure rents in her own dresses with perfect calmness, yet she must dress her children well, or be wretched.

If the sewing will not bear inspection, I can affirm positively that the long stitches are all on the under side.

She says, with great pride, "My children have n't got one calico dress to their names,—so!"

"How many children have you, Mrs. Slipperkin?" said a particular friend of hers to her one day.

"Three, and a baby," was the answer; but why the baby, poor innocent! is not called a child, I have been unable to discover.

The only difference I can perceive between it and the remainder of the family, is that it wears long clothes; and, as it has lost both legs, I always supposed that long clothes were a necessity.

Mrs. Slipperkin has a brother, Joe, a big boy, who wears cowhide boots, which make a perfectly fearful noise; and he has no conception of the sort of thing a headache is, never having had one himself.

The two ladies wanted Joe to take the house next to them in the attic, adopt a family, which they offered to give him "for nothing," and call himself Mr. St. Clair, whose wife had recently died.

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But Joe said it was "girls' play," and he would n't try it after the first day. Then he took the plaster-of-Paris children, poor infants! and fed them to his chickens.

Some of the boys heard of his new name, and he was greeted with a perfect yell the next morning, when he went into the school-yard. At first he did

MRS. SLIPPERKIN.

not know what they were saying, but when he realized that they were calling him Mr. St. Clair, he laid about him with his fists to the right and left, though without any signal success. He received seven notes that day, addressed, in large crooked, boys' letters, "Mr. Joe St. Clair," and the next day the number increased to twelve; and then having stood it as long as he could, Joe thought it quite time that something was done.

So, during the geography class, he printed on a piece of paper the word ATTENTION! in the largest letters he could make, not at all sparing the ink.

Then, at recess-time, when there was a little lull in tag-playing, he mounted a high bench, and pinned this paper across his breast.

At first there was lots of laughing, and considerable hooting of Mr. St. Clair, but as Joe did not move, the boys stopped and listened to what he had to say. His address was not long, neither was it marked by any flowers of speech, but it was delivered in an easy manner, and was very decisive.

"See here, fellers," he said, "you 've been a-sending a whole pack of notes to me, and a-hollering Mr. St. Clair, and all that. Now, I wont do a mean thing without first warning; but, after this recess, I 'll put every note I get with that on it, on the teacher's desk, and you 'll get a lickin' for writing notes in school. And every feller that hollers after me is a coward, if he wont haul off his jacket, and fight me. I 'll fight every one of you,—one feller at a time,—and lick you, too; you bet."

Upon that, Joe descended from the rostrum, and was no longer troubled.

One day Mrs. Slipperkin came bounding home from school, in the very best of spirits. She threw her books on a chair, and her shawl on the floor, and her hat on top of it, and cut a pigeon-wing right then and there, at the imminent risk of her hat-crown.

"Rose, Rose!" said her mother.

"O, you, Mrs. Slipperkin!" moaned the aunt, who has the headache.

"What is it, Wosey?" said Mrs. Coppertip, who does n't go to school. "If she did, she 'd speak plain," as Mrs. Slipperkin says.

"Rose" stopped after awhile; not from any particular consideration for anybody, but because she was entirely out of breath.

"You know Flora?" she asked.

"No, I don't!" said Mrs. Coppertip.

"Have n't the pleasure," moaned the aunt with the headache.

"Flora who?" said Joe. "The great race-horse?"

"Race-horse!" said Mrs. Slipperkin, indignantly, "I *do* think!"

"Do, by all means," said the exasperating Joe. "Who is she, anyhow?"

"You know that new girl, who sits front of me, with those pretty curls."

"Yes," said Joe.

"Well, that 's the one; her name is Flora Lane, and she 's got two dolls, and a blue silk dress, and she 's coming to see me Saturday afternoon,—her mother says she can,—and she 's going to wear her blue silk dress, and bring her dolls; and she 's

MRS. COPPERTIP.

awful pretty. Is n't she, Joe? And she 's my most particular friend; and, O, ma! can't we have some lemonade and cookies?"

All this was in one breath.

"Whew!" said Joe, "can't girls talk, though?"

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"Dear, dear; hear that child," said the aunt with the headache; "how she runs on, to be sure."

"*Can* we, ma?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the mother.

"*Is n't* she pretty, though, Joe?"

"Ho, huh!" said Joe. "Pretty! her curls look like molasses candy."

"She 's my most particular friend," said Mrs. Slipperkin, drawing herself up with dignity.

"Well, aint molasses candy nice?" said Joe.

"Ide," said the offended lady, "you *must* make your children some new silk dresses. I 'm going to make each of mine a brand new dress for the occasion."

"O, dear!" said Mrs. Coppertip (thinking of her pricked fingers), with dismay in her voice, "I really don't see how I can."

"Ma 'll help you; wont you, ma? And aunty, too; wont you, aunty, now?"

Mrs. Coppertip, who would never have asked, looked with soft, appealing eyes, and so both "ma" and "aunty" said "yes," instantly.

Saturday came at last, as all days do come, no matter how long the time seems; Flora came, too, in her blue silk dress, and an enormous sash tied in a bow, so excruciatingly fashionable and immense, that Rose and Ida winked their eyes hard, and tried not to look astonished. She brought her doll,—nearly as big as herself,—and also arrayed in the height of fashion.

"I thought you had two little china ones, like ours," said Mrs. Slipperkin, in a subdued voice.

"O, I don't make any account of *those*," said Flora, in an extremely "grand" way, "but I put them in my pocket." So she pulled them out, and Mrs. Slipperkin was rejoiced to see that they did not look half so pretty as Ida's, to say nothing of her own.

"What are their names?" she asked.

"Miranda and Eloisa."

"Mine are named Lillie, Minnie, Nellie and Carrie," said Mrs. Slipperkin, "and Ide's are named Dora, Belle, and Evelina. Ide, she 's Mrs. Coppertip, and I 'm Mrs. Slipperkin; now, what 'll you be?"

"I 'll be Madame Labelle," said Flora; "my mother knows a lady named that, and I think it 's pretty; don't you?"

"Yes," said Rose. "Now, let 's take our lemonade and cookies down by the brook, and have a pic-nic; I know where there 's a real nice, mossy place."

But the mother would not consent to the lemonade being taken where there were silk dresses, so they drank it all up before they went, and carried only the cookies. Flora put her big doll to sleep in a corner of the sofa.

They were right in the midst of a splendid time, —the children were dancing a quadrille on the moss, and the three mothers were playing jacks on Mrs. Coppertip's shawl,—when they heard Joe calling to them.

"What do you *want?*" screamed Mrs. Slipperkin.

"Come and look at my ship," called back Joe; "she 's sailing beautiful!"

"Tow her up here!" called Mrs. Slipperkin, which Joe accordingly did.

"There! is n't she lovely?" he said. "Whater yer doing?"

"Our children are having a pic-nic," said Madame Labelle, smoothing down her silk dress.

"Well, give 'em a sailing-trip," said Joe. "Bring yours along, Ide."

"Oh, no!" said the cautious Mrs. Coppertip, who had her doubts as to the seaworthiness of Joe's craft, "I 'm welly 'bliged, I 'm sure; but my children are always sea-sick on the water."

[She had heard *her* mamma say something like this.]

"Mine are not!" cried the adventurous Rose, "and if they are, they will have to learn better.

"Come, Lillie and Minnie and Nellie, you can go, anyway; I don't know but what the baby is too young to be trusted out of my sight.

"Madame Labelle, wont you let your little darlings go, too?"

"Oh, certainly!" said that lady, catching her little darlings up by the heads, "if there 's room."

"Well, there is n't!" said Joe. "You let yours wait until these come back."

The ship—"Alexander the Great"—swung out into the stream beautifully. Rose clapped her hands, and cried, "Oh, Ide, let yours go when these come back." Then she called out, "Don't catch more cold, Nellie, dear," when,—they could never tell whether it was a twig, or a bug, or the string, or what, but over went "Alexander the Great," soaking her sails, and sending Minnie and Lillie and Nellie, in their new dresses, to the bottom.

Mrs. Slipperkin gave one cry, half rage and half despair, and flying at Joe, pulled his hair with all her might.

"You did it on purpose, you horrid boy, you know you did," she cried.

"Oh, Wosey!" said Mrs. Coppertip, with tears in her voice, "I 'll div you one of mine."

"And I 'll give you both of mine," said Madame Labelle, who had been laughing, and now tried to look sorry.

"O, let go, do!" cried Joe, "I did n't mean to, Rosy; on my word, I did n't."

"You did!" sobbed Rose. "Oh, my precious children!"

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"Let 's drag the water," said Madame Labelle, with difficulty suppressing another laugh.

"No use," said Mrs. Slipperkin; "it 's all deep mud."

Joe picked up his ship, Mrs. Coppertip the remainder of the cookies, while Mrs. Slipperkin clasped her sole remaining darling to her heart, and they wended their way homeward.

Madame Labelle soon took her departure, leaving Miranda and Eloisa to console the bereaved mother's heart, Mrs. Coppertip also insisting on giving up her beloved Dora as a comforter.

The next day, Mrs. Slipperkin "played" that the water had been dragged, and the bodies recovered, and had a grand funeral under the peach-tree. Penitent Joe contributed a wooden monument, on which were engraved—that is, cut with a penknife—the names: "NELLIE," "MINNIE," "LILLIE;" and this now marks the last resting-place of Mrs. Slipperkin's lamented family.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

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NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter XII.

KEEPING HOUSE.

Since the day when Mrs. Primkins said that Mrs. Rievor was clean tuckered out, Nimpo had taken care to write cheerful letters to her mother; but she was really very unhappy at her boarding-house.

She had no more violent outbursts, for she had a little better control of her temper. But in spite of her efforts to endure it quietly, she was so homesick that she began to think anything would be better than staying there; so she proposed to Rush that they should go home and keep house by themselves.

To be sure, she had not forgotten the unlucky cake business; but she knew of one or two plain things that she could cook, and then they could live on crackers and raisins, and such things, from the store, where, you must know, they sold not only dry goods and crockery, but groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, and, in fact, nearly everything needed in a house.

Rush, of course, was delighted with the plan. So, for several days, he and Nimpo, with Cousin Will's consent, helped themselves to crackers and cheese, and other things, and coaxed from the two clerks such delicacies as candy, raisins, nuts, and lemons.

Everything they could get they carefully took to the house, without eating a bit, and so by Friday night they thought they had enough to begin housekeeping.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, without saying a word to Mrs. Primkins, they all went down to the house to stay.

First they built a fire in the kitchen, not because they needed a fire, but somehow a fire in the kitchen seemed a necessary part of housekeeping.

Nimpo, feeling the housekeeping fever stirring within her, tied a veil on her head, and gave the house a most energetic sweeping. By the time she had swept the dirt out on the back piazza, ready to take up (or sweep over the edge, more likely), she was quite tired.

So she ransacked the book-case, and found a book which she had not read since she went to Mrs. Primkins'. It was "Thaddeus of Warsaw,"—a very delightful book, she thought, as she threw herself on the lounge and began to read.

Her housekeeping fever evaporated, and she read and read, letting the dust settle all over everything in the house, and leaving the furniture in confusion.

Meanwhile, Robbie amused himself about the house, and Rush played in the yard with Johnny Stevens, who never knew how nearly he came to owning that coveted bow and arrows.

By and by, he came in.

"Nimpo, are n't we going to have dinner? Johnny 's gone home to his."

"Well, I s'pose so," said Nimpo, reluctantly laying down her book, where the hero was in a desperate situation,—as book heroes always are, you know; and down stairs they all went.

"Let 's eat it right here," said Rush, going into the pantry where the precious stores were kept.

"Oh, no!" said Nimpo. "Let 's set the table nice; it 'll seem so much more like home."

"Well," said Rush, "where 's the table-cloth? I 'll help."

"In that drawer," said Nimpo, from the dining-room where she was drawing out the table.

The dishes were soon on with three such active workers, for Robbie brought the knives and the napkins. But now a difficulty arose,—the forks and spoons were all locked up in the safe at the store.

"Never mind," said Rush; "we can use the kitchen ones. They 're as good as Mrs. Primkins', any day."

"We can go without," said Nimpo, who could n't bear to have anything like Mrs. Primkins; "and besides, we don't need them."

It was a droll meal that they sat down to at last, for Nimpo insisted upon having everything served in style.

At the head of the table, by her plate, she had a pitcher of milk (brought from the next neighbor) and a dish of candy, also one of raisins. The candy was sticks, cut into small pieces,—"to look like more," Nimpo said.

Before Rush was a large plate of crackers, and a glass of radishes—suspiciously large—out of the garden. Scattered about were plates of cheese, butter, dried beef, and so on, which completed this odd meal.

They ate a few crackers, as a matter of duty, and then attacked the candy and raisins.

After dinner, Nimpo hurriedly put on an apron and cleared up the kitchen, while Rush and Robbie played in the barn on the hay.

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"Thaddeus of Warsaw" contented Nimpo for another hour, and then a thorough and exhaustive rummaging of boxes, drawers, and shelves, with the zest of a long absence, occupied her till tea-time.

That was rather a dull meal. The candy and raisins being gone, it consisted of crackers and milk and dried beef.

By the time that the children went up into the parlor it began to be dark, and somehow a dreadful loneliness seemed to settle over the rooms. It was unpleasant to think that there was nobody in the house but themselves. Then Nimpo remembered that she had left all the windows open in her sweeping of the morning.

She asked the boys to go up with her to shut them. Not that she was afraid!—of course not—but it seemed more cheerful to keep together.

Accordingly, they all went up stairs and closed the windows, and then they went down stairs and did the same in the basement, locking every door.

"Where 'll we sleep to-night?" asked Rush, when they were all back in the parlor again, with a light; "in our own rooms?"

"No," said Nimpo: "Robbie and I will sleep in mother's bed, and you can sleep on the lounge in the sitting-room."

"I think I might sleep with Robbie in mother's room. You're the oldest, and you ought to sleep on the lounge."

"No, I have to sleep with Robbie," said Nimpo, with dignity; "besides, you're a boy, and you ought to protect us."

What protection there was in sleeping on the lounge, Nimpo did n't say; but Rush accepted the compliment to his boyhood, and made no more objections to the lounge.

"Nimpo," he said presently, "let 's tell stories."

So they told stories till they were tired.

"I wonder what old Primkins 'll say when we don't come home," said Rush.

"Oh, she 'll say 'them children are up to some mischief again, I 'll be bound,'" said Nimpo, bitterly. "Wont it be nice when the folks are back, and we can have our own home again?"

"I guess it will," said Rush. "Say, Nimp, it is n't so fine, boarding out, as you expected, is it?"

"I never thought Mrs. Primkins was so mean," said Nimpo, blushing at the recollection of her airs.

A long silence followed. The wind was rising, and a blind blew open up stairs. Nimpo's book had made her nervous.

"Hark!" she said. "What 's that?"

"It sounded like shutting a door!" whispered Rush.

"I believe some one 's up stairs," said Nimpo, excitedly.

Robbie, frightened at their manner, began to cry.

"Nimp, let 's go back!" exclaimed Rush.

"Well," said Nimpo, hurriedly, "Robbie cries so!"

And, with very unusual haste, they got their things and hurried out, leaving the lamp burning, and locking the door on the outside.

Then each took hold of one of Robbie's hands, and they ran as fast as they could fly to Mrs. Primkins'.

That lady was just shutting up the house for the night. Probably she suspected the state of the case, for she said, grimly, as they came in:

"I thought, mebby you 'd gone to stay this time."

"Rush," said Nimpo, as they went up stairs, "we left that lamp burning!"

"So we did!" said Rush; "and, oh dear! our kittens, asleep on the bed! Well, they wont get hurt, I guess; and their saucer was half full of milk."

"And we can go over the first thing in the morning and get them," said Nimpo.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUSH RUNS AWAY.

YOU know, in the story-books, when boys are unhappy in their homes, it is customary for them to run away,—generally to sea,—and, after long years, come back very rich, drive into the village they left, with four prancing horses, forgive everybody, especially their enemies, take a big house, and live in fine style.

Well, Rush, though in general rather a quiet boy, had read a good many of these stories, and they had worked on his mind till, feeling very uncomfortable and unhappy at Mrs. Primkins', he gradually began to think it was a suitable epoch in his life to run away.

He had not said much about it, only occasionally a mysterious hint to Nimpo, which she thought nothing of. But his wrongs rankled in his soul; and one morning, having left the hatchet out in the rain, he got a scolding from Mrs. Primkins, which decided him at once to start out in the world to seek his fortune.

He had no very definite plan as to where he wanted to go,—the sea-coast was hundreds of miles from him,—but he finally decided to go to Cleveland, thirty or forty miles off, where an acquaintance of his had lately gone to live.

This friend was a boy of his own age, and they had often talked over together plans for running away, and Rush knew if he could get to George Handy that he would join in the plan. To be sure,

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he had no idea of George's whereabouts in the city, but he thought he could ask the boys till he found him. So he went quietly up stairs and put on two pair of pantaloons and two pair of stockings, for he thought it would be his last chance to have any clothes for some time.

Nimpo noticed that he looked rather bunchy; but when she asked him what was the matter with his clothes, he said, "Nothing," and she thought no more of it, but started off early to go to school with Anna Morris.

As soon as she was gone, Rush went up to her room, got some paper and a pen, and sat down to write a letter. Runaways always do that, you know. He was n't much of a writer, but he stumbled on, and this is what he produced:

DEER SISTER:

When you get this I shall be fur of on the—no, on the way to a big city! I 've run away.

Take care of Robbie and Minzeyboo. I 've taken 2 pants. That 's what made me look bunchy.

It 's 'cause old primkins scolded me so.

Tell Mother I 'll come back in a few years, and I send my love to her. Tell her I took my bow and arrows.

Robbie can have my sled. R. RIEVOR.

This note he laid on the stand in Nimpo's room, and stole down stairs like a thief. He need n't have been so careful though, for Mrs. Primkins was making pies in the kitchen, and she did not look up as he went through.

She had just been frying doughnuts, and the jar full of them stood on the table, emitting a fresh and spicy odor. Rush looked longingly at them.

"Mrs. Primkins, may I have one?" he asked, timidly.

"No," was the harsh reply. "I can't stand round on my feet all day, frying doughnuts for good-for-nothing boys to eat between meals—not by a jug-full! You 'll have them at the table, like the rest of us." And then, feeling still grieved about the hatchet, she went on: "I 'm sure, if ever a body was glad, I 'll be when your mother gets back and takes you all home agin. If I 've got to have children around, I prefer to have the hull trainen of 'em, from the cradle up."

"You wont be troubled with me very long, Mrs. Primkins," Rush could n't help saying, proudly.

"No, I know it; only two weeks more, thank goodness! and I can have some peace of my life once more!" And she lifted a finished pie on one hand, and cut off the superfluous upper crust with a vim.

Rush slipped out, went round to the shed and got his bow and arrows, and started off on the road which the stage took when it went to Cleveland.

The road went past the store, and he thought he might as well go in and get something to eat. So in he went. None of the clerks noticed him, which surprised him, for he felt in such a tragic mood that he thought he must look different from his usual self.

He lounged about awhile, filling some pockets with crackers and raisins, and others with matches, to start his fires in the woods.

At last, about eleven o'clock, he finally started on his way. He walked up the hill past Mr. Stevens', where he saw Johnny playing in the back-yard, and he felt as if he had grown years older since last he played with him.

It was a lovely day, and Rush enjoyed his walk very much for two or three miles, till he began to get tired.

Then he turned into the woods, which came up to the road on each side. He found a soft bed of moss, and laid down to rest. Of course he fell asleep.

When he awoke and sat up, he could not, for a moment, remember where he was. But it came to him very soon that he had run away, and as he had slept off his indignation about the scolding, it struck him, with a sort of a pang, that he was alone in the world, with his own way to make.

However, he got up to go on. But the moss he had slept on was rather damp, as moss is apt to be, and he felt stiff and sore.

"I declare, I believe it 's getting night!" he said to himself, as he came to a clear place in the woods and saw how dark it was. "I 'd better be shooting a bird for my supper, or I 'll have to go hungry."

So he strung up his bow and prepared an arrow, and then began to look around for a bird or squirrel.

For a long time, not a living thing could he see, and he began to think the birds had left the country, and the squirrels taken refuge from his arms in their holes. But at last he caught sight of a red squirrel sitting in a high branch of a tree, his tail curled up over his back, and very busy nibbling a nut.

Rush could n't desire a better mark, so he fired. Away scampered the squirrel, and Rush could not find him or the arrow either.

Now, he had but two arrows left, and he began to feel discouraged, especially as it was getting quite dark, and, in following his game, he had lost his direction, and did n't know which way to go to find the road.

"Never mind!" he said. "I can make a fire, and camp out. I 've always wanted to, and here 's a splendid place for it, too. First, I must gather some sticks."

He threw down his bow and arrows, and started out to find sticks. But that was a droll piece of woods; scarcely a stick could he find. The trees were very high, and he could n't reach the branches,

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and the pieces that he did find were so wet and decayed that, when he had collected half-a-dozen, and tried to light them, they refused to burn.

In fact, he used all his matches, and could not produce a blaze.

"Well, it does n't matter," he said at last—though rather faintly. "Other fellows have slept without a fire, and I can. Besides, it 's so warm one does n't need a fire."

So he started back for the place where he had left his bow and arrows, but he could not find it now. In vain he searched up and down in the growing darkness, and at last, quite disheartened, he lay down on the ground.

"If mother 'd been home, I 'd never have run away," said he; "and I might have stood it a week or two more," he added, after a minute. "I wonder what Nimpo 's doing now. I wonder if she 's found my note!"

Then he laid still and tried to go to sleep, but his long nap had made him wakeful, and he began to listen to the sounds in the woods.

First he heard a subdued chattering, as though some naughty squirrel was getting a scolding for staying out late; then he heard an owl, but though it sounded lonely, it did not frighten him, for he had heard owls before.

But soon he heard the breaking of sticks, not far off, and at once he thought of bears.

Now, bears were his pet horror. All Sarah's horrible stories had bears in them, and he had often laid awake at night, and thought he heard them scrambling up the side of the house.

To be sure his mother told him it was foolish, that bears were very seldom found in Ohio; still he knew there was occasionally one, and that left room for dread.

He sprang to his feet and listened. Again he heard the cracking of twigs, and it seemed to be nearer! Without stopping to think, letting his terror have complete control of him, he started and ran. His hat fell off; he stumbled over roots, and fell; he ran against trees, and was knocked nearly breathless; but on he ran, till he was fairly exhausted.

Then he stopped to listen. All was still once more, and as the ground was soft, and seemed very wet, he thought he would go more slowly, and try to get out of the woods. After wading through the swamp into which he had stumbled, falling over logs, getting very wet and fearfully tired, he caught sight of a light.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, when he had cautiously drawn nearer to the mysterious spot. "If it is n't old Lisle's hut!"

"NIMPO SAT ON THE BED WHILE RUSH TOLD HIS STORY."

"What a goose I am! Why, I can't be more than two miles from home!" was his next thought, with—I must say it—a thrill of joy.

"Camping out, and running away are all very nice in the books, or when there 's two or three fellows, but I don't want any more of it. Ugh! it 's horrid! I wish I had n't written that letter," was the next thought, with a blush. "I hope Nimp has n't found it." But there could n't be much hope of that, for he had been careful to put it where she would be sure to see it.

As well as he could, with his soaked shoes and stiff legs, he started off for home. He knew the way well from Lisle's house, and now that his

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confidence had returned, he realized that the stars were out and that he could get on pretty well. When at last, after many tumbles, he reached the village, he slunk through the back streets, dreading to meet any one, until, by crawling through the fence, he was safe in Mrs. Primkins' garden.

He hoped she would not hear him, but everything was against him on that occasion. She was at the back door in a moment.

"Well! well!" was her remark. "What, under the canopy, have you been up to now? this time o' night, too. If your mother don't come home soon, you 'll be a vagabond on the face of the earth!"

Rush made no reply. He hurried up stairs, glad to get off so easily.

At the head of the attic stairs he met Nimpo, his letter and a lighted candle in her hand, and a look of horror in her face.

She had just found it then, and the cry she was about to give, died on her lips at sight of him.

"Why, Rush!" she began, but he interrupted: "Don't say a word, Nimp, and I 'll tell you all about it. Come in here." And he pulled her into the room.

Then, while he took off what was left of his shoes, and washed his face and hands, Nimpo sat on the edge of the bed, and he told his story. Nimpo was shocked with his adventures, but, at his earnest request, she promised not to tell, and also —what was harder—to get Mrs. Primkins to give him something to eat.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO A LITTLE BOY WHO WILL NOT HAVE HIS HAIR BRUSHED.

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A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

By D. G. M.

Boys, in a general way, don't make a great hero of a man who does such things as to discover the law of gravitation, or laws about the refraction of light, or the laws of the higher mathematics. How could there be anything great (to a boy) in a man who wrote algebraically concerning the Differential Calculus?

And as for that law of gravitation—of course, a man was likely to discover that who wore a wig, and lived in a library with a globe and instruments about him, and with a window opening on an apple-orchard, where he could n't help seeing the apples fall. Or, if one man of this sort did n't discover the law of gravitation, some other man in a wig probably would.

I think it was in this way, at any rate, that the matter struck us boys when our old master undertook to make a *point* about the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton. If he had spoken in the same solemn way about Alexander and Bucephalus, or about Richard Cœur de Lion, with his big battle-axe, or about William Wallace,—ah, indeed, that were quite another matter!—I think we should have pricked up our ears along the benches and sniffed the odor of battle. We should never have confounded those characters; but some of us did confound Sir Isaac Newton and that most excellent old gentleman, Dr. Isaac Watts. I don't know why—except the Isaac. But I have a vivid recollection of how one of us, in a splendid composition, introduced a little poetic quotation, beginning—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"—

with "from the well-known British poet, Sir Isaac Newton."

The truth is, at the age of fifteen we measure differently the work that makes men great, from the way in which we measure it when we are fifty. The din of the great battle-axes goes down, and Bucephalus is not so grand a figure.

But at the age when good "alleys" are in demand ("alley" was the name we used to give to a good solid marble, that would make havoc in a ring full of lighter metal), there is n't much account made of the laws of gravitation, or of their discoverer. We kept Franklin in mind, because he made kites and flew them; and if our old teacher, instead of harping on gravitation, had told us how Isaac Newton, when he was a lad, made a mill with his jack-knife, copied wheel by wheel from a wind-mill that ground corn upon a hill near to Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where he went to school, we should have kept Isaac Newton better in mind; and better still, if we had known how he made his little mill, at last, so perfect, that by turning a mouse into its door, by some curious system of tread-wheels the machinery would begin to move, and the mill to grind. He made also a little water-clock, which kept time perfectly; and he placed a dial on the wall of the house where he was born, which only a few years back was in place still.

I don't suppose he won any triumphs at marbles or in wrestling bouts. He was never strong-limbed, but a quiet, shy lad, plodding and thinking by himself. And so sure was he of his own drift, that before he was twenty-seven, he had thought out and ripened all his great discoveries. I sha' n't try to explain to you what those discoveries were, for it would make too long a story, and besides, I do not think I should do it so well as you will find it done for you in your school-books.

There were quarrelsome, envious people in that time (nearly two hundred years ago), who said that Mr. Newton did n't deserve all the honor he received, and who said that other philosophers had more than half-discovered the same things before Newton did.

But half-doing things does n't count in the long run; so the world thought then, and so the world thinks now. You may have a great many happy and wise thoughts; but if you don't follow them up with industry and patience, they will never come to any great show of blossom.

Newton himself said that industry and patience had done more for him than all beside. He did n't think much of that swift cleverness which boys are too apt to admire and strive after,—which makes a little spurt in a speech or a poem, and then is lost.

There were other jealous and unwise people in Newton's day, who said that he was undermining religion. There are just such unwise people now-a-days, who are shocked by the discovery of any new laws in nature. They are very weak and blind. All the little truths men can find out will never shut out or alter the big Truth, which is past finding out.

Sir Isaac Newton was called a very absent-minded man,—that is to say, he forgot common things because he was thinking so keenly and so constantly

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of uncommon things. They tell a story of his table being served one day with a nice broiled chicken; but he forgot his dinner-hour, and forgot it for so long a time, that a friend came in and ate up his chicken. Presently after, Sir Isaac came bustling in, and seeing the remnants of the dinner, exclaimed, "How stupid of me! I quite forgot that I had dined!"

On another day, when he went out for an airing, he got off his horse at the bottom of a high hill, to lead him up. When he reached the top, and would have mounted again, he found he had only the bridle in his hand! The horse had slipped his head-gear quietly, and trotted home. This was stupid; but if you can think as steadily as Sir Isaac Newton thought, you can afford to be stupid at times.

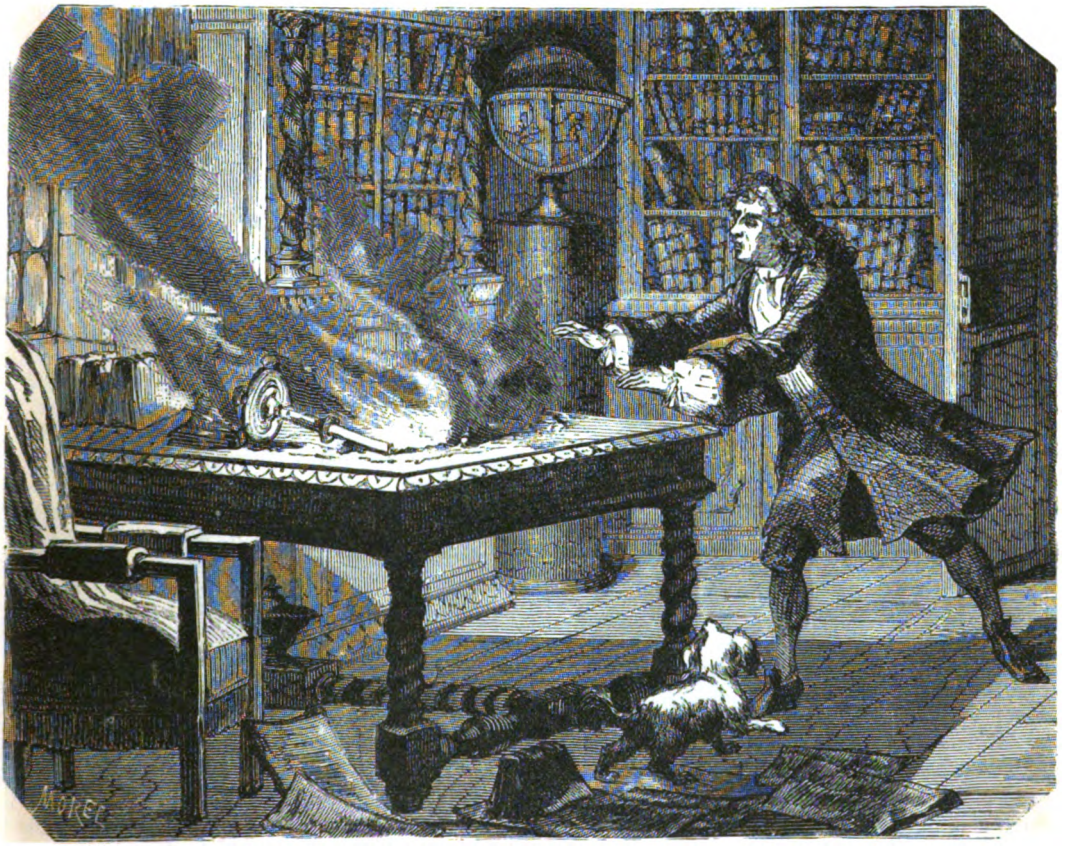
Sir Isaac was never married, and always possessed a calm and unruffled temper. [I declare solemnly to the elderly people who may read this, that I joined the above two statements in one sentence by sh·erest accident.]

The picture accompanying this article illustrates one incident in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, that is often spoken of, in token of his mild temper. His dog Diamond, which was a great favorite with him, and had the privilege of his library, one day overset a candle among his most valued papers, and before rescue could be made, they were utterly burned. "Oh, Diamond! Diamond!" said Sir Isaac, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

I must confess that it seems to me rather a tough story. I know a great many goodish sort of people who, in such a strait, would have used a different word from "Diamond," and repented of it next day.

There were enemies of Sir Isaac Newton who said he had lost his mind by reason of this mishap; if he did lose it, he found another, for he died with a good solid one at over eighty.

It is true that he made no great discoveries in the later years of his life; indeed, he almost ceased to be known as a philosopher, and was for a long



"HIS DOG DIAMOND OVERSET A CANDLE AMONG HIS MOST VALUED PAPERS."

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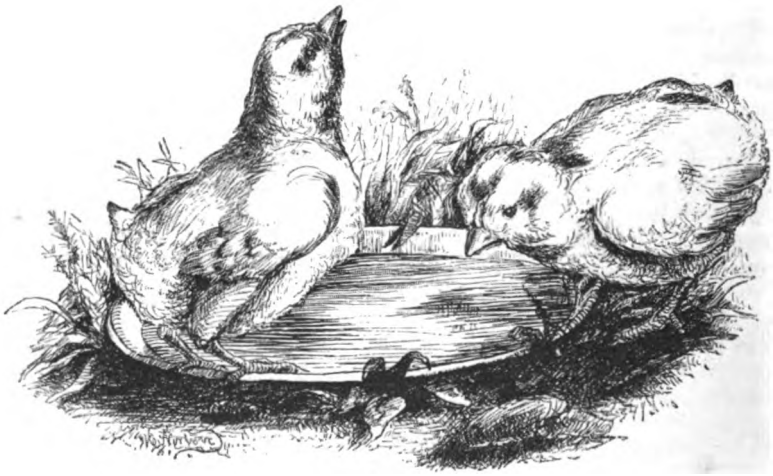
period a quiet office-holder under government in London. In our time, you know, office-holders are said not to favor discoveries; but Sir Isaac had nothing to conceal. He was attached to no rings but the rings of Saturn.

As I said, he was a bachelor; and living modestly, he grew rich. He was kindly and charitable throughout his life, and left his personal fortune to a niece (the daughter of a half-sister), who had been for a long time the mistress of his London home. His landed property, which was inherited, and which included the old stone farm-house where the philosopher was born, fell into the hands of a Robert Newton, eldest son of a cousin, who was a worthless, dissolute fellow, who squandered his inheritance, and who, in a drunken fit, fell while smoking his pipe, and was choked by a portion of the pipe-stem.

If you ever go to London, and into Westminster Abbey, you will see an elaborate tomb, in honor of Sir Isaac Newton, against the choir-screen, to the north of the entrance; but, in the rooms of the Royal Society, you will find what is better worth seeing,—that is, the first telescope that Newton made, and also the old dial which he constructed when a boy, and which, in 1844, was brought away from the walls of his early home in Lincolnshire; and, last of all, a lock of his silver hair.

THE DRINKING-PAN.



Kippy! Kippy! what a pleasure!
Kippy! Kippy! such a treasure!
Here 's a lake of water clear,—
Little Polly put it here.

See, the water has a sky!
Like the one that shines so high;
All the other birds are there,
Playing in the sunny air.

Shall we ever sing and play
In the sky, the livelong day?
Oh, no, no; such silly tricks
Would not do for downy chicks.

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THE COAST-WRECKERS.

By William H. Rideing.

In the days of old, before light-houses were built, the coast of maritime nations was lighted at night by beacon-fires, which blazed out on the steepest cliffs to show the homeward-bound mariner his way into port. When their red flames were seen through the mist and storm, the anxious seamen were sure of their position, and steered fearlessly on their course to the safe haven that was thought to be near. Not always wisely, for there were false beacons as well as true,—beacons that were as fatal to the vessel trusting them as the candle is to the moth; beacons that were kindled by villains to lead her astray and on to the reefs and hidden rocks, that she might be plundered of her cargo.

Wreckers these wicked men were called, and at one time they existed in such numbers, and were so bold, that the mariners of England dreaded them as much as they dreaded the noted buccaneers of the Spanish main. The more desperate of them inhabited remote caves on the roughest part of the coast, and were without laws and without hearts. After alluring some vessel into their stronghold, they never attempted to save the lives of the poor wretches on board, for had they done so their guilt might have been revealed; and the worst of them, with their own merciless hands, did not scruple even to hasten the death of those struggling sufferers who were washed ashore.

Many of these wreckers lived in disguise as honest fishermen, like wolves in lambs' clothing, and at night went forth from their slumbering villages to decoy ships to destruction. Even in our day, the people of English fishing villages considered all wrecks that came to their shores as their rightful prizes, and assisted in despoiling the cargo. They complained bitterly when new light-houses were built; and an anecdote is told, that one of the constructing engineers was traveling near the Orkney Islands in a small boat, and observed to the captain that his sails were in a bad condition. "Had it not been God's will that you should come here with your light-houses," the old fellow answered, "we should have had better sails to our boats and more of other things." Happily, all the wreckers of this kind have passed away; only their name remains, and that is changed in meaning. Instead of causing wrecks and robbing them, as of old, the new wreckers prevent them, and, failing in that, protect wrecked property from the ravages of the waves at sea and from thieves on shore. The cargo is not all they aim at. There are many vessels afloat now, staunch as the staunchest, that have been engulfed in fathoms of water and raised, with their treasure, by the wonderful appliances of modern wreckers. It is about these men that I intend to give you some information, as was promised in the article on Life-Saving on our Coast, in the April number of St. Nicholas.

At the outset, I shall explain that while all our wreckers are sanctioned by law, not all are of the one character. The principal wreckers are wealthy companies, employing hundreds of men and fleets of steam and sailing vessels. But there are also many fishermen wreckers, who, two or three together, scour parts of the coast in small boats, and give whatever aid they can with their limited means to distressed vessels. Between the two there is as much difference as between the wholesale trader and the roadside peddler. One is famous for its resources and systematic dealings, while the other is inefficient, incomplete, and untrustworthy. Those of you who are familiar with the Florida coast may have seen these fishermen wreckers. In their frail sloops and schooners they patrol the shallow waters near the dangerous shoals called the Dry Tortugas, where many vessels run aground, and only need to be lightened before they will float again. The boats of these wreckers are useful here in relieving the grounded ship of part of her cargo; but they have earned a bad name for dishonesty, and many captains refuse to employ them, unless their ship is in a very unsafe position.

The large wrecking companies have depots at New York, Boston, New Orleans, Norfolk, and at various ports on the great Lakes, where they have vessels and apparatus for raising sunken ships and removing the cargo. Some of them also employ agents along the coast, whose duty it is to telegraph information of all wrecks that occur within their districts to the chief offices, from which assistance is sent. You wonder, no doubt, as you reach this point, what motive the wreckers have, and may be accrediting them with unusual kindness; but, though many of them have very kind hearts, theirs is really a business enterprise, and, while it requires courage and skill, it is only pursued for the sake of gain. The wreckers are entitled to salvage, which, as most of you know, means a part of the value of whatever property they may save. The amount is fixed by a tribunal called the Admiralty Court, and is large or small, according to the risks borne by the wreckers in

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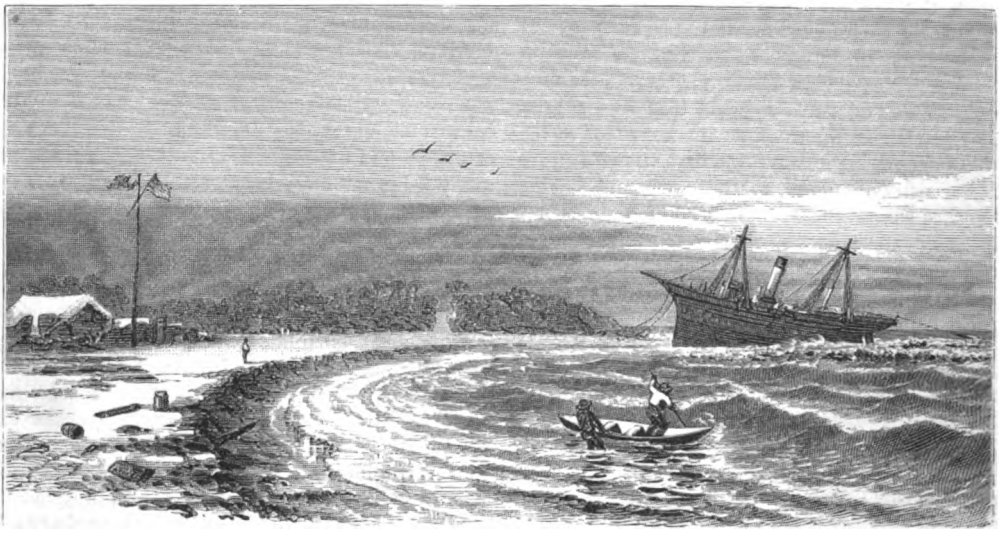
their work, the value of the property saved, the condition of the vessel or cargo when saved, the skill displayed, and the time and labor expended.

But no claim is entertained unless the wreckers prove that the passengers and crew were removed out of danger before any attempt was made to rescue the vessel or her cargo. Thus the wreckers are encouraged to assist the life-saving men, and many instances might be given of the good work they have done in that way. Sometimes the salvage amounts to one-half the value of the property saved, and occasionally it is more. But often the claim for salvage is abandoned, and an agreement made between the wreckers and the owners of the wrecked vessel that a stated sum of money shall be paid for lifting her and bringing her into harbor.

These little details may be somewhat tiresome to you, but without them you could not understand the subject. I am done with them now, however, and from this point mean to tell you something about the romance of a wrecker's life.

If you heard that a great ship, of two or three thousand tons burthen, had gone to the bottom of the sea, several miles from the shore, you would perhaps think it impossible that she could be recovered and brought to the surface again. Out of sight, filled with water and torn by rocks, she would be considered lost forever, by inexperienced people —old as well as young. But, hopeless as her case seems to you, a wrecker might decide that it would be quite possible to save her. Several of the Hudson River and Sound steamers, which some of us often travel on, have once disappeared beneath the waves, though they are now as strong, as busy, and as fast as ever. The Albany steamer "Dean Richmond," familiar to many of you, was sunk in the Hudson two or three years ago, and was lifted by the Coast Wrecking Company within thirty days after the disaster, and brought to New York under her own steam. So, too, the steamer "City of Norwich" was capsized in the Long Island Sound, and went down, bottom up, apparently a total wreck. In three or four months she was lifted, and again in service.



ASHORE ON A FLORIDA REEF.

But a much greater achievement than either of these was the rescue of the ship "Aquila" from the bottom of San Francisco Harbor, by the Coast Wrecking Company, in 1864. She was a large three-masted vessel, and sailed from New York, having on board, in detached parts, the United States monitor "Comanche," which *weighed one thousand six hundred and fifty tons.* In four months, ship and monitor were raised; damaged, of course, but still fit for work. Very likely you imagine that this must have required the labor of many hundred men; but so complete is the machinery used by the wreckers, that only twenty-five of them were needed in the task. In the fresh water of the Lakes, vessels may be submerged for years without falling to pieces. For example, the steamer "Lac la Belle" lay deep in the St. Claire River for three years, and was then raised in fourteen days by the company before mentioned. Does not this read like a wonder-story rather than a record of facts? Yet it is all true; and there are other things in the wrecker's experience yet more strange. The fine steamer "Thomas A. Scott" went down in Lake Huron a year or two

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ago, and was hidden in ten fathoms of water. Twelve hundred tons of cargo held her closely to the bottom; but the wreckers came promptly, and on the fifth day of their work she was afloat.

Slowly rising to the surface from imprisonment beneath the sea, a vessel is not as she was before her disaster, you may be sure. All her beauty is gone; her planks are torn apart; her masts are fallen or broken; and her once shapely rigging clings about her in rags. Her sides are gashed as the body of some old gladiator. Rust and water dim the bright brass-work and gaily-painted wood. The decks are strewn with splintered spars, frayed cordage, and loose merchandise that has been washed up from the hatchways. Verily, she is a poor wreck, wounded and exhausted, that excites our pity as a thing of life. But she has safely passed the crisis of her injuries; and there is an hospital for her, where she may be restored to beauty and strength,—an hospital with skillful surgeons, whose most dreadful operations you or I might watch without a qualm. You have heard of doctors of divinity, doctors of common law, doctors of medicine, and doctors of chemistry, yet you say you have never heard of doctors of ships. Think again, young friends. Surely you have heard of ship*wrights*, as they are commonly called; it is these men who doctor the unfortunate ships that meet with misfortune.

It is yet a mystery to you how the wreckers do their work—how they raise a ship that has sunk with a hole in her bottom. Presently you shall learn, and for this purpose let us suppose at this moment that we are sitting in the office of the Coast Wrecking Company in New York. The walls are covered with pictures of ships that have been lost and saved. In a case yonder we see trophies from a hundred different wrecks,—bits of wood from the hulls of famous ships, coils of old rope, savage weapons from cannibal islands, stuffed reptiles from Florida swamps, and many other things which all old sailors are fond of preserving. Tilting themselves in chairs, smoking and spinning yarns, are some of the master-wreckers, who could, if they would, tell you stories of perils by sea and land that would surpass Captain Marryat's best. But they are a silent, almost sullen set of fellows in the presence of outsiders, and our questions are met by the briefest possible answers. While we are waiting and examining the many curious objects in the room, a messenger enters with the intelligence that during the past night a valuable clipper went ashore on the Long Island coast. Following him, a second messenger enters with letters from the owners of the vessel, ordering the company to the wreck. An hour later we are on our way to the stronghold of the wreckers on Staten Island, and there we are allowed a place in the store-house to watch the preparation of the expedition. A very powerful tug-boat is already under steam, and a gang of workmen are loading her with ponderous machines, which the wreckers modestly call "tools." Length after length of iron cable, each link measuring two and a-half inches in thickness, are dragged on board and coiled in the bows. Great steam-pumps are wheeled out of the store-house and deposited on the after-deck, and when other apparatus in covered boxes has been taken on board, the tug rapidly steams out into the stream. A line is paid out astern, and several large oblong boxes,—that is what they look like,—are taken in tow. These queer, ungainly objects are called "pontoons," and useless as they appear, without them a vessel could not be raised.

We steam quietly down along the coast for nearly two hours, until we reach the wreck, which is indicated by the tops of three masts tapering a few feet above the surface. It is not certain yet that the vessel can be saved, and before work is begun a survey of her bottom must be made by divers. We have noticed a stalwart fellow on the tug, who has a courageous face and a thick-set frame. He is one of the divers, who of all seamen have the strangest experiences. They go deep beneath the sea, separated only by a thread from death. Watch this man as he dons his submarine armor and prepares to descend into the water. Over a suit of thick flannels he puts a pair of trow-

COAST-WRECKERS' STATION ON STATEN ISLAND.

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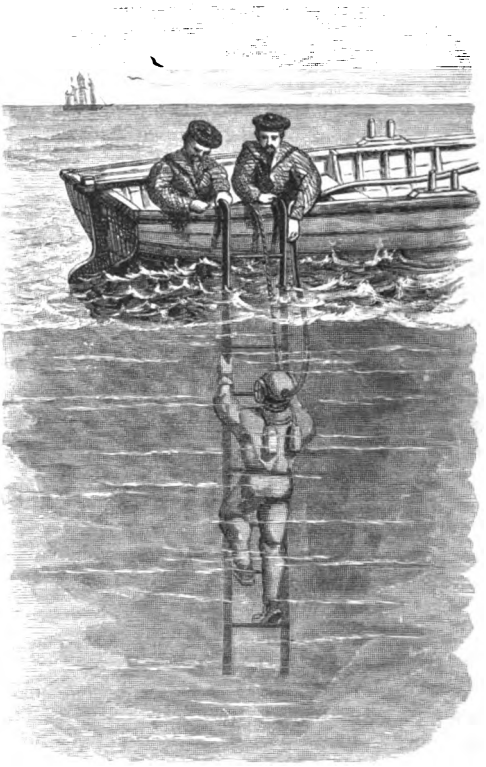
sers and a jacket made from India-rubber cloth. These fit close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest. Next he thrusts his head through a copper breast-plate provided with grooves, into which the body of the jacket is fitted and screwed down by an attendant. The head is now covered by a helmet, with a glass face, which is also screwed to the breast-plate,—helmet and breast-plate weighing together about fifty-six pounds. Twenty-eight pounds more are added to this burthen by a pair of shoes with leaden soles, and thus equipped the diver resembles neither man nor fish. A near-sighted naturalist might puzzle over him for hours, without finding out to which species he belongs, so monstrous does he appear. And it is not surprising that the sharks themselves are afraid of the divers, and flee incontinently if one of their arms be outstretched.

The extreme weight of the diver is fatiguing above water, and he is glad to embark in the surf-boat, which has been launched from the tug to convey him nearer the wreck than she dare approach. A few strokes of the oar bring the surveying party directly over the sunken vessel, and the final preparations for the descent are made. You and I watch breathlessly, but the diver thinks very little about the danger of what he is to do. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is fastened to a mouth-piece at the back of the helmet, and the other end is connected with an air-pump in the boat. A hempen line is also secured to the outside of the helmet, and passes down the diver's right side, within easy reach of his hand. Upon this tubing and line his life will depend. Four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are now slung over his shoulders; and a waterproof bag, containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife, is fastened over his breast. A short iron ladder is lowered over the starboard side of the boat, and the diver heavily climbs down each round. His weight causes the boat to dance and rock unsteadily. It is a very exciting moment for a novice, I can tell you! His comrades watch his movements attentively, and in another moment he is standing on the bottom round of the ladder. Two men stand by the handles of the air-pump at the other end of the boat. All is ready. The diver grasps a rope, to prevent a too rapid descent; he releases the ladder, and the green water swells over and hides him.

Full fathom five he sinks; and as the sea closes about him, the great weight of his armor dwindles away, and his movements are as free as an athlete's. Smoothly he descends, and soon feels his feet touching the hard sand. His foothold is unsteady; for notwithstanding the weights attached to him, he is still too buoyant, and once or twice he pulls the signal-line for less air. Well he knows that, unless the supply be rightly adjusted, he will either be suffocated or sent bubbling to the surface feet first.

But his signals are heeded, and as his tread becomes firm, he glances around him out of the little window in his helmet, Shoals of fish crowd inquisitively near, and some daringly rub their noses against his breast; but a wave of his hand drives them off in utmost terror. A few yards away lies the wreck, bedded in the sand, and plainly visible in the green light of the depths. There is as much light, indeed, as we have on shore during ordinary foggy weather. The diver approaches cautiously. His greatest peril is in the tangled rigging and splinters, which might twist or break the air-pipe and signal-line. He does not move a step without first finding out whither it will lead him, and in good time he safely reaches the hull. Thus far he is pleased with the "job;" the water is clear and his feet do not sink into the sand. Now he begins his search for the damages, and



DIVER DESCENDING.

works for four or five hours without interruption, examining the vessel in every part, and humming a lively tune as he moves briskly about. The water

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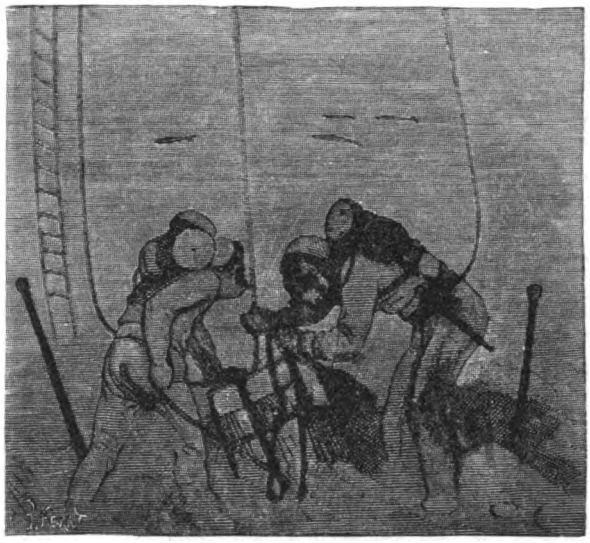
is cold, and if he loiters he will be chilled; and, moreover, he understands that industry is the best cure for the loneliness of his position. At last, he signals to ascend, and he is brought on board the tug-boat. The master-wreckers crowd about him for information.

"Can the vessel be saved?" "She can," he answers. The planking amidships, a few feet above the keel, has been torn away; but she holds together, and if the weather is fair she may be afloat again in two weeks. The diver, having removed his dress, then calmly sits down to eat, while preparations are making for another descent.

As he is refreshing himself there, with a keen appetite, we, who have been watching him with awe, engage him in a brief conversation. Was he ever frightened? Never that he remembers, although it has been a terrible experience to work about a wreck in which some poor souls have been drowned. Once the air-pipe of his helmet was caught on a strip of loose iron hanging from the deck of a sunken ship. What did he do? Why, he kept cool, of course; and if he had not done that we would not be talking to him now. If one quality is necessary in a diver above another, it is presence of mind. A nervous man would perish before he had made many descents. There was a Frenchman he knew,—queer people those Frenchmen are,—who boasted of what he had done as a diver. Well, sir, that man put on his toggery and went down the ladder from the surf-boat. There he stopped, and would not have gone further had not his companions laughed at him and forced him. Down he went, sir, all right as you would have thought; but before reaching the bottom he confused the signals, called for more air when he wanted less, and came rolling to the surface with as much splutter as a wounded whale. An old diver is as comfortable under water as above, and can easily do eight hours' work a day in seven or eight fathoms. As the business is precarious, however, the men are paid $150 a month, and supplied with board and lodging. Do they serve an apprenticeship? Not exactly that, but most of them have been attendants to other divers, and have picked up the secrets in that way. "I waited on a man myself, and did n't get promoted until I knew the service like a book," says the diver, as he rises and calls for his boy. "All ready, Tom? Excuse me now, sir; it 's time to go down again." And so he leaves us.

Two other men accompany him in his next descent, and after they have been down for an hour or two, they signal to the men in the boat, and the heavy cable that we have seen is lowered to them. In their curious dress, they work together with a will, and drag the massive links of iron underneath the hull of the ship,—one length amidships, a second length astern, and a third length forward. This is slow work, and before it is complete night



DIVERS AT WORK UNDER WATER.

has set in, and the divers are brought to the surface. Betimes next day it is resumed, and when the centre of each great chain is right under the keel, the pontoons are towed over the wreck. Meanwhile, constant communication is established between the men below and the men in the boats, by means of the signal-line. Once in about four hours the divers come to the surface for fresh air and food. But these pontoons—what are they? Let us pause a moment to glance at them. They are built of wood, and painted black. The largest measure 120 feet in length, 18 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. Those selected for the present case are much smaller, and three are stationed at each side of the wreck to buoy her. In each pontoon there are several wells, or holes, running through the centre, from deck to bottom. Into these the divers insert the ends of the three cables, which are drawn upward by hydraulic power. This part of the work costs severe effort and much time, and when it is done the injured vessel, as a doctor would say, in on the fair way to recovery. The cables are drawn up through the wells, link by link, and are tightened gradually, until the wreck lifts. She rises slowly, and the pontoons groan from the weight bearing upon them as they are drawn nearer to her. For some time yet she is out of sight;

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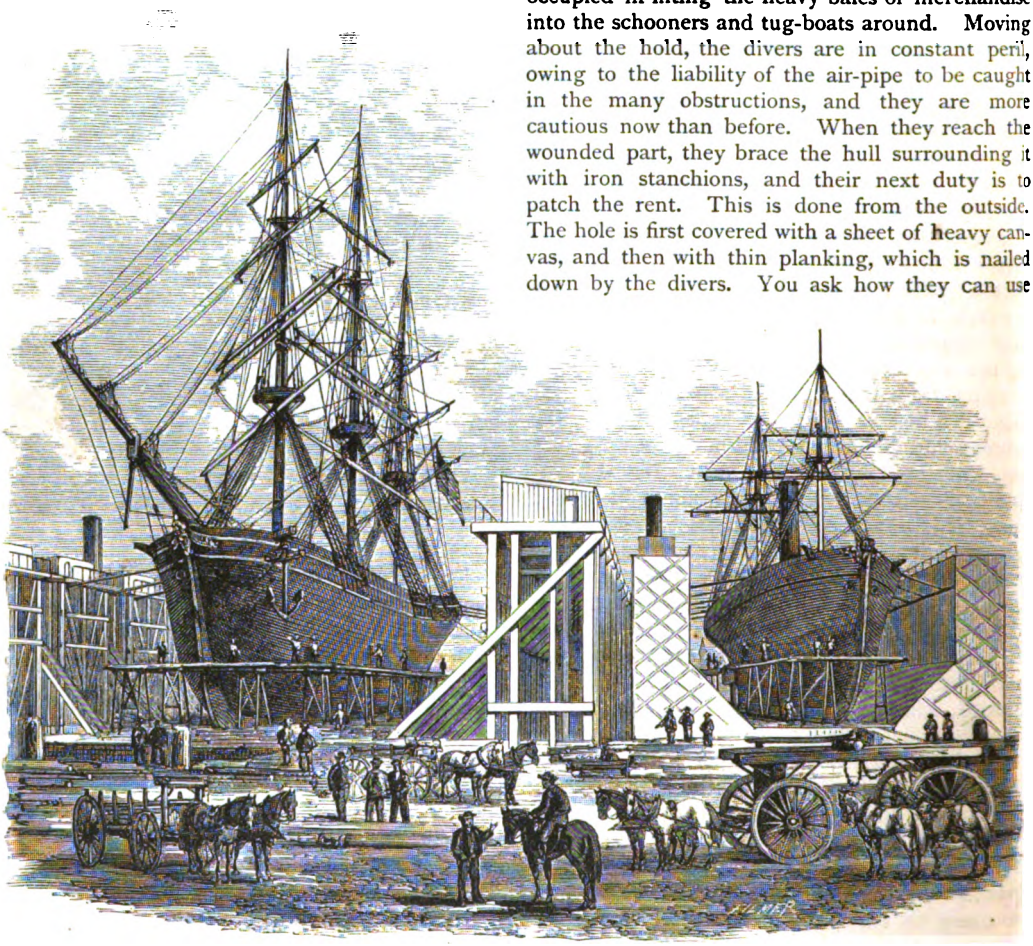
but, at last, her deck is seen dimly through the waves, and soon afterwards it is above water. The wreckers, as we observed, are impassive in their manner; but they cannot repress their enthusiasm over the success, and two or three of the more excitable burst into cheers.

Thus the vessel is raised, and you see how invaluable the unsightly pontoons are. Attempts have been made to improve upon them, but without success, as in the instance of the gutta-percha pontoons, which were tested a few years ago. This invention was so curious that a brief description may interest you. The pontoons looked like balloons, and were attached by hose to air-tanks. Several of them were sunk and fastened to a submerged vessel by divers. When inflated with air, they brought the wreck to the surface; but being freed from the pressure of the water, they burst and let the vessel sink again.



VESSELS ON THE DRY DOCKS.

But we must not forget our wreck. After her decks have been raised above water, several powerful steam-pumps are put on board, and the divers go to work once more. The hatchways have been forced up by the water, and the cargo is seen through them packed close to the decks. Much has to be removed before access can be had to the torn part of the vessel's hull, and many hours are occupied in lifting the heavy bales of merchandise into the schooners and tug-boats around. Moving about the hold, the divers are in constant peril, owing to the liability of the air-pipe to be caught in the many obstructions, and they are more cautious now than before. When they reach the wounded part, they brace the hull surrounding it with iron stanchions, and their next duty is to patch the rent. This is done from the outside. The hole is first covered with a sheet of heavy canvas, and then with thin planking, which is nailed down by the divers. You ask how they can use tools under the water, and in answer to your question, they simply tell you that it is done as easily under water as above. Had the vessel been iron instead of wood, the planking would have been useless, and iron plates would have been screwed down in place of it,—a more difficult operation.

As soon as the damaged places are well covered, however, the steam-pumps on deck are started, and each throws out about sixty hogsheads of water a minute, until the hold is empty. Two strong steamers make their appearance, and take

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the vessel, pontoons and all, in tow for New York. She is saved! Again we see her in the Dry Docks, where a hundred swarthy workmen are repairing her; and again as she leaves her wharf, outward bound, three months later, brave and beautiful as ever. The wreckers have done their duty well, and when we learn of their reward, we all agree that they deserve it.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XVIII.

THE ARRIVAL.

When Kate and her father reached Aunt Judy's cabin, the boys had not yet arrived, but they were anxiously expected by about a dozen colored people of various ages and sizes, and by two or three white men, who were sitting under the trees waiting to see the "telegraph come."

Telegraph apparatus and wires were not at all novel in that part of the country, but this was to be the first time that anything of the kind had been set up in that neighborhood, in those familiar old woods about Crooked Creek.

And then it must be remembered, too, that most of these interested people were "stockholders." That was something entirely novel, and it is no wonder that they were anxious to see their property.

"I hopes, Mah'sr John," said Aunt Judy to Mr. Loudon, "dat dem dar merchines aint a-goin' to bust up when dey 're lef' h'yar all alone by theyselves."

"O, there 's no danger, Aunt Judy," said Mr. Loudon, "if you don't meddle with them. But I suppose you can't do that, if the boys are going to case them up, as they told me they intended doing."

"Why, bress your soul, Mah'sr John, ye need n't be 'fraid o' my techin 'em off. I would n't no more put a finger on 'em dan I 'd pull de trigger ov a hoss pistol."

"There is n't really any danger in having these instruments in the house, is there, father?" asked Kate, when she and Mr. Loudon had stepped out of the cabin where Aunt Judy was busy sweeping and "putting things to rights" in honor of the expected arrival.

"That depends upon circumstances," said Mr. Loudon. "If the boys are careful to disconnect the instruments and the wires when they leave the cabins, there is no more danger than there would be in a brass clock. But if they leave the wires attached to the instruments, lightning might be attracted into the cabins during a thunderstorm, and Aunt Judy might find the 'merchines' quite as dangerous as a horse-pistol."

"But they must n't leave the wires that way," said Kate. "I sha' n't let Harry forget it. Why, it would be awful to have Aunt Judy and poor old Lewston banged out of their beds in the middle of the night."

"I should think so," said Mr. Loudon; "but the boys—I am sure about Harry—understand their business, to that extent, at least. I don't apprehend any accidents of that kind."

Kate was just about to ask her father if he feared accidents of any kind, when a shout was heard from the negroes by the roadside.

"Dar dey come!" sang out half-a-dozen voices, and, sure enough, there was the wagon slowly turning an angle of the road, with the mounted members of the Board riding close by its side.

All now was bustle and eagerness. Everybody wanted to do something, and everybody wanted to see. The wagon was driven up as close to the cabin as the trees would allow; the boys jumped down from their seats and their saddles; the horses' bridles were fastened to branches overhead; white, black and yellow folks clustered around the wagon; and some twenty hands were proffered to aid in carrying the load into the cabin.

Harry was the grand director of affairs. He had a good, loud voice, and it served him well on this important occasion.

"Look out, there!" he cried. "Don't any of you touch a box or anything, till I tell you what to do. They 're not all to go into Aunt Judy's cabin. Some things are to go across the creek to Lewston's house. Here, John William and Gregory, take this table and carry it in carefully, and you, Dick, take that chair. Don't be in a hurry. We 're not going to open the boxes out here."

"Why, Harry," cried Kate, "I did n't know there were to be tables and chairs."

"To tell the truth, I did n't think of it either,"

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said Harry; "but we must have something to put our instruments on, and something to sit on while we work them. Mr. Lyons reminded us that we'd have to have them, and we got these in Hetertown. Had to go to three places to get them all, and one's borrowed, anyway. Look out, there, you, Bobby! you can't carry a chair. Get down off that wheel before you break your neck."

"Lor' bress your heart, Mah'sr Harry, is ye got a bed? I never did spect ye was agoin' to bring furniture," cried Aunt Judy, her eyes rolling up and down in astonishment and delight. "Dat's a pooty cheer. Wont hurt a body to sot in dat cheer when you all aint a-usin' it, will it?"

"Blow you right through the roof, if you set on the trigger," said Tom Selden; "so mind you're careful, Aunt Judy."

"Now, then," cried Harry, "carry in this box. Easy, now. We'll take all the wire over on the other side. You see, Tom, that they leave the wire in the wagon. Do you know, father, that we forgot to bring a hammer or anything to open these boxes?"

"There's a hammer under the seat of the buggy. One of you boys run and get it."

At the word, two negro boys rushed for the buggy and the hammer.

"A screw-driver would do better," said Harvey Davis.

"One-eyed Lewston's got a screw-driver," said one of the men.

"Dar Lewston!" cried John William Webster. "Dar he! Jist comin' ober de bridge."

"Shet up!" cried Aunt Judy. "Don't spect he got him screw-driber in him breeches pocket, does ye? Why don' ye go 'long and git it?"

And away went John William and two other boys for the screw-driver.

In spite of so many cooks, the broth was not spoiled; and after a reasonable time the beautifully polished instruments were displayed to view on the table in Aunt Judy's cabin.

Everybody looked with all their eyes. Even Mr. Loudon, who had often examined telegraphic apparatus, took a great interest in this, and the negroes thought there was never anything so wonderful. Especially were those delighted who owned stock.

"Some o' dat dar's mine," said a shiny-faced black boy. "Wonder ef dat little door-knob's my sheer."

"You go 'long, dar," said Dick Ford, giving him a punch in the ribs with his elbow. "Dat little shiny screw's 'bout as much as you own."

As for the members of the Board, they were radiant. There was the telegraphic apparatus (or a part of it) of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and here were the officers!

Each one of them, except Brandeth Price, explained some portion of the instruments to some of the bystanders.

As for Brandeth, he had n't an idea what was to be done with anything. But he had a vote in the Board. He never forgot that.

JOHN WILLIAM WEBSTER.

"Can't ye work it a little, Mah'sr Harry?" asked Gregory Montague.

"Dat's so!" cried a dozen voices. "Jist let's see her run a little, Mah'sr Harry, please!" Even Kate wanted to see how the things worked.

Harry explained that he could n't "run it" until he had arranged the battery and had made a great

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many preparations, and he greatly disappointed the assembly by informing them that all that was to be done that day was to put the instruments in their respective houses (or stations, as the boys now began to call the cabins), and to put up the cases which were to protect them when not in use. These cases were like small closets, with movable tops, and there was great fear that they would not fit over the tables that had been brought from Hetertown.

On the next day, Mr. Lyons had promised to come over and show them how to begin the work.

"There 'll be plenty for you fellows to do," said Harry, "when we put up the wires."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSTRUCTING THE LINE.

THE next day was a day of hard work for the Board of Managers. Mr. Lyons, who took the greatest interest in the enterprise, got another operator to take his place at the Hetertown station, and came over to help the boys.

Under his direction, and with his help, they arranged the instruments and the batteries, sunk the ground-wires, and, in a general way, put the office-apparatus in working order. When night came, there were still some things that remained to be done in the two stations, but the main part of the office arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded, under Mr. Lyons' supervision.

Now, it only remained to put up the wire; and this was a piece of work that interested the whole neighborhood. There had been lookers-on enough while the instruments were being put in working order, but the general mind did not comprehend the mechanism and uses of registers and keys and batteries.

Anyone, however, could understand how a telegraphic wire was put up. And what was more, quite a number of persons thought they knew exactly how it ought to be put up, and made no scruple of saying so.

Tony Kirk was on hand,—as it was not turkey season,—and he made himself quite useful. Having had some experience in working under surveyors, he gave the boys a good deal of valuable advice, and, what was of quite as much service, he proved very efficient in quieting the zeal of some ambitious, but undesirable, volunteer assistants.

Certain straight pine-trees, at suitable distances from each other, and, as nearly as possible, on a right line between the two cabins, were selected as poles, and their tops were cut off about twenty-five feet from the ground. All trees and branches that would be apt to interfere with the wires were cut down, out of the way.

At one time,—for this matter of putting up the wire occupied several days,—there were ten or twelve negro men engaged in cutting down trees and topping and trimming telegraph-poles.

Each one of these men received forty cents per day from the company, and found themselves. It is probable that if the Board had chosen to pay but twenty cents, there would have been quite as many laborers, for this was novel and very interesting work, and several farm-hands threw up their situations for a day or two and came over to "cut fur de telegraph."

When the poles were all ready on each side of the creek, the insulators, or glass knobs, to which the wires were to be attached, were to be fastened to them, a foot or two from the top.

This was to be done under Harry's direction, who had studied up the theory of the operation from his books and under Mr. Lyons.

But the actual work proved very difficult. The first few insulators Harry put up himself. He was a good climber, but not being provided with the peculiar "climbers" used by the men who put up telegraph wires, he found it very hard to stay up at the top of a pole after he had got there, especially as he needed both hands to nail to the tree the wooden block to which the insulator was attached.

In fact, he made a bad business of it, and the insulators he put up in this way looked "shackling poorly," to say nothing of his trowsers, which suffered considerably every time he slipped part way down a pole.

But here Tony Kirk again proved himself a friend in need. He got a wagon, and drove four miles to a farm-house, where there was a long, light ladder. This he borrowed, and brought over to the scene of operation.

This ladder was not quite long enough to reach to the height at which Harry had fastened his insulators, but it was generally agreed that there was no real necessity for putting them up so high.

The ladder was arranged by Tony in a very ingenious way. He laid it on the ground, with the top at the root of the tree to be climbed. Then he fastened a piece of telegraph wire to one side of the ladder, passed it loosely around the tree, and fastened it to the other side. Then, as the ladder was gradually raised, the wire slipped along up the tree, and when the ladder was in position it could not fall, although it might shake and totter a little. However, strong arms at the bottom held it pretty steady, and Harry was enabled to nail on his insulators with comparative ease, and in a very satisfactory manner.

After awhile, Tony took his place, and being a fellow whom it was almost impossible to tire, he finished the whole business without assistance.

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It may be remarked that when Tony mounted the ladder, he dispensed with the wire safeguard, depending upon the carefulness of the two negro men who held the ladder from below.

The next thing was to put up the wire itself, and this was done in rather a bungling manner, if this wire were compared with that of ordinary telegraph lines.

It was found quite impossible to stretch the wire tightly between the poles, as the necessary appliances were wanting.

Various methods of tightening were tried, but none were very successful; and the wire hung in curves, some greater and some less, between the poles.

But what did it matter? There was plenty of wire, and the wind had not much chance to blow it about, as it was protected by the neighboring treetops.

There was no trouble in carrying the wire over the creek, as the bridge was very near, and as trees close to each bank had been chosen for poles, and as the creek was not very wide, the wire approached nearer to a straight line where it passed over the water than it did anywhere else.

At last all was finished. The "main line" wire was attached to the copper office-wire. The batteries were charged, the register was arranged with its paper strip, and everything was ready for the transmission of messages across Crooked Creek.

At least, the Board hoped that everything was ready. It could n't be certain until a trial was made.

The trial was made, and everybody in the neighborhood, who could get away from home, came to see it made.

Harry was at the instrument on the Akeville side, and Mr. Lyons (the second operator of the company had not been appointed) attended to the other end of the line, taking his seat at the table in Aunt Judy's cabin, where Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Kate, and as many other persons as the room would hold, were congregated.

As President of the company, Harry claimed the privilege of sending the first message.

Surrounded by the Board, and a houseful of people, besides, he took his seat at the instrument, and after looking about him to see if everything was in proper order, he touched the key to "call" the operator at the other end.

But no answer came. Something was wrong. Harry tried again, but still no answer. He jumped up and examined the instrument and the battery.

Everybody had something to say, and some advice to give.

Even old "One-eyed Lewston" pushed his way up to Harry, and exclaimed:

"O, Mah'sr Harry! Ef you want to grease her, I got some hogs'-lard up dar on dat shelf."

But Harry soon thought he found where the fault lay, and, adjusting a screw or two, he tried the key again.

This time his call was answered.

"Click! click! click! click!" went the instrument.

Wild with excitement, everybody crowded closer to Harry, who, with somewhat nervous fingers, slowly sent over the line of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company its first message.

When received on the other side, and translated from the dots and dashes of the register, it read thus:

To Kate.—Ho-ow are you?

Directly the answer came swiftly from the practiced fingers of Mr. Lyons:

To Harry.—I am very well.

This message had no sooner been received and announced than Harry, followed by everyone else, rushed out of the house, and there, on the other side of the creek, he saw his father and mother and Kate and all the rest hurrying out of Aunt Judy's cabin.

Mr. Loudon waved his hat and shouted, "Hurrah!"

Harry and the Board answered with a wild "Hurrah!"

Then everybody took it up, and the woods rang with, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

The Crooked Creek Telegraph Line was a success!

Chapter XX.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE BOARD.

Now that the telegraphic line was built, and in good working order, it became immediately necessary to appoint another operator, for it was quite evident that Harry could not work both ends of the line.

It was easy enough to appoint an operator, but not so easy for such person to work the instruments. In fact, Harry was the only individual in the company or the neighborhood who understood the duties of a telegrapher, and his opportunities for practice had been exceedingly limited.

It was determined to educate an operator, and Harvey Davis was chosen as the most suitable individual for the position. So, day after day was spent by Harry and Harvey, the one in the cabin of "One-eyed Lewston," and the other in that of Aunt Judy, in steady, though often unsatisfactory, practice in the transmission and reading of telegraphic messages.

Of course, great interest was taken in their prog-

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ress, and some members of the Board were generally present at one or the other of the stations. Kate often came over to Aunt Judy's cabin, and almost always there were other persons present, each of whom, whenever there was a chance, was eager to send a telegraphic message gratis, even if it were only across Crooked Creek.

Sometimes neither Harry nor Harvey could make out what the other one was trying to say, and then they would run out of the station and go down to the bank of the creek and shout across for explanations. A great many more intelligible messages were sent in this way, for the first few days, than were transmitted over the wire.

Tony Kirk remarked, after a performance of this kind, "It 'pears to me that it was n't no use to put up that ar wire, fur two fellows could a been ap-p'inted, one to stand on each side o' the creek, and holler the messages across."

But, of course, such a proceeding would have been extremely irregular. Tony was not accustomed to the strict requirements of business.

Sometimes the messages were extremely complicated. For instance, Harry, one day about noon, carefully telegraphed the following:

I would not go home. Perhaps you can get something to eat from Aunt Judy.

As Harvey translated this, it read:

I would gph go rapd gradsvlt bodgghip rda goqbsjcm eat dkpx Aunt Judy.

In answer to this, Harvey attempted to send the following message:

What do you mean by eating Aunt Judy?

But Harry read:

Whatt a xdll mean rummmlgigdd Ju!

Harry thought, of course, that this seemed like a reflection on his motives in proposing that Harvey could ask Aunt Judy to give him something to eat, and so, of course, there had to be explanations.

After a time, however, the operators became much more expert, and although Harvey was always a little slow, he was very careful and very patient — most excellent qualities in an operator upon such a line.

The great desire now, not only among the officers of the company, but with many other folks in Akeville and the neighborhood, was to see the creek "up," so that travel across it might be suspended, and the telegraphic business commence.

To be sure, there might be other interests with which a rise in the creek would interfere, but they, of course, were considered of small importance, compared with the success of an enterprise like this.

But the season was very dry, and the creek very low. There were places where a circus-man could have jumped across it with all his pockets full of telegraphic messages.

In the meantime, the affairs of the company did not look very flourishing. The men who assisted in the construction of the line had not been paid in full, and they wanted their money. Kate reported that the small sum which had been appropriated out of the capital stock for the temporary support of Aunt Matilda was all gone. This report she made in her capacity as a special committee of one, appointed (by herself) to attend to the wants of Aunt Matilda. As the Treasurer of the company, she also reported that there was not a cent in its coffers.

In this emergency, Harry called a meeting of the Board.

It met, as this was an important occasion, in Davis' corn-house, fortunately now empty. This was a cool, shady edifice, and, though rather small, was very well ventilated. The meetings had generally been held under some big tree, or in various convenient spots in the woods near the creek, but nothing of that kind would be proper for such a meeting as this, especially as Kate, as Treasurer, was to be present. This was her first appearance at a meeting of the Board. The boys sat on the corn-house floor, which had been nicely swept out by John William Webster, and Kate had a chair on the grass, just outside of the door. There she could hear and see with great comfort without "settin on the floor with a passel of boys," as Miss Eliza Davis, who furnished the chair, elegantly expressed it.

When the meeting had been called to order (and John William, who evinced a desire to hang around and find out what was going on, had been discharged from further attendance on the Board, or, in other words, had been ordered to "clear out"), and the minutes of the last meeting had been read, and the Treasurer had read her written report, and the Secretary had read his, an air of despondency seemed to settle upon the assembly.

An empty corn-house seemed, as Tom Selden remarked, a very excellent place for them to meet.

The financial condition of the company was about as follows:

It owed "One-eyed Lewston" and Aunt Judy one dollar each for one month's rent of their homesteads as stations, the arrangement having been made about the time the instruments were ordered.

It owed four dollars and twenty cents to the wood-cutters who worked on the construction of the line, and two dollars and a-half for other assistance at that time.

("Wish we had done it all ourselves," said Wilson Ogden.)

It owed three dollars, balance on furniture pro-

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cured at Hetertown. (It also owed one chair, borrowed.)

It owed, for spikes and some other hardware procured at the store, one dollar and sixty cents.

In addition to this, it owed John William Webster, who had been employed as a sort of general agent to run errands and clean up things, seventy-five cents,—balance of salary,—and he wanted his money.

To meet these demands, as was before remarked, they had nothing.

Fortunately, nothing was owing for Aunt Matilda's support, Harry and Kate having from the first determined never to run in debt on her account.

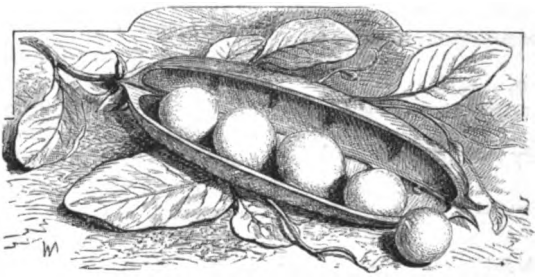
But, unfortunately, poor Aunt Matilda's affairs were never in so bad a condition. The great interest which Kate and Harry had taken in the telegraph line had prevented them from paying much attention to their ordinary methods of making money, and now that the company's appropriation was spent, there seemed to be no immediate method of getting any money for the old woman's present needs.

This matter was not strictly the business of the Board, but they nevertheless considered it.

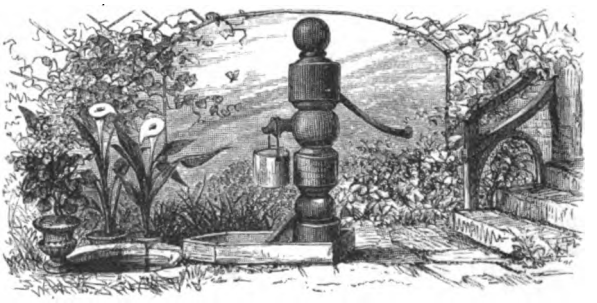
(To be continued.)

JINGLES.

By M. F. B.



Five little bald-heads in a green house,—
House and heads together, smaller than a mouse;
Cook opens the door, and out they all run:
"Bless us!" they say, "now, is n't this fun?"



Give, give! Pour, pour!
Everybody asking for more.
Seems to me there 's a good deal expected
Of a one-armed fellow, poorly connected.

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SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA.

J. H. Morse.

Sancti Petri Romæ ædis sacræ (quæ infra effincta est) lapis angularis anno Domini MDVI. a Julio Secundo Papa positus est. Opus extructionis, multis intermissionibus, multis architectis, centum et quinquaginta annos per principatus viginti ordine Pontificum obtinuit. In primis architectis Michaelis Angelo, celeber architectura militari, sculptura celebrior, pictura celeberrimus, atque designatus per multos hosce centum annos exstare magister hoc opere alicujus praestantissimo.

Opus ab aliis inceptum quadraginta annis ante iniit jam senex, et tamen studiose vehementerque prosecutus est. Recusans stipendium sibi accipere, tam honeste laboravit et ab aliis laborem sic sine fraude exegit ut statim efficeret ut in cupidis et corruptis eo tempore hominibus permulti sibi acriter inimici fierent quorum nonnulli, civitatis Romanæ principes ac socii atque etiam consanguinei, Pontificis Julii III.; qui tandem eorum machinationibus operis investigationem esse jubere persuasus est.

Senex, fortis et eminens, ad architectorum concilium vocatus est. Pontifex Julius adfuit. Gravissimum crimen fuit luce ædem sacram carere, et architectum parietibus cinxisse recessum constitutum ad tria sacraria et tres nimis parvas fenestras fecisse.

Quo crimine facto, Pontifex Romanus ex Michaele Angelo quæsivit quare id fecisset. Hic respondit: "Primum vicarios audire vellem."

Duo statim principes potentissimi exstiterunt, et dixerunt, "Nos ipsi vicarii sumus."

"Tum vero," ait, "in illa parte ædis significata supra has sunt tres aliæ fenestræ ponendæ."

"Illud adhuc nunquam dixisti," unus ex principibus retulit.

Ad quem ille ira haud nulla respondit, "Neque cogor neque unquam cogar vel vobis, serenissimi, vel alii quid debeat aut quid libeat me facere. Vestrum est videre ut ad opus conficiendum suppeditari possit, cavere fures, et mihi Sancti Petri ædis extructionem relinquere."

Ad Pontificem, "Sancte pater," inquit, "videte quid emolumenti mihi sit. Nisi hæ machinationes quibus objicior commodo mihi cœlesto sint, et laborem et tempus perdam."

Pontifex in ejus humeros manus ponens respondit, "Ne dubita; et nunc est et olim erit tibi præmium."

The translation of this Latin sketch will be given in the August number. Meantime, we hope to receive a great many translations from our boys and girls.

Next month we shall publish the translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge." See end of "Letter Box" for translators' names.

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PLAYING CIRCUS.

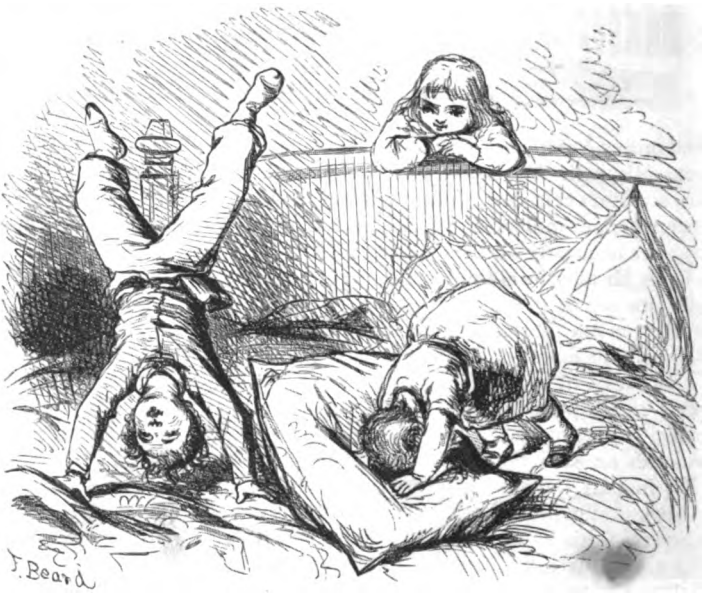
"Oh! mamma, please take us to the circus," said Archie and Katie. "Oh do, and we will kiss you five times!"

"Me too!" cried little brother Ben.

Six little arms went round her neck; fifteen sweet kisses were pressed on her cheeks; and soon after they were on their way to the show.

First, they saw General Prim, a monkey, in a red coat, with a sword by his side. Mr. Monkey danced a jig, jumped through a hoop, threw rings over a peg fastened in the floor, and at last trotted off, with a polite bow.

Then out came a funny little man, who seemed to be made of India-rubber. He stood on his head. He danced on one hand. He tied his legs up in a bow-knot, and then spread them out in a straight line; and he ended by doubling himself up, and rolling off like a ball. The horses came last. They flew round and round in a ring, with ladies and gentlemen dancing on their backs, while the clown cracked his whip, making funny faces, and shouting "Hoop la!"



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On their way home, they met little Dennis O'Flynn, who lived with his grandmother around the corner, and told him all about the sights they had seen.

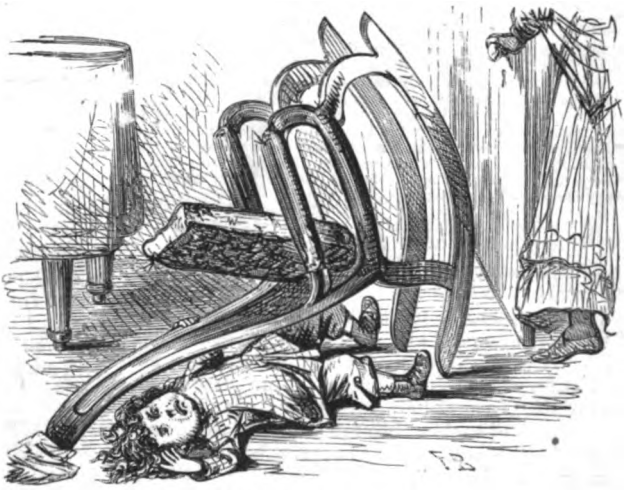
"Oh, how splendid! I like the clown best!" cried Dennis.

"And I like the India-rubber man," said Archie.

As soon as they were home, Archie and little Ben ran up stairs and began to tumble up mamma's best bed by trying to stand on their heads, while Katie looked on delighted, as you can see in the picture on the other page.

But Dennis, in his house, went softly behind his grandma, who was fast asleep in the rocking-chair. He stood on the rockers, and, pulling the chair back with all his might, shouted "Hoop la! ow! ow!" like the clown in the circus.

"Yes, yes, I [illegible] coming," said grandma, fo[illegible] she thought th[illegible] one had called her. Up she got, ov[illegible] vent the chair, and down tumbled Dennis, bumping his head so hard that he screamed "Hoop la! ow! ow!" louder than befo[illegible] He did not play circ[illegible] at way again; and as to Archie and Ben, they bump[illegible] heads too, for they fell off the bed. I'm so sorry! [illegible]e they were not at all like the India-rubber man.



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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A REAL letter, "In care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit," all the way from Scotland! And if it is n't from dear little Cape Heath, the sweetest flower o' the Highlands, to our own Spring darling, our queen of wild flowers! Well, well. It is late, but she may not be gone yet. Read it to her, my children.

LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND,
Spring of 1874.

DEAR TRAILING ARBUTUS: Ye wee crimson-tipped beauties, we ha'e the hert to sen' ye sweet words, an' bid ye gang on, for aye an' aye, in yer ain bonnie way o' thrivin' an' growin'. Yer modesty an' yer sweetness wad bid ilka ane wi' ony heart love ye. Are na yer feet cauld i' the spring o' the year? We ha'e mony a blawin' wind wi' salt sea-water in it here in oor hame, an' we maun grow verra strong an' braw, like fisher lads wha live amang the rocks: sae it is difficult for us to ken how ye grow sae fair an' delicate in yer Western hame. We are Hielan'men, while ye are bonnie, sonsie lasses, wi' sma' white han's an' sweet faces—no' like oors; still we canna help sen'in' ye oor hertfelt cheer an' love.

We ha'e scarce enough soil frae Mither Earth to gi'e us warm bed an' food, but we ha'e a way o' giein thanks wi' a' oor purple bells an' green spikes. We ha'e been thrivin' here for mony a lang year, an' ilka spring—oor wakin' time—we maun toss out oor bonnie tassels an' cups frae sheer gladness o' heart. Ye ken the spirit which is born in ilka ane o' Flower family, an' which bids us a' grow an' shine an' mak' the warld the sweeter an' the brighter for oor breath an' bonnie faces. Noo, God be thankit, that a' o' us—frae Scotland's banks an' braes to Italy's fair landscapes, and frae braid East to West—can aye hear an' ken this spirit voice.

Gi'e oor love to a' the fernie bairns wha live near ye, an' to yer sweet mither, wha lives under the leaves an' feeds ye fra mornin' till nicht wi' sap an' dew; to ilka bee an' birdie guest ye may ha'e, an' to a' the firs an' pines. An' noo we maun bid ye a lang fareweel while ye tak' yer summer rest. May ye sleep tight an' ha'e mony happy dreams.—Yer staunch frien's an' cousins,

HEATHER O' SCOTLAND.

THE GIFT OF THE NILE.

DID you ever hear that rivers made presents to the world?

I never heard it till to-day. But it seems that they do. The land of Egypt was a gift of the river Nile. It was in this way: Once this country, now so fertile, was nothing but a barren desert, like that of the Great Sahara, which lies near it. The river Nile had to flow through this desolate country to get to the sea, and every year brought down from the rich land of Abyssinia as much fertile soil as he could carry, and, overflowing his banks, spread it all over the sandy desert as far as he could reach. By doing this year after year, he turned the desert into a fruitful land. Sometimes he would bring down so much rich soil that he would have more than he could spread on the sandy plain. This he would take down and drop into the sea, until at last, in the course of ages, he has built up here a triangular piece of very fertile land, called the Delta of the Nile. The whole has formed a very rich present to the world.

A BLIND SCHOOLMA'AM

HERE is a newspaper scrap that a kind breeze brought me the other day. It is a true story about an old blind woman, who, for many years, has been teaching blind persons to read with the fingers. She tells it in her own words, and if it is n't a touching and beautiful story, in spite of the dear old soul's queer way of talking, then your Jack does n't know anything about it. After telling about other pupils, she adds:

"Some women came in also. One of 'em was very old, an' deaf as she was blind. Well, 'ow to learn her to read was a puzzler, to be sure. She was very cross, and that nervous and fidgety that she could n't sit still, an' would stump across the room a-makin' a great racket whenever I was n't a-teachin' her.

"'Come, mother,' says I, managing to get the sense to her, 'you must keep still, you know.'

"'Wot 's the good o' my keepin' still, I 'd like to know, when I can't 'ear a word you say?' was all the reply I could get at first. The old body spoke with her fingers.

"But after she learned to read a bit she was n't troublesome at all, but would just set and pore over the Bible all day.

"''Ow did I teach her,' do you say? Well, that was rather funny. You see, in teachin' 'em you 'ave to take 'old of their two 'ands, an' that did n' give her any chance to use her ear-trumpet, which was a crooked thing about three feet long. Well, I tied that trumpet around my waist, an' by bein' careful she could keep her ear down to it, an' I could speak into it quite 'andy. She was afraid first that she never could learn, but she got along quite fast, considerin', an' I guess it was the Bible as softened her temper so."

A TRUTH

YOUNG men! It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm in arm with a companion.

"Depend upon it, Tom, old St. Edmond, of Canterbury, was about right when he said to somebody, 'Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.'"

Tom nodded, and the two walked on.

THE NEW COMET.

THESE astronomers are a frisk . I heard a
pretty little schoolma'am telling it the other
day; how, this Spring, the pap a telegram,
on April 11, from Joseph He ington,
saying a bran spicker new just come
into the range of their tel enna, and
how, the next day, the star- hed back
from America that it had b , too.

I don't know that there ry strange

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in all this, considering the stretch of modern science; but, somehow, these wise old fellows peering into the skies for what they may find, make me think of children searching the grass for daisies.

"The daisy-stars her constellations be,"

sang my cousin, the poet, speaking of the grass-sky around him; and the likeness holds good. I fancy there 's many an eclipse for these constellations when the youngsters run across the grass; and when they pick a daisy-star and run with it through the sunshine, I 'd like to see the comet that could beat it.

That reminds me, youngsters. Have you heard anything yet about the coming transit of Venus? Venus is a big daisy among the astronomers, and a transit is a sort of short cut past the sun. Ask your fathers and mothers about it.

THE GRASS-TREE.

IT is wonderful how much one may learn by keeping one's eyes and ears open. The other day I heard about a grass-tree. The teacher told the children (they all were on a spring pic-nic) that botanists say it is a nearer relation to the lilies than to grass; he gave it a very long name,—longer than any Jack-in-the-Pulpit could remember, but that is no great matter. The real thing is to know that there is a tree, with a trunk about one foot thick and four feet high, that looks something as if a big hay-cock that the wind has tossed and tumbled about, had finally lodged upon a stump. Its resemblance to grass is not in looks alone, for the Australians feed it to their cattle as our farmers feed hay.

A COSTLY BURIAL ROBE.

THERE was quite an excitement among the birds not long ago, when Lunalilo, late King of the Sandwich Islands, died. I did n't understand it at first, but I 've since learned the reason. The good king, you must know, at the command of his old father, was buried in a magnificent feather cloak of great value, which had passed down to him through generations of royal chieftains. The editors have something about this cloak, which was published in a Sandwich Island newspaper, and I 'll be obliged to them if they will add it to this paragram:

About midnight, the remains of King Lunalilo were placed in a lead coffin, dressed as they appeared during the day. His aged father, Kanaina, stood by to superintend the proceedings, and when the body of his darling and only child was raised from the royal feather robe on which it had rested while in state, he ordered that the body should be wrapped in the precious robe before being deposited in the coffin, saying, "He is the last of our family; it belongs to him." The natives who stood by turned pale at this strange command, for it was the large feather robe of Kekauluohi, which came to her from her royal ancestors, the Chieftains of Hawaii. Only one like it now remains, that which is spread over the throne on the opening of the Hawaiian Parliament, and which is valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars. It is no exaggeration to state that one hundred thousand dollars could not produce a feather robe one fathom square, like that w[illegible] around the body of Lunalilo; for a million of birds, possessed [illegible]red and yellow feathers, were caught to furnish the material of w[illegible]h it is made.

THE GOLDEN PLANT.

I 'M told that the peasants in some parts of France believe that there is a plant, which if trod upon or plucked by per[illegible] in a state of grace," gives them at once power to understand the language of all beasts and birds and to talk with them. But, they say, those who pluck it must be barefooted and clad in one single garment; besides, it must not be cut with iron, or the charm will be destroyed. The peasants call it "the golden plant." They say that it shines like a gold coin at a distance, but that it can only be seen by those who are free from sin.

This is only a legend, to be sure; but there does seem to be something in it. You need n't take off your shoes, my dears, nor go about the country dressed in a single slip; but if, in other respects, you are as nearly prepared to pluck the golden plant as a mortal can be, you 'll understand the language of all living things—see if you don't—and love them too.

A SNAKE AT SEA.

I KNOW a bird which belongs to a boy who knows a girl who knows a lady whose sister married a man who had read every word of Governor Seward's "Travels Around the World." This, you see, gives me a great stock of anecdotes. How would you like, for instance, to hear a first-rate snake story?

Very much? Well, here it is, and it 's true:

The shores of the island of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, are low, sedgy, and covered with "jungle," or a tangled undergrowth of bushes and vines. The tide often loosens great pieces of this sedgy shore, which float off to sea, and are sometimes found at a great distance from solid land.

Once a Dutch sea-captain thought he would alight on one of these floating islands, to see what flowers and plants might be growing there. The captain sailed close to the island, and landing, set his foot upon a big cactus stump. Hardly had he done so, when an enormous boa-constrictor raised his ugly head, and proclaimed, with most violent hisses, that he was lord of that bit of soil.

The plants might have been very wonderful, the flowers very beautiful, but the captain did not stop to examine. He did not even exchange compliments with the lord of the soil, but hastily left him to navigate his floating island as best he might.

MORE CONUNDRUMS.

I OFTEN have a queer notion that I must look something like a note of interrogation. Whether it 's so or not, folks do send me an astonishing lot of conundrums. Here is a fresh lot:

Why are an artist's colors, used in painting, like a piece of pork being sent home for dinner? It is pigment for the palate.

Why is the letter E like death? Because it is the end of life.

Why is a sword like the moon? Because it is the knight's chief ornament and glory.

How can you prove that twice eleven is twenty? Why if twice ten makes twenty, twice eleven must make twenty-two.

Why is wetting a shirt-collar like kicking a poodle? Because it makes it limp.

Why is a wood-cutter no better than a stick? Because he is a timber-feller.

When your father eats his supper, what aquatic animal does he represent? Manatee.

When you set a dog on the pigs twice, what tree do you name? Sycamore—(Sic 'em more).

Why was not Pegasus much of a wonder? Because every country boy has seen a horse-fly.

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THE LETTER BOX.

BOSTON, April 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put in your next number some pretty piece for a little girl, eight years old, to speak at school? My little brother Eddie is learning "The Way to Do It"—that piece you put in the April number.—From one of your friends,

LILLIE T. G.

Here is something, Lillie, that we think is just what you want. It is about the Queen of the Fairies. The poem was written by Thomas Hood, the English poet, years ago, and, strange to say, very few American children know of it. We have omitted one of the verses:

QUEEN MAB.

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,—
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

J. B., JR.—Your schoolmate was right in saying that Christopher Columbus was a white-haired man for nearly forty years. But this does not prove, as you claim, that therefore the great navigator must have been nearly one hundred when he died. History tells us that trouble and disappointment had turned his hair perfectly white by the time he was thirty years old. He was nearly sixty when at last he set sail in the "Santa Maria," in search of a new world; and at seventy he died. His body was at first buried in Spain; afterwards it was removed to San Domingo, and finally it was buried in the cathedral of Havana, on the island of Cuba.

JAMES C. DELONG.—Glad to know that another boy intends to keep a list of all the books he reads in the year 1874. We hope to receive a number of these lists from our boys and girls when the year is ended.

"ORIOLE" is answered at last, and well answered, by several of her "ST. NICHOLAS" friends. She asked for the name of a city of nine letters (containing a mole, a tailor, a bat and a lamb), out of which she had made two hundred words, in none of which is any letter repeated. A number of children found out the name, "BALTIMORE;" and the following also sent well-written lists of over two hundred words, all made out of its nine letters (without repeating a letter):

Nellie G. H. sends 215 words (but *her* list contains eighteen proper nouns); John A. P., of Eastport, Me., 217 words; Ella L. P., of Brooklyn, 220 words; "Carrie and Dick," of New York, 232; Celia D——r, of Cincinnati, 255; and "Hattie and Sallie," of Providence, R. I. (to whom all the rest must bow), send 296 words.

GERTRUDE M. writes to us from Paris to say that she has just been to a grand concert, where a daughter of Thalberg played superbly. But, she adds:

The great feature of the evening was a duet. I wish all of the other ST. NICHOLAS children could have heard it. It was a piece written by the great composer, Bach, played on the clavichord by the famous pianist, Saint-Seance, and accompanied by a violin of Bach's day. The clavichord, as almost everybody knows, is the instrument that was made when the piano-forte was unknown. It is something like it, but, oh, so small, and with such very thin little legs! The music was faint and very sweet; and though the performer in this Bach piece is a splendid player, all he could do he could not make as much noise on the clavichord as a baby could make on one of our common pianos. Queen Elizabeth once praised somebody, they say, for playing so many notes in a minute,—and no wonder; for the only way you can increase the sound of the clavichord is by increasing the number and rapidity of the notes. I was delighted to find out that our present instrument received its name *piano-forte* (soft-loud), because it was capable of producing soft and loud sounds. It does seem so queer to me to think that Bach and Mozart and the other great old composers never heard their compositions played on a real piano, only on some such odd little spindle-legged *make-do*, as the one I heard last night.

ROBERT F. PEARSON wishes to know "what people mean, when they say it is too cold to snow." We think he will find a satisfactory answer in a very simple article in our March number, entitled "Making Snow."

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The children still are flocking to Mr. Haskins' ranks. One dear little fellow, Fred L. B., who is too young to write and spell well, sends the following:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wold like to join in Mr. haskins army. I wish you wold grow as large as Webster's dectionary.

John W. Smith, of Prairie City, Iowa, writes:

I have read the piece in the ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. Haskins, and would like to join your army.

If the girls and boys would not take it amiss, I would propose that they be careful not to kill the harmless little striped snakes and toads, as they are on the birds' side of the bug question.

Jennie Fleischmann, of Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

Put me down on the roll of the Bird-defenders. I will try to do what I can for the wild birds.

"Rosel," of Barton, Ala., says:

Please let me join the Bird-defenders and do all I can to help carry out Mr. Haskins' resolutions to encourage kindness to every living thing.

We wish we could print all the notes that come to us on this matter. But, as that is not practicable, we must be content with merely entering the names of the recruits. After this, however, we cannot enter any assumed names. Surely no boy or girl need be ashamed to join this army openly.

Besides the names given in the Letter Box for April and May, the birds now have the following pledged defenders: John W. Smith, Prairie City, Iowa; Fred L. B.; Louis Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Hallaway; Lily Graves, Springfield, Mo.; "Rosel," Barton, Ala.; "Ned," Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jessie A. Hall, Greenfield, Mass.; Jennie Brown, and Susie Brown, Rye, N. Y.; Jennie Fleischmann, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Cora Wallace, East Brady; Fred L. Bancroft, Syracuse, N. Y.

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W. H. D.—We are glad you have asked us about the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, because, in replying, we have an opportunity to tell you, and all the other boys and girls of America who have learned to honor the late Professor Agassiz, of a noble project in which many may wish to take part. Perhaps we can do this best by quoting entire the following printed circular, as the present number of ST. NICHOLAS will reach nearly all of its subscribers before the day therein appointed. Many of our young folk may have heard of this circular already. The subscriptions to this fund, so far, amount to nearly $100,000, and we doubt not the children's pennies will swell the amount to hundreds of dollars more. It requires a great deal of money to keep up a national museum like this.

THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' FUND.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, Teacher.—This was the heading of his simple will: this was his chosen title; and it is well known throughout this country, and in other lands, how much he has done to raise the dignity of the profession, and to improve its methods. His friends, the friends of education, propose to raise a memorial to him, by placing upon a strong and enduring basis the work to which he devoted his life, the Museum of Comparative Zoology, which is at once a collection of natural objects, rivaling the most celebrated collections of the Old World, and a school open to all the teachers of the land.

It is proposed that the teachers and pupils of the whole country take part in this memorial, and that on the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th day of May, 1874, they shall each contribute something, however small, to the TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' MEMORIAL FUND, in honor of LOUIS AGASSIZ; the fund to be kept separate, and the income to be applied to the expenses of the Museum.

JOHN EATON, Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.
JOSEPH HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
JOSEPH WHITE, Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, Boston.
W. T. HARRIS, Superintendent of Public Schools, St. Louis, Mo.
EDWARD J. LOWELL, Boston.
JOHN S. BLATCHFORD, Boston.
JAS. M. BARNARD, Treasurer Teachers' and Pupils' Fund, Boston.

All communications and remittances for the "Teachers' and Pupils' Fund" of the "Agassiz Memorial," may be sent to the Treasurer,

JAS. M. BARNARD,
Room 4, No. 13 Exchange Street, Boston.

JOHN GREGG.—Good! We are glad the "big fellows" of your neighborhood have joined the "Non-askers." It is a capital idea. The Non-askers are next best to the Non-takers. The Non-askers' motto is, "Mind your own business." They do not pledge themselves never to drink spirituous liquors, but they solemnly promise *never, by act or word, to ask any human being to take a drink of any alcoholic beverage.* We would be satisfied, as a starting-point, if every young man in the country would sign this very sensible pledge.

H. W. CARROLL wishes to know who invented carpet-making; also, who invented oil-cloth-making. Can any of our young readers answer the questions?

"BIRTHDAY."—You will find just what you need in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS,—"some good games and home amusements." See all the back numbers, and watch the new ones.

MINNIE THOMAS, OF BOSTON.—We do not know how many children President Grant has. If the Presidential office were hereditary, we should consider it our duty to be informed on this point.

FRANK E. MOREY, of Chicago, wants to know how much a telegraphic instrument, such as we offer as a premium, will cost him.

The publishers do not sell the instrument, but they will send one for seven subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as stated in premium list.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you a question about Mr. Beard's fish-picture, in your number for March.

We go a-fishing a great deal; Frank and I.

Frank is my cousin. He is twelve years old, and I am sixteen.

Uncle Odin, whose home is in Norway, and who has traveled almost all over the world, told me that he once caught a fish off the Society Islands that had two fore legs, something like a frog's.

He said the young ones were spotted, but the old ones were striped, and very brightly colored. I looked in all the books I could find about fishes, but never saw a picture or description that at all corresponded with what he told me. But here I find, almost in the centre of your "Curious Fishes," a funny little fellow with two fore legs; and I want you to please say something especially about him in your explanation.

Is he a real fish, and can he travel on the land at all?

Yours respectfully,
NAT. S. EMERSON.

We sent the above letter to Mr. Beard, and received the following reply, which will, we think, interest other boys, as well as Nat.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to your intelligent little correspondent, Master Nat. S. Emerson, please say, the fish about which he wishes information belongs to the same genus or kind as the Mouse-fish, or Sea-mouse, in the illustration. (See ST. NICHOLAS for March and May.)

There are so many varieties in form and color among these fishes, that naturalists find the greatest difficulty in separating them into proper species. No two specimens seem to be exactly alike. The particular fish in question is probably nearly akin to the Walking-fish —*Antinnarius hispidus.* In such fishes, the bones that answer to those of the wrist in man are greatly lengthened, and carry claw-like fins at their extremities, so that these bones form, in fact, a pair of somethings, resembling short, stout legs, on which the fish actually moves about on the bottom of the ocean. I am glad to see the children are interested in subjects such as these, for it has always been a favorite idea of mine that, stripped of technicalities, science presents no difficulties that cannot be readily surmounted by the minds of children; in fact, that Nature is the most wonderful and interesting story-teller in the world.—Yours respectfully,

J. C. BEARD.

"CHARL" sends the following specimen puzzle and explanation to our young puzzle-lovers. After stating that it is not new, but that having lately been revived, it is just now "quite the rage" in his household, and that he has never seen it explained in any magazine, he proceeds to business:

WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?

First of all, get out your paper and pencils. Now you must think of some word of ten letters. Wont eleven do? No, because, as you will see, we want every letter to stand for one of the ten digits. How will "ST. NICHOLAS" do? First-rate; but it will make a hard puzzle, because you see that the letter S is repeated, and will have to stand for both *one* and the *cipher*. However, we will try it. Write down the digits, and set the letters of the word chosen right under them, like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T N I C H O L A S

You see that N stands for three, H for six, and so on. This is called the "key." The next thing is to work out an example.

To do this, we will take any easy example in long division, if it bring in all the ten digits. Let us divide 4561098 by 237. Here it is:

```
237)4561098(19245 33/237
    237
    ---
    2191
    2133
    ----
     580
     474
     ---
     1069
      948
      ---
      1218
      1185
      ----
        33
```

Now we must substitute for the figures the letters which stand for them. Put T first, and then all the others in order, and the puzzle stands like this:

```
TNO)ICHSSAL(SATIC NH/TNO
    TNO
    ---
    TSAS
    TSNN
    ----
     CLS
     101
     ---
     SSHA
      AIL
      ---
      STSL
      SSLC
      ----
        NN
```

When you give it to anyone to guess, you can tell him that the letters are all contained in some word or words, which are to be

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found. Though they look very puzzling at first, they are not as hard as some other kinds. There are two or three ways to work them out, but only one way which I like. It is a very pretty method, I think, and will also be good gymnastics for your mind. Let's try it. Oh! I forget; you know the answer already. But that will only help you to understand it the better.

In the first place, then, write down the digits, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Now let us look at the puzzle, and see what we can learn from it; that will help us arrange the letters in the right order, and so find out the key-word. Remember, it is only an example in Division.

Well, you see, if you are looking sharply, that TNO "goes" into ICH S times, and that TNO multiplied by S equals TNO.

Now you know that *one* is the only thing which, multiplied into TNO, will give TNO as a product. Once TNO is TNO. So you see that S must stand for *one*. Put that down, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S

Now, I don't see that you can find out anything more until you get down to the third multiplication, which is T times TNO is equal to IOI. Here you notice that T times T equals I. Now, I stands for some figure less than ten, because nine is the largest one there is; and so T can't be larger than *three*, because *four* times *four* equals sixteen, a number larger than ten. T can't stand for *one* either, because S is one. T must be either two or three. And if T is either two or three, T times T, which you see equals I, must be either *four* or *nine*, unless there were some to carry. Set down, then, what we have found out about T and I, at one side, as follows:

T times T less than ten.
T either two or three.
I either four or nine, probably.

Now look at the next multiplication: I times TNO equals AIL.

You see that I times T equals A,—it can't be *smaller* than A, even if there be something to carry,—and, therefore, must be less than ten. Now, suppose that T stands for three,—we know it's either two or three,—then I must be nine. But nine times three equals twenty-seven, which is a number *larger* than ten. So T can't be three, and you see it must be two. Also, T times T, which is I, equals four. Put them down:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I

Now, if you will look at the place where IOI is subtracted from CLS, you will see that I, which we take to be *four*, taken from C leaves S, which is *one*. C must be *five*. In the last multiplication, you will find the next clue. C times O equals C. C equals five, as we have just discovered. Now, what numbers are there which, multiplied by five, will give a five for the last figure in the product? One, three, five, seven, and nine. O must be one of these. O can't be *one*, for S is one. O can't be five, for C holds that position. So it must be three, seven, or nine.

Now, in the third multiplication, T times O equals I, which is four; and since T equals two, O must stand for a digit, which, multiplied by two, will give a four for the last figure of the product. It must be two (twice two are four) or seven (twice seven are fourteen); and as T is two, O must be seven. Now we have:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C O

Now, if you look at the third subtraction, you will see that O from L leaves S. That is,—seven from L leaves one. L equals *eight*. In the next subtraction, L from A leaves S. That is, eight from A leaves one; and you see that A equals *nine*. In the same subtraction, I from H leaves T. That is, four from H leaves two, and H is six. Put 'em down with the others:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C H O L A

You could guess the answer now easily enough; but if you would rather "reason" it all out, you have only to notice in the last subtraction that C from L leaves N, and you see that N must be three; and as there is only one more vacant space to be filled, and only one more letter in the puzzle wanting a place, you naturally connect the empty space with the lonely letter, and the answer is complete.

You will hardly ever find one of these puzzles as hard as this one; so if you have followed this one through, you will be able to solve any you may meet. I have been led to try to make this clear to you, because these examples are being used pretty frequently now, and almost everyone "gives them up" at first sight. I don't think there is any good name for them. Seems to me I've heard them called "Examples," and I just used that name; but I don't like it. Who'll give them a christening? Now you should have a fresh specimen, and so I'll leave you one,—an easy one. The answer shall appear in the July number. Meantime, I think you will find profit in studying it out.

```
ORA)BLATPO(RAFF RRI ORA
      TIF
      ---
      RFOT
      RRBL
      ----
      PFAP
      POEB
      ----
      PIOO
      POEB
      ----
       RRI
```

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Mary and Lotty," F. D. M., Louis Mitchell, Charles W. Booth, Mary E. Baldwin, "Plymouth Rock," "Excelsior," Byron R. D., Minnie Thomas, "Leila," Flora S. Dutton, Lilian D. Rice, Ethel J. Bolton, O. Smith, Lawrence Norton, S. J. Borden, Jas. C. De Long, H. W. Carrell, Lewis Hopkins Rutherford, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, George B. Adams, E. F. Younger, Carrie Campbell, Seargent P. Muslin, Fred L. B., Bobby Haddow.

We thank you for your kind and hearty letters, dear young friends, and wish that we had the power to reply to each individually; but the Letter Box is full, several answers being crowded out, after all, and we can only give you a hasty nod for "How do ye do?" and "Good-by," just as the last line goes to the printer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Birdie and his Fairy Friends, by Margaret T. Canby. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The Story of the Wanderer, by Edward H. Bath. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Storm Warriors; or, Life-boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by Rev. John Gilmore, M. A. MacMillan & Co., London.

Seven Years from To-night, by Mrs. Julia P. Ballard. Congregational Publishing Society.

The Heroes of the Seven Hills, by Mrs. C. H. B. Laing. Porter & Coates.

Flower Object Lessons; or, First Lessons in Botany, from the French of M. Emm. Le Maout, translated by Miss A. L. Page. Miss A. L. Page, Danvers, Mass., or Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass.

Animal Locomotion, Pettigrew. D. Appleton & Co.

Elements of Zoology, for Schools and Science Classes, by M. Harbison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Croquet: Its Principles and Rules, by Professor A. Rover. Milton, Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:

GEMS FROM THE OPERA OF AIDA, BY VERDI.—*Aida Waltz*, *Aida Galop* and *Aida March*, by H. Maylath. Simple and effective pieces for children.

The same publishers send TWINKLING STARS, for the Piano—six little pieces for beginners: *Little Star* (Rondo); *My Darlings* (Waltz); *Children's Frolic* (Rondo); *Little Soldiers to the Front* (March); *Trotty Horse* (Polka Mazurka); *Little Maids* (Waltz). These six pieces are pleasing, and are suitable for the youngest beginners.

From Elias Howe, Boston:

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, containing twenty-one pieces of music; eleven for piano-forte and ten songs with piano accompaniment.

TRANSLATIONS OF "LA PETITE PLUME ROUGE" have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Alexander D. Noyes, "Plymouth Rock," Frank H. Burt, Livingston Hunt, Ethel J. Bolton, F. Morton, Susie Brown, "Hallie and Sallie," Anna Peck, David W. Lane, Hattie P. Woodruff, Elaine Goodale, Minnie L. Reid, Ella M. Truesdell, Frank A. Eaton, T. E. Murphy, Sallie H. Borden, Agnes L. Pollard, Frank F. Coon, Alice Wooten, H. Curtis Brown, Mary Faulkner and Julia L. Woodhull.

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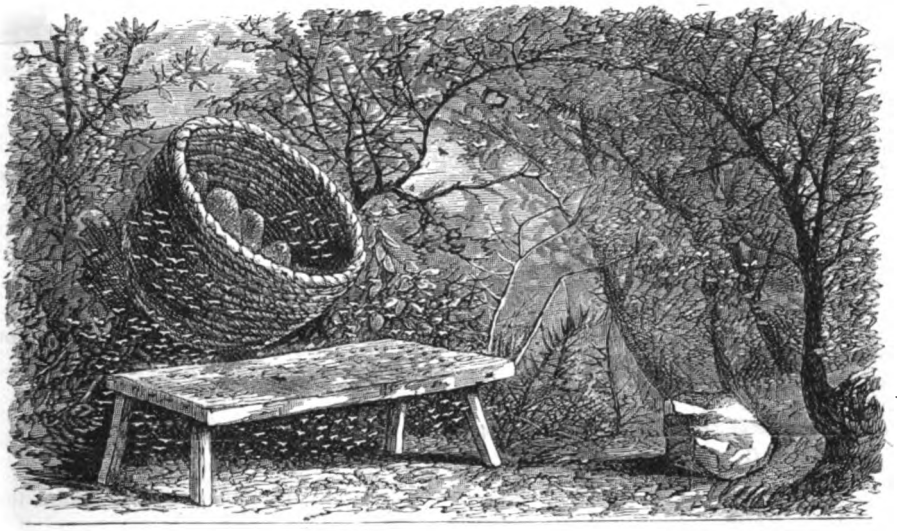
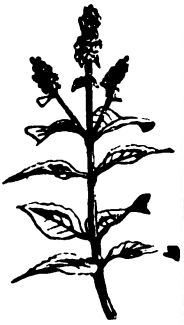
THE RIDDLE BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.

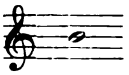




GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a certain word of five letters, which reads the same backward and forward. Place another letter before and a conjunction after it, and you will have a city of the United States. C. D.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.



HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-nine letters. My 6, 12, 8, 19, 15, 7 is an article of furniture; my 1, 13, 20, 10 is a vehicle; my 16, 4, 23, 27 comes every day; my 22, 2, 11, 24 is an article of wearing apparel; my 14, 20, 3, 17, 18, 26 is innocently wicked; my 1, 2, 21 is a very little spot; my 5, 25, 4, 12, 29, 15, 9, 28 is a number. My whole is a piece of counsel to the extravagant.

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.

1. HE, at length, was persuaded to enter the temple. 2. When can Thèresa come home to those who love her? 3. There was a calf lying in the shade of the great elm. 4. It cannot be entirely finished until spring. 5. I left the design at the architect's house. J. J.

ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by names of British authors.)

BE not so ——, my friend; don't hurry so,
But stay and dine and see —— will go;
A ——, which erewhile roamed the —— at will,
As —— worthily the board will fill;
Besides, to tempt the appetite still higher,
A piece of —— is —— by the fire.
And to the —— a caution I will send,
Great care to take it —— not in the end.

H. M.

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SPELLING LESSON.

SPELL in two letters: 1. A shady resort. 2. Enthusiasm. 3. A bird of prey. 4. A coat of mail. Spell in three letters: 5. To hang. 6. A symbol.

HITTY MAGINN.

AN EASY CHARADE.

MY first is one of the human race;
My second is a preposition, in its place;
My third is a bloody strife too oft incurred.
My whole is useless without my third.

W. H. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

WE can see that the ancient arrow heads do bless the vision of the old antiquarian, and he will see you invited to tea, after the essay is read, and double the amount you ask for the specimens. The letters hidden in this sentence spell the name of a well-known tool. L. G.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.

1. MYRIAD workers out of sight
   Bring my beauty to the light.
2. Music, sentiment, and song
   I afford the busy throng.
3. Monarchs will my cares endure,
   While their crowns remain secure.
4. That which lawyers love to do
   When their eager clients sue.
5. Narrow paths where lovers meet,
   Rather than in crowded street.

PUZZLE.

FROM six take nine; from nine take ten; from forty take fifty; and have half-a-dozen left. C. R.

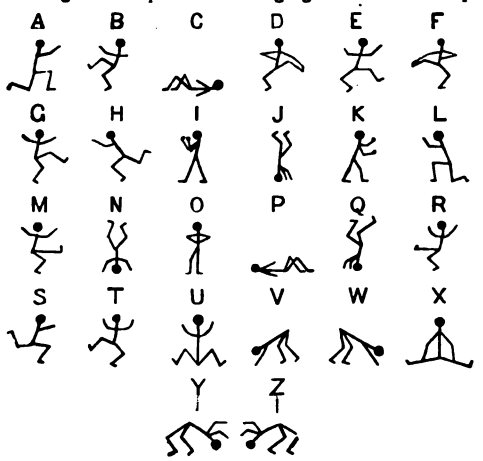
ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS.—

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

Below is given the alphabet of the language of the Restless Imps:



RIDDLE.—Pearlash.
ENIGMA, No. 1.—Great Britain.
PREFIX PUZZLE.—TRANS: 1. Scribe. 2. Fur. 3. Parent. 4. Pose. 5. Fuse. 6. Late. 7. Spire. 8. Plant. 9. Verse. 10. Form. 11. Figure. 12. Atlantic.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS. - James, Volga, Elbe, Red, Po, Obe, Dee, Ural, Fox, Pedee.

WORD SQUARE.—

A R O M A
R I V E R
O V U L E
M E L O N
A R E N A

CHARADE.—Cashmere.
PUZZLE.—Utensil: U XXX IL.
REBUS.—"A thing well begun is half done."
GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Siberia, Liberia, Iberia, Tiber, Tibet.
CURIOUS CROSS-WORD.—

1. C
2. H O T
3. F U N N Y
4. R E G U L A R
5. C O N U N D R U M
6. P U D D I N G
7. P A R T Y
8. F U N
9. M

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—West Eaton, Eagle Rock.

W Y A N D O T T E
F E T T E R M A N
P A S S E N G E R
E A S T A L T O N
M I L L E R T O N
F A I R H A V E N
S T O U G H T O N
S C A R E C R O W
K A B L E T O W N

ENIGMA, No. 2.—Kinsale.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Messina, Antwerp.

M —erid— A
E —dwi— N
S —ura— T
S —cre— W
I —mmut— E
N —amu— R
A—bout shi—P

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER have been received from Johnnie Sherwood, Nellie Packard, Frank E. Morey, H. F. Lydecker, Ettie Allabough, V. G. Hoffman, R. S. Murphy, Louise F. Olmstead, J. A. H., Katie P. Baldwin, Gracie Payne, "F.," I. Walter Goodson, Thomas L. Holf, Eddie L. Bishop, Perry S., Arthur G. Hatch, O. Smith, Isaac W. Gage, "Christine," R. L. B., Eddie H. Eckel, George B. Adams, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, Joe Dolby, May Keith, John Boyle, Sophie Winslow, Philip Gibson, Clara L. Anthony, D. and P. Nutt, Mary S. Morrill, Katie T. Morris, Lulie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Annie D. Latimer, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Thomas W. McGaw, Commodore Ruple, Charles W. Booth, Alice S. Morrison, Florence Shove, May E. Baldwin, Jeanie Case, Mamie B. Sherman, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," W. B. M., "Pansy," and Irene S. Hooper.

ANSWERS TO "A QUEER AQUARIUM."—Sarah De Normandie, Sophie Winslow, Lincoln Houghton, Philip Gibson, D. and P. Nutt, Joe Dolby, Clara L. Anthony, Edgar Levy, "Daylight," Larry A. Clarke, E. F. Y., Edith Holbrook, Katie T. Morris, Lulie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Edward R. Kellogg, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Commodore Ruple, Nannie B. Tamberton, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," "Pansy," W. B. M., and Alfred B. Staples.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CALLED "SOMETHING NEW," IN THE MAY NUMBER, have been received from Hettie Richards, Frank H. Ulmer, Miles D. McAlister, "Flo," F. H. P., A. D. Davis, James E. Whitney, L. H. P. and F. E. L., John L. Wakefield, Irene S. Hooper, Mary Jameson, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, R. J. D., Louise Y. De Casse, "Totty," Lizzie P. Cramer, "Will," Florence Chandler, Robbie Bates, Emily Grace Gorham, Edgar Levy, Posie Devereux, Delia M. Conkling, H. E. Brown, "Clifton," David H. Shipman, Edith J. Brown, H. S. M., "Arrow," Ralph Wells, Jamie S. Newton, Isabelle E. Thompson, Lizzie M. Knapp, George W. Leighton, Alice Whittlesey, Clarence H. Campbell, Leila B. Allen, Fannie S. Hulbert, Theodora Brenton, Rebecca T. Yates, Jennie A. Brown, Fred and John Pratt, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, W. L. Cowles, "Sexton," and C. W. Perrine. Others will be acknowledged next month.

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AN AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO.

(SEE "REBECCA, THE DRUMMER.")

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JULY, 1874. NO. 9.

REBECCA, THE DRUMMER

(A True Story of the War of 1812.)

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

IT was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two, the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use

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to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half-a-mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! If I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; is n't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's ——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! They are going to burn her."

"Is n't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too ——"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's ——"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like ——"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps ——"

"Well, let's. There's the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll ——"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could towards the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we must n't stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Wont they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

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"Just so. Come, begin! One, two,—one, two!"

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"For'ard—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the Point with cannons, to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle,"—that horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls,—plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles,—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on,—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all, the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.

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THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

(From the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SERPENT saw an eagle gain,
On soaring wing, a mountain height,
And envied him, and crawled with pain
To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes
Befriends the cunning and the base,
And oft the groveling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

BABY SYLVESTER

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was at a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept the friend who was the object of my visit. He had gone "prospecting,"—so they told me on the river—and would not probably return until late in the afternoon. They could not say what direction he had taken; they could not suggest that I would be likely to find him if I followed. But it was the general opinion that I had better wait.

I looked around me. I was standing upon the bank of the river; and, apparently, the only other human beings in the world were my interlocutors, who were even then just disappearing from my horizon down the steep bank toward the river's dry bed. I approached the edge of the bank.

Where could I wait?

O, anywhere; down with them on the river-bar, where they were working, if I liked! Or I could make myself at home in any of those cabins that I found lying round loose. Or, perhaps it would be cooler and pleasanter for me in my friend's cabin on the hill. Did I see those three large sugar-pines? And, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was my friend's,—that was Dick Sylvester's cabin. I could stake my horse in that little hollow, and just hang round there till he came. I would find some books in the shanty; I could amuse myself with them. Or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But they had already gone. I leaned over the bank and called after their vanishing figures:

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air:

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

The lazy echoes took it up and tossed it languidly from hill to hill, until Bald Mountain opposite made some incoherent remark about the baby, and then all was still.

I must have been mistaken. My friend was not a man of family; there was not a woman within

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forty miles of the river camp; he never was so passionately devoted to children as to import a luxury so expensive. I must have been mistaken.

I turned my horse's head toward the hill. As we slowly climbed the narrow trail, the little settlement might have been some exhumed Pompeian suburb, so deserted and silent were its habitations. The open doors plainly disclosed each rudely-furnished interior,—the rough pine table, with the scant equipage of the morning meal still standing; the wooden bunk, with its tumbled and disheveled blankets. A golden lizard—the very genius of desolate stillness—had stopped breathless upon the threshold of one cabin; a squirrel peeped impudently into the window of another; a woodpecker, with the general flavor of undertaking which distinguishes that bird, withheld his sepulchral hammer from the coffin-lid of the roof on which he was professionally engaged, as we passed. For a moment, I half-regretted that I had not accepted the invitation to the river-bed; but, the next moment, a breeze swept up the long, dark cañon, and the waiting files of the pines beyond bent toward me in salutation. I think my horse understood as well as myself that it was the cabins that made the solitude human, and therefore unbearable, for he quickened his pace, and with a gentle trot brought me to the edge of the wood and the three pines that stood like videttes before the Sylvester outpost.

Unsaddling my horse in the little hollow, I unslung the long *riata* from the saddle-bow, and tethering him to a young sapling, turned toward the cabin. But I had gone only a few steps when I heard a quick trot behind me, and poor Pomposo, with every fibre tingling with fear, was at my heels. I looked hurriedly around. The breeze had died away, and only an occasional breath from the deep-chested woods, more like a long sigh than any articulate sound, or the dry singing of a cicala in the heated cañon, were to be heard. I examined the ground carefully for rattlesnakes, but in vain. Yet here was Pomposo shivering from his arched neck to his sensitive haunches, his very flanks pulsating with terror. I soothed him as well as I could, and then walked to the edge of the wood and peered into its dark recesses. The bright flash of a bird's wing, or the quick dart of a squirrel, was all I saw. I confess it was with something of superstitious expectation that I again turned toward the cabin. A fairy child, attended by Titania and her train, lying in an expensive cradle, would not have surprised me; a Sleeping Beauty, whose awakening would have repeopled these solitudes with life and energy, I am afraid I began to confidently look for, and would have kissed without hesitation.

But I found none of these. Here was the evidence of my friend's taste and refinement in the hearth swept scrupulously clean, in the picturesque arrangement of the fur skins that covered the floor and furniture, and the striped *serápe** lying on the wooden couch. Here were the walls fancifully papered with illustrations from the *London News*; here was the wood-cut portrait of Mr. Emerson over the chimney, quaintly framed with blue jays' wings; here were his few favorite books on the swinging shelf; and here, lying upon the couch, the latest copy of *Punch*. Dear Dick! The flour-sack was sometimes empty, but the gentle satirist seldom missed his weekly visit.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read. But I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door on the green hillside beyond. The breeze again sprang up, and a delicious coolness, mixed with the rare incense of the woods, stole through the cabin. The slumbrous droning of bumble-bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride, began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the *serápe* over me, as a precaution against the freshening mountain breeze, and in a few moments was asleep.

I do not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered by the *serápe*, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some equally persistent force, and, letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake; for immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the *serápe* after it. There was no mistaking it now—it was a baby bear. A mere suckling, it was true,—a helpless roll of fat and fur,—but, unmistakably, a grizzly cub.

I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders,—its fore-legs were so disproportionately small,—that in walking, its hind-feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind-feet was adorned by a shoe of Sylvester's, into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first im-

* A fine Mexican blanket, used as an outer garment for riding.

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pulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently, it slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends. The little affair of the *serápe* was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in finding, on a shelf near the ridge-pole, the sugar-box and the square lumps of white sugar that even the poorest miner is never without. While he was eating them I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky, dark, but exquisitely modulated grey, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as eider down; the cushions of flesh beneath, perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so very young that the palms of his half-human feet were still tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue, steely hooks, half-sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure. He was as free from angles as one of Leda's offspring. Your caressing hand sank away in his fur with dreamy languor. To look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him, an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half-diffident, half-inviting look in his eye, as if he expected me to follow. I did so, but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow, not only revealed the cause of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for its legend the single word, "Baby!" I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the "baby" with whom I was to "play."

"THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT NOW—IT WAS A BABY BEAR."

How we "played;" how Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again

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each time, with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches; how after getting it he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how when he did come down he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that when Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out, and the baby was rolled up, an immense bolster at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were:

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. "Knocked her over at fifty yards; perfectly clean shot—never moved afterwards! Baby crawled out, scared but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me, for he was n't more than three days old, and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement—brought up by Adams Express at seven o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick, with perfect gravity, stroking his hay-colored moustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin, and out of respect to Pomposo's feelings, rode by without any postscript of expression. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear, that in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same time," he had added, "it 's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow, and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail at my office in San Francisco, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. But it was post-marked "Stockton," and I opened it with some anxiety at once. Its contents were as follows:

O FRANK!—Don't you remember what we agreed upon anent the baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me—East. I know you love the baby; but do you think, dear boy,—now, really, do you think you *could* be a father to it? Consider this well. You are young, thoughtless, well-meaning enough; but dare you take upon yourself the functions of guide, genius or guardian to one so young and guileless? Could you be the mentor to this Telemachus? Think of the temptations of a metropolis. Look at the question well, and let me know speedily, for I 've got him as far as this place, and he's kicking up an awful row in the hotel-yard, and rattling his chain like a maniac. Let me know by telegraph at once. SYLVESTER.

P. S.—Of course he 's grown a little, and does n't take things always as quietly as he did. He dropped rather heavily on two of Watson's "purps" last week, and snatched old Watson himself, bald-headed, for interfering. You remember Watson: for an intelligent man, he knows very little of California fauna. How are you fixed for bears on Montgomery street,—I mean in regard to corrals and things? S.

P. P. S.—He 's got some new tricks. The boys have been teaching him to put up his hands with them. He slings an ugly left.—S.

I am afraid that my desire to possess myself of Baby overcame all other considerations, and I telegraphed an affirmative at once to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

All right. Baby goes down on night-boat. Be a father to him.—S.

It was due, then, at one o'clock that night. For a moment I was staggered at my own precipitation. I had as yet made no preparations,—had said nothing to my landlady about her new guest. I expected to arrange everything in time; and now, through Sylvester's indecent haste, that time had been shortened twelve hours.

Something, however, must be done at once. I turned to Mrs. Brown. I had great reliance in her maternal instincts; I had that still greater reliance, common to our sex, in the general tender-heartedness of pretty women. But I confess I was alarmed. Yet, with a feeble smile, I tried to introduce the subject with classical ease and lightness. I even said, "If Shakespeare's Athenian clown, Mrs. Brown, believed that a lion among ladies was a dreadful thing, what must ——" But here I broke down, for Mrs. Brown, with the awful intuition of her sex, I saw at once was more occupied with my manner than my speech. So I tried a business *brusquerie*, and, placing the telegram in her hand, said hurriedly, "We must do something about this at once. It 's perfectly absurd, but he will be here at one to-night. Beg thousand pardons, but business prevented my speaking before ——" and paused, out of breath and courage.

Mrs. Brown read the telegram gravely, lifted her pretty eyebrows, turned the paper over and looked on the other side, and then, in a remote and chilling voice, asked me if she understood me to say that the mother was coming also.

"O dear no," I exclaimed, with considerable relief; "the mother is dead, you know. Sylvester—that is my friend, who sent this—shot her when the Baby was only three days old ——" But the expression of Mrs. Brown's face at this moment was so alarming, that I saw that nothing but the fullest explanation would save me. Hastily, and I fear not very coherently, I told her all.

She relaxed sweetly. She said I had frightened

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her with my talk about lions. Indeed, I think my picture of poor Baby—albeit a trifle highly-colored—touched her motherly heart. She was even a little vexed at what she called Sylvester's "hard-heartedness." Still, I was not without some apprehension. It was two months since I had seen him, and Sylvester's vague allusion to his "slinging an ugly left" pained me. I looked at sympathetic little Mrs. Brown, and the thought of Watson's pups covered me with guilty confusion.

Mrs. Brown had agreed to sit up with me until he arrived. One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock—three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger. Almost at the same moment, the horses attempted to run away with the wagon.

The stranger's appearance was, to say the least, disconcerting. His clothes were badly torn and frayed; his linen sack hung from his shoulders like a herald's apron; one of his hands was bandaged; his face scratched, and there was no hat on his disheveled head. To add to the general effect, he had evidently sought relief from his woes in drink, and he swayed from side to side as he clung to the door-handle; and, in a very thick voice, stated that he had "suthin" for me outside. When he had finished, the horses made another plunge.

Mrs. Brown thought they must be frightened at something.

"Frightened!" laughed the stranger, with bitter irony. "Oh no! Hossish aint frightened! On'y ran away four timesh comin' here. Oh no! Nobody's frightened. Everythin's all ri'. Aint it, Bill?" he said, addressing the driver. "On'y been overboard twish; knocked down a hatchway once. Thash nothin'! On'y two men unner doctor's han's at Stockton. Thash nothin'! Six hunner dollarsh cover all dammish."

I was too much disheartened to reply, but moved toward the wagon. The stranger eyed me with an astonishment that almost sobered him.

"Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself?" he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called "Baby!"

"All ri'. Cash loose them straps, Bill, and stan' clear."

The straps were cut loose, and Baby—the remorseless, the terrible—quietly tumbled to the ground, and rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I think the astonishment of the two men was beyond any vocal expression. Without a word the drunken stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

And Baby? He had grown, it is true, a trifle larger; but he was thin, and bore the marks of evident ill-usage, His beautiful coat was matted and unkempt, and his claws—those bright steel hooks—had been ruthlessly pared to the quick. His eyes were furtive and restless, and the old expression of stupid good humor had changed to one of intelligent distrust. His intercourse with mankind had evidently quickened his intellect without broadening his moral nature.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my Sundays, the very next day. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window, that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way,—but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. He must be still in the house.

My hand was already upon the bell-rope, but I stayed it in time. If he had not made himself known, why should I disturb the house? I dressed myself hurriedly, and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth; and as I looked along the hall, I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly-blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots, slightly mouthed; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled. A little further on was a ladder, leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof, that formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind-legs, and was eating an enormous slab of pea-nut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. He even, I fancied, slightly stroked his stomach with his disengaged fore-paw, as I ap-

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proached. He knew that I was looking for him, and the expression of his eye said plainly, "The past, at least, is secure."

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle, and descended on tip-toe to the floor beneath. Providence favored us; I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forebore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked at my side, with the syrup dropping from his motionless jaws. I think he would have silently choked to death just then, for my sake; and it was not until I had reached my room again, and threw myself panting on the sofa, that I saw how near strangulation he had been. He gulped once or twice, apologetically, and then walked to the corner of his own accord, and rolled himself up like an immense sugar-plum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, when I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before, and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show-cases had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar, on his hands and knees, attempting to enter their scuttle; but on her shouting, "Away wid yees," he instantly fled.

I sat through this recital with cheeks that burned uncomfortably; nor was I the less embarrassed on raising my eyes to meet Mrs. Brown's fixed curiously and mischievously on mine. As soon as I could make my escape from the table, I did so; and running rapidly up stairs, sought refuge from any possible inquiry in my own room. Baby was still asleep in the corner. It would not be safe to remove him until the lodgers had gone down town; and I was revolving in my mind the expediency of keeping him until night veiled his obtrusive eccentricity from the public eye, when there came a cautious tap at my door. I opened it. Mrs. Brown slipped in quietly, closed the door softly, stood with her back against it and her hand on the knob, and beckoned me mysteriously towards her. Then she asked, in a low voice:

"Is hair-dye poisonous?"

I was too confounded to speak.

"O do! you know what I mean," she said, impatiently. "This stuff." She produced suddenly from behind her a bottle with a Greek label—so long as to run two or three times spirally around it from top to bottom. "He says it is n't a dye; it 's a vegetable preparation, for invigorating ——"

"Who says?" I asked, despairingly.

"Why, Mr. Parker, of course," said Mrs. Brown, severely, with the air of having repeated the name a great many times,—"the old gentleman in the room above. The simple question I want to ask," she continued, with the calm manner of one who has just convicted another of gross ambiguity of language, "is only this: If some of this stuff were put in a saucer and left carelessly on the table, and a child or a baby or a cat, or any young animal, should come in at the window and drink it up—a whole saucer full—because it had a sweet taste, would it be likely to hurt them?"

I cast an anxious glance at Baby, sleeping peacefully in the corner, and a very grateful one at Mrs. Brown, and said I did n't think it would.

"Because," said Mrs. Brown, loftily, as she opened the door, "I thought if it was poisonous, remedies might be used in time. Because," she added suddenly, abandoning her lofty manner and wildly rushing to the corner, with a frantic embrace of the unconscious Baby, "because if any nasty stuff should turn its boofull hair a horrid green or a naughty pink, it would break its own muzzer's heart, it would!"

But before I could assure Mrs. Brown of the inefficiency of hair-dye as an internal application, she had darted from the room.

That night, with the secrecy of defaulters, Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. Distrusting the too emotional nature of that noble animal, the horse, I had recourse to a hand-cart, drawn by a stout Irishman, to convey my charge to the ferry. Even then, Baby refused to go unless I walked by the cart, and at times rode in it.

"I wish," said Mrs. Brown, as she stood by the door wrapped in an immense shawl, and saw us depart, "I wish it looked less solemn—less like a pauper's funeral."

I must admit, that as I walked by the cart that night, I felt very much as if I were accompanying the remains of some humble friend to his last resting-place; and that, when I was obliged to ride in it, I never could entirely convince myself that I was not helplessly overcome by liquor, or the victim of an accident, *en route* to the hospital. But, at last, we reached the ferry. On the boat I think no one discovered Baby except a drunken man, who approached me to ask for a light for his cigar, but who suddenly dropped it and fled in dismay to the gentlemen's cabin, where his incoherent ravings were luckily taken for the earlier indications of *delirium tremens*.

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It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property. He was very quiet that night, and after he had tried to mount the hat-rack, under the mistaken impression that it was intended for his own gymnastic exercise, and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

In a week, with the exercise afforded him by the run of a large, carefully-boarded enclosure, he recovered his health, strength, spirits, and much of his former beauty. His presence was unknown to my neighbors, although it was noticeable that horses invariably "shied" in passing to the windward of my house, and that the baker and milkman had great difficulty in the delivery of their wares in the morning, and indulged in unseemly and unnecessary profanity in so doing.

At the end of the week, I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby, and to that purpose wrote a number of formal invitations. After descanting, at some length, on the great expense and danger attending his capture and training, I offered a programme of the performances of the "Infant Phenomenon of Sierran Solitudes," drawn up into the highest professional profusion of alliteration and capital letters. A few extracts will give the reader some idea of his educational progress:

1. He will, rolled up in a Round Ball, roll down the Wood Shed, Rapidly, illustrating His manner of Escaping from His Enemy in His Native Wilds.
2. He will Ascend the Well Pole, and remove from the Very Top a Hat, and as much of the Crown and Brim thereof as May be Permitted.
3. He will perform in a pantomime, descriptive of the Conduct of the Big Bear, The Middle-Sized Bear, and The Little Bear of the Popular-Nursery Legend.
4. He will shake his chain Rapidly, showing his Manner of striking Dismay and Terror in the Breasts of Wanderers in Ursine Wildernesses.

The morning of the exhibition came, but an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. The Chinese cook could not indicate his whereabouts. I searched the premises thoroughly, and then, in despair, took my hat and hurried out into the narrow lane that led toward the open fields and the woods beyond. But I found no trace nor track of Baby Sylvester. I returned, after an hour's fruitless search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear verandah. I briefly recounted my disappointment, my probable loss, and begged their assistance.

"Why," said a Spanish friend, who prided himself on his accurate knowledge of English, to Barker, who seemed to be trying vainly to rise from his reclining position on the verandah, "Why do you not disengage yourself from the verandah of our friend? and why, in the name of Heaven, do you attach to yourself so much of this thing, and make to yourself such unnecessary contortion? Ah," he continued, suddenly withdrawing one of his own feet from the verandah with an evident effort, "I am myself attached! Surely it is something here!"

It evidently was. My guests were all rising with difficulty,—the floor of the verandah was covered with some glutinous substance. It was—syrup!

I saw it all in a flash. I ran to the barn; the keg of "golden syrup," purchased only the day before, lay empty upon the floor. There were sticky tracks all over the enclosure, but still no Baby.

"There 's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right; the earth was shaking in one corner of the enclosure like an earthquake. I approached cautiously. I saw, what I had not before noticed, that the ground was thrown up; and there, in the middle of an immense grave-like cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly, but surely, sinking from sight in a mass of dust and clay.

What were his intentions? Whether he was stung by remorse, and wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his syrup-besmeared coat, I never shall know, for that day, alas! was his last with me.

He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then taken and carefully enwrapped in blankets and locked up in the store-room. The next morning he was gone! The lower portion of the window sash and pane were gone too. His successful experiments on the fragile texture of glass at the confectioner's, on the first day of his entrance to civilization, had not been lost upon him. His first essay at combining cause and effect ended in his escape.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him if he did not succeed in reaching the foot-hills beyond Oakland, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover. I never saw him again from that day until ——

Did I see him? I was in a horse-car on Sixth avenue, a few days ago, when the horses suddenly became unmanageable and left the track for the sidewalk, amid the oaths and execrations of the driver. Immediately in front of the car a crowd had gathered around two performing bears and a showman. One of the animals—thin, emaciated, and the mere wreck of his native strength—attracted my attention. I endeavored to attract his

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He turned a pair of bleared, sightless eyes in my direction, but there was no sign of recognition. I leaned from the car-window and called, softly, "Baby!" But he did not heed. I closed the window. The car was just moving on, when he suddenly turned, and, either by accident or design, thrust a callous paw through the glass.

"It's worth a dollar-and-half to put in a new pane," said the conductor, "if folks will play with bears!——"

SMALL VESSELS AND GREAT BUILDERS.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

Preserved with commendable pride by the people of England, are several beautiful little models of ships that were constructed by King William IV., long before he ascended the throne. He is often called England's "sailor king," because he spent the best years of his life in active service in the navy of his country, entering as a midshipman at thirteen years of age, and passing through its regular gradations to the exalted position of Lord High Admiral, which he did not reach till he was past fifty; not very long before he succeeded to the throne of England. He was a boy of earnest, practical character; and though the son of a king, surrounded by the pomp of royalty, he was noted for his simple, unostentatious habits.

While a midshipman, on board his frigate, he studied diligently, and performed with alacrity the duties assigned him; and for recreation in his leisure hours, he built a model of the ship in which he was sailing, and afterward made several others.

The first one was something less than four feet long; the second and third, each about thirty-four inches; and all were beautifully executed, showing that the boy-builder knew what he was about, and meant to accomplish his work to the best of his ability. Every mast and yard was whittled out with as much care as if it had belonged to a real vessel; each bit of canvas was cut and sewed according to rule; and rigging, rattlings, and shrouds were as skillfully disposed as if the tiny craft had been expected soon to "hoist anchor" and bear away a living freight of men and women.

These models, built by England's "sailor king," in his young boyhood, are carefully preserved in the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, where I have often seen them, in company with quite a variety of miniature crafts of different nations.

Another miniature model that I have often admired, is one built by the late King of Siam, who died about five years ago—the father of one, and the uncle of the other, of the two young princes now on the throne.

When I first met Prince Cháu Fá Noi, he was about thirty-five years of age, the "heir apparent"

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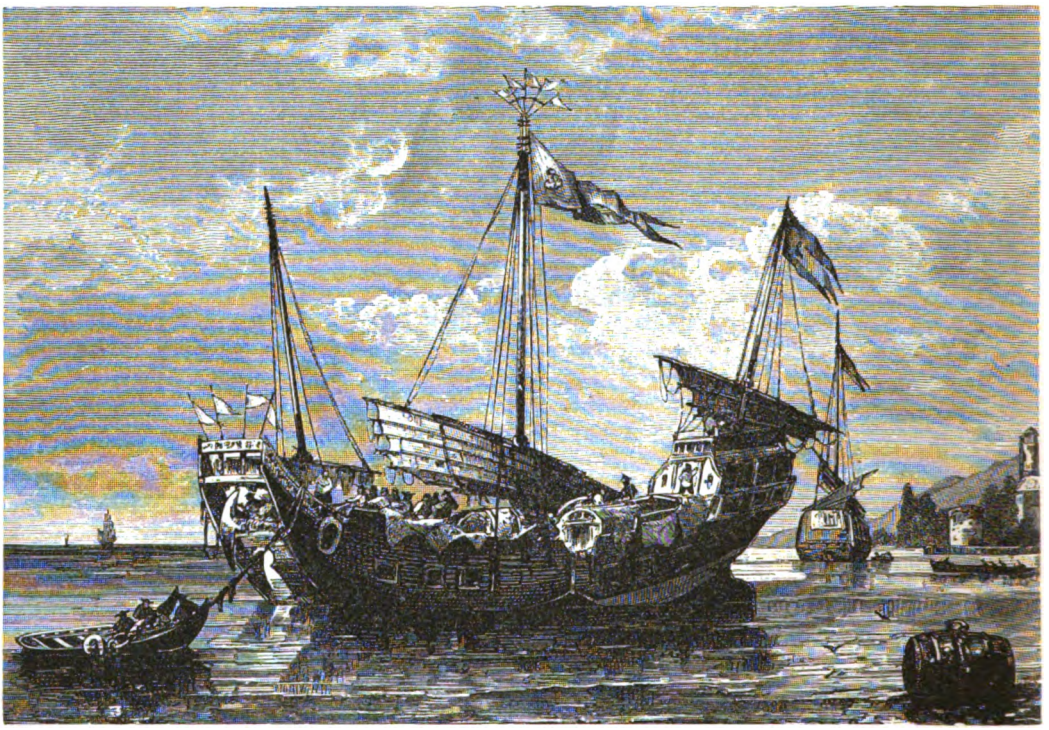
to the grandest of oriental monarchies, and surrounded by pomp and luxury of every kind. He lived in a fine palace, had hundreds of servants to wait upon him, and of the ten millions of people who live in that country, all who met him, with the single exception of the king, had to do him reverence as their liege lord. But though so rich and powerful, he studied to improve his mind; and to elevate the condition of his people, he worked with his own hands harder than did many of his servants, till his mind and character quite outshone his wealth and rank. He studied astronomy, drawing, mathematics and navigation, besides several European languages. Nor did he spend all his time with books; for his main design was not to gain the reputation of a scholar, but to help the nation, over whom he afterwards reigned, to become wiser and better. So he learned how to make watches and clocks, by taking several to pieces and putting them together again, and then afterwards he taught some of his servants to do the same. They succeeded so well, that now people in Siam do not have to send to Europe or America for watches and clocks, as formerly, but good time-pieces, made by natives, can be bought there nearly as cheaply as in our own country. This good prince also taught his people the use of many articles of furniture of which they knew nothing, and provided the doctors with foreign medicines and surgical instruments, that are far better than those formerly used in the country. But especially was his kind heart touched with pity for the great number of poor sailors who lost their lives by making voyages in Chinese junks,—which, as you see by the picture below, are very clumsy and unwieldy ships,—and he determined to introduce better vessels. But first he must make a model, and learn shipbuilding himself, in order to be able to teach others. So he went bravely to work, and, with his own hands, built a beautiful little barque, about four feet long. I have often seen and handled this miniature vessel, and both inside and out every part was complete and beautifully executed. In the cabin were state-rooms, with their tiny berths all ready for passengers; in the saloon were sofas, tables, and chairs; even lamps and mirrors; and the steward's pantry had its full complement of well-stored "lockers" and "cuddies." On deck, rigging, sails, and anchors were all in "ship-shape," and a dainty little capstan had the bars in, and the cable about it, ready to "haul up anchor" when the command should be given.



A CHINESE JUNK.

But all this was not meant for play, nor to show

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how nice a toy could be made by a prince. Its design was *to teach shipbuilding* to people who knew nothing about it; and as the things I have spoken of would all be needed in a real ship, they were included in the model.

This he afterwards took to pieces, and explained all the parts to some of his picked men, instructing them carefully how everything was to be made, first in miniature, and afterwards of full size, then how they were to be put together, and real, working ships made.

Almost any day during those months the prince might be found hard at work with his men in the ship-yard or at the dock, sometimes at the anvil or forge, the very busiest man in all that busy hive of cheerful, eager workers. I have often seen him there, in his old straw hat and linen jacket, his handsome face all aglow with exercise and happiness. When he afterwards became king, he was just as earnest a worker, in other ways, for the good of his people.

The only remaining model I shall describe to you here, is one carefully disposed in the large hall of our own Patent Office, at Washington.

It was the work of Abraham Lincoln, our late President, and bears the date of 1849, when the builder was known mainly as a successful lawyer in his Illinois home, and long before either he or his countrymen had thought of his being called to guide the ship of state. The little model is a steamer, about twenty inches in length, and it looks as if whittled with a common jack-knife, out of a few shingles, or such boards as are used for cigar boxes. Unlike the numerous well-finished models that surround it, this unpretentious little craft contains no superfluous ornament; but by the very simplicity of its construction arrests the attention of every visitor, seeming thus to imply utility of design rather than the display of skillful work or costly material.

A portion of the early life of Abraham Lincoln had been spent as a flatboatman on the Mississippi river, where he became familiar with the dangers and difficulties attendant on the navigation of Western rivers, so beset with snags and shoals. So, with the prudent thoughtfulness characteristic of his later career, the young lawyer set himself, in his intervals of leisure, to study out some easy method of transporting vessels over the dangerous obstructions.

This quaint little model is the embodiment of his invention. It contains a sort of bellows, placed on each side of the hull, just below the water line, and designed to be so worked by valves and pulleys that, as the bellows became inflated with air, the ship would be buoyed up and floated lightly over the shoals lying in its pathway. The builder of this curious-looking little craft having thus clearly embodied his design, added nothing in the way of embellishment, but forwarded his work, uncomplicated by a single unnecessary rope or pulley, to the proper authorities at Washington. He obtained a patent, and his rough model of a steamboat was assigned a place among the countless treasures and manifold wonders of our great national museum, the Patent Office.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

By Alice Williams.

I laid aside my pen as the far-off chimes of the cathedral were tolling the midnight hour, and sat dreamily gazing into the embers of the dying fire.

"Forget-me-not!"

Was I dreaming? Or did a voice really pronounce the words close to my ear? I looked carefully around. No one could have entered through the bolted door. The arrangements of the room were undisturbed. Clearly, I was dreaming!

I settled myself again to think, when the odor of the Forget-me-nots in the little vase attracted my attention. The flowers seemed moved by some fresh instinct of life; the hue was deeper, the perfume was stronger, and —— Could it be? Yes, surely! Even as I gazed, the flowers lifted their heads, and from the midst of the tiny cluster of bloom came again, in clear, ringing tones, the selfsame words which I had heard, "Forget-me-not!"

"Was it *thou*, Blümchen?" I asked, wondering.

"Yes," said the flower, in the same silvery accents. "Dost thou not know that just at midnight all plants of my race are permitted, for one hour, the gift of speech? Listen, and I will tell thee why we are so gifted above all others.

"In the Garden of Paradise, when the pure Eve walked among the flowers, and gave each a name,

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according to her liking, all flowers and plants had a language of their own, and this it was given to Eve to understand; and during the long hours she conversed often with them, and they told her many things; but, above all, she loved the tiny blossoms of a little blue flower, and kissed it often, and twined it in her sunny tresses. And the flowers all loved her, but, best of all, the little blue flower, which she named Heaven-blossom,* because its hue was so like that of the skies.

"But at length came the dark day when sin entered into Paradise, and the Lord commanded the pair to leave their Eden-garden, and wander in the bleak wilderness, beyond the gates. And as, for the last time, the weeping Eve passed, hand in hand with Adam, through the fragrant lanes of Eden, the flowers shrank trembling from her, and bowed their heads with shame, or gazed scornfully upon her; and this, more than all else, rent the heart of Eve, —that those whom she had named and caressed and called her children, should shrink away from her in scorn and shame. And her tears fell faster and faster, so that, when she reached the gates where stood the Cherubim with that flaming, terrible sword, she scarcely saw at her feet the little tuft of Heaven-blossom, until it murmured, in piteous accents, 'Forget-me-not!'

"Eve bent down and plucked the tiny plant, which shrank not from her touch, but nestled lovingly toward her, and she pressed it to her lips and to her sorrowing heart. Then she turned, and, with one long sad look upon her lost kingdom, went slowly out, past the Cherubim and the flaming sword, into the bleak wilderness; and all that remained to her of the glorious bloom of Paradise was the one little sprig of Heaven-blossom which she held in her hand. 'Be no longer named bloom of heaven, dear blossom!' cried the grateful Eve; 'henceforth I shall call you by a dearer name—my Forget-me-not.'

"So Eve kept the flower near her through all the dark days that followed; and when Adam had made for them a home in the new place, she planted it, and tended it carefully, and it became to her an emblem of that old life of purity and happiness before the fall.

"In time, this new land also was enriched with many flowers, some of them even as beautiful as those of the lost Eden, but, best of all, Eve loved the tender Forget-me-not; and later, when the little Cain and Abel played around the home, she told them the story of the faithful flower, and they, too, grew to love and cherish it, and it told them many and many a story of the glories of that Garden of Paradise, wherein the angels had walked and talked with their parents of old.

"And when Eve died, the loving flower covered her grave with thick clusters of its blossoms. And I am sure that the first flower which met her sight in that new life beyond the tomb, was her dear Forget-me-not.

"The children of Adam long cherished the little blue flower; but, after many years, when the world became more and more wicked, and the hearts of men were turned away from God, they lost the power to understand its language.

"When the waters swept away after the Deluge, the first plant that blossomed was the Forget-me-not, but it no longer spoke to the children of men. It was voiceless for long, long years; until, one day, a child upon the hills of Galilee bent down and kissed its blossoms clustering in his path. It was the Christ-child! And from that hour, each night at midnight, if one who loves flowers listens, the blossoms of the Forget-me-not may tell this history.

"Hark! the Cathedral chimes are striking the first hour after midnight. I have spoken. Adieu!"

The flower now drooped drowsily upon its slender stalk, and was silent.

* Himmel-blümchen, in German.

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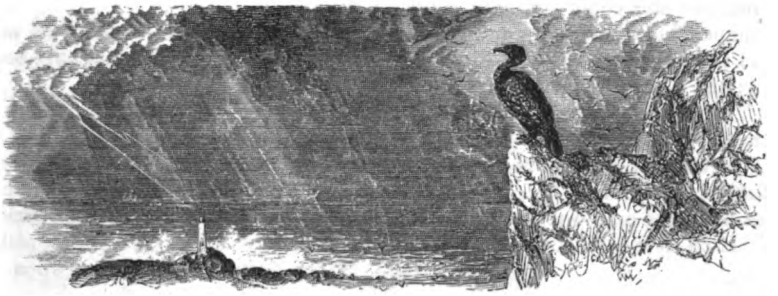
THE SHAG.

By Celia Thaxter.

"What is that great bird, sister, tell me,
Perched high on the top of the crag?"
"'T is the cormorant, dear little brother·
The fishermen call it the shag."



"But what does it there, tell me, sister,
Sitting lonely against the black sky?"
"It has settled to rest, little brother,
It hears the wild gale wailing high."

"But I am afraid of it, sister,
For over the sea and the land
It gazes, so black and so silent!"
"Little brother, hold fast to my hand."

"O, what was that, sister? The thunder?
Did the shag bring the storm and the cloud,
The wind and the rain and the lightning?"
"Little brother, the thunder roars loud;

"Run fast, for the rain sweeps the ocean!
Look! over the light-house it streams,
And the lightning leaps red, and above us
The gulls fill the air with their screams."

O'er the beach, o'er the rocks running swiftly,
The little white cottage they gain,
And safely they watch from the window
The dance and the rush of the rain.

But the shag kept his place on the headland,
And when the brief storm had gone by
He shook his loose plumes, and they saw him
Rise, splendid and strong, in the sky.

Clinging fast to the gown of his sister,
The little boy laughed, as he flew;
"He is gone with the wind and the lightning!
And I am not frightened; are you?"

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WHY THE PETERKINS HAD A LATE DINNER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE trouble was in the dumb waiter. All had seated themselves at the dinner-table, and Amanda had gone to take out the dinner she had sent up from the kitchen on the dumb waiter. But something was the matter; she could not pull it up. There was the dinner, but she could not reach it. All the family, in turn, went and tried; all pulled together, in vain; the dinner could not be stirred.

"No dinner!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"I am quite hungry," said Solomon John.

At last, Mr. Peterkin said, "I am not proud. I am willing to dine in the kitchen."

This room was below the dining-room. All consented to this. Each one went down, taking a napkin.

The cook laid the kitchen table, put on it her best table-cloth, and the family sat down. Amanda went to the dumb waiter for the dinner, but she could not move it down.

The family were all in dismay. There was the dinner, half-way between the kitchen and dining-room, and there were they all hungry to eat it!

"What is there for dinner?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Roast turkey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Mr. Peterkin lifted his eyes to the ceiling.

"Squash, tomato, potato, and sweet potato," Mrs. Peterkin continued.

"Sweet potato!" exclaimed all the little boys.

"I am very glad now that I did not have cranberry," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxious to find a bright point.

"Let us sit down and think about it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I have an idea," said Agamemnon, after awhile.

"Let us hear it," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let each one speak his mind."

"The turkey," said Agamemnon, "must be just above the kitchen door. If I had a ladder and an axe, I could cut away the plastering and reach it."

"That is a great idea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If you think you could do it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Would it not be better to have a carpenter?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"A carpenter might have a ladder and an axe, and I think we have neither," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"A carpenter! A carpenter!" exclaimed the rest.

It was decided that Mr. Peterkin, Solomon John and the little boys should go in search of a carpenter.

Agamemnon proposed that, meanwhile, he should go and borrow a book; for he had another idea.

"This affair of the turkey," he said, "reminds me of those buried cities that have been dug out,—Herculaneum, for instance."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza, "and Pompeii."

"Yes," said Agamemnon, "they found there pots and kettles. Now, I should like to know how they did it; and I mean to borrow a book and read. I think it was done with a pick-axe."

So the party set out. But when Mr. Peterkin reached the carpenter's shop, there was no carpenter to be found there.

"He must be at his house, eating his dinner," suggested Solomon John.

"Happy man," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "he has a dinner to eat!"

They went to the carpenter's house, but found he had gone out of town for a day's job. But his wife told them that he always came back at night to ring the nine o'clock bell.

"We must wait till then," said Mr. Peterkin, with an effort at cheerfulness.

At home, he found Agamemnon reading his book, and all sat down to hear of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Time passed on, and the question arose about tea. Would it do to have tea, when they had had no dinner? A part of the family thought it would not do; the rest wanted tea.

"I suppose you remember the wise lady from Philadelphia, who was here not long ago," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let us try to think what she would advise us," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I wish she were here," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I think," said Mr. Peterkin, "she would say, let them that want tea have it; the rest can go without."

So they had tea, and, as it proved, all sat down to it. But not much was eaten, as there had been no dinner.

When the nine o'clock bell was heard, Agamemnon, Solomon John, and the little boys rushed to the church, and found the carpenter.

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They asked him to bring a ladder, axe and pick-axe. As he felt it might be a case of fire, he brought also his fire-buckets.

When the matter was explained to him, he went into the dining-room, looked into the dumb waiter, untwisted a cord, and arranged the weight, and pulled up the dinner.

There was a family shout.

"The trouble was in the weight," said the carpenter.

"That is why it is called a dumb waiter," Solomon John explained to the little boys.

The dinner was put upon the table.

Mrs. Peterkin frugally suggested that they might now keep it for next day, as to-day was almost gone, and they had had tea.

But nobody listened. All sat down to the roast turkey; and Amanda warmed over the vegetables.

"Patient waiters are no losers," said Agamemnon.

"THIS IS OUR BABY."

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MAGIC PICTURES.

By M. M.

THE children were not at all surprised when Miss May said that she could make magic pictures.

But their delight was past all expression when

KATIE JENKS.

she told them that if they would come to her room some day after school, she would make a picture of each one, and, best of all, teach them how to do it for themselves.

They came—ten of them—just as soon as lessons were over, the very next day after the invitation

MARIA JONES.

was given. Katie had a bandage over one eye, and was a little afraid it might spoil her picture, but she was n't going to stay away for that. There was n't much the matter with the eye—Minnie had just stuck one corner of her geography into it, that was all. Miss May assured her that it would n't make any difference with the picture.

Sallie's round face was unusually serious. Perhaps she was thinking of some of her experiences in sitting for pictures. What could be harder for Sallie than to sit perfectly still? But she brightened up when she found that Miss May had no

SALLIE SCOTT.

queer-looking box standing on stilts to point at her, nor any hateful pitch-fork in a frame, to threaten her with if she did n't hold her head just right.

Indeed, it all looked a great deal more like magic, when they found that all that was needed in making the pictures was a bottle of very black ink, a coarse pen, and some thick white paper.

"Now, children," said Miss May, "you must remember that these are *magic* pictures, and I can't possibly tell whether they will be good likenesses or not; so do not expect too much. One may look wonderfully like an oyster, another like

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a skeleton, and another like a velocipede; *I* don't know."

"Oh! oh! oh! like an oyster! like a veloci-

BILLY BAKER.

pede! like a skeleton! What *is* she going to do?" cried the little people, excitedly.

Everything was ready now, and Miss May seated herself at the little table. First, she prepared some strips of white paper, about three inches wide, and then dipping her pen into the ink, asked whose picture she should make first.

"Mine! mine!" cried Katie, "because, you know, I've got a sick eye."

So, in consideration of Katie's misfortune, her picture was made first.

Miss May wrote Katie's name very rapidly in a heavy, coarse style through the centre of the strip, shading the letters very freely, and never minding if little points of ink, as big as a pin head, were left here and there; then quickly folding the paper exactly in the middle, she gave a little pat with her finger about where the head ought to be, a quick little downward rub where the arms should come, and left the rest of the body to take care of itself. Then she opened the paper. The result was very comical. A droll sort of face could be made out; the arms were stretched out, as if Katie were making a speech, and two funny little feet were turned straight up and seemed to be hunting for the hands. The picture was received with shouts of laughter, and the young art critics were not slow in expressing their opinions upon it.

The magic work went on rapidly after this, and in a short time all the orders were filled.

Maria Jones looked like an old Continental soldier with his back turned and his legs very much moth-eaten.

Sallie Scott had on a long Ulster overcoat, and her hands in her pockets and a cane sticking up from under her arm. If you looked at her closely, you could see two gentlemen shaking hands in front of her.

Billy Baker resembled an Irishman with short trowsers, sitting down with two wide-brimmed hats in his lap. He had very glaring eyes, a wide-open mouth, ears like a rabbit, and whiskers like a cat.

But Ella Ferris had the most dreadful portrait. She looked like a ferocious "Jack-in-the-box" who had jumped up so often that he had nearly shaken himself to pieces. Her toes were turned in, and her heels needed darning.

When all the ten portraits had been taken, Miss May told them that they now might make some pictures for themselves. And so they set about it,

ELLA FERRIS.

and had a grand time. They found no trouble in making the funniest kind of magic pictures, provided they had ink enough on their pens.

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXI.

A LAST RESORT.

The Board was fully agreed that something must be done to relieve Aunt Matilda's present necessities, but what to do did not seem very clear.

Wilson Ogden proposed issuing some kind of scrip or bonds, redeemable in six or seven months, when the company should be on a paying basis.

"I believe," said he, "that Mr. Darby would take these bonds at the store for groceries and things, and we might pay him interest, besides redeeming the bonds when they came due."

This was rather a startling proposition. No one had suspected Wilson of having such a financial mind.

"I don't know," said Harry, "how that would work. Mr. Darby might not be willing to take the bonds, and besides that, it seems to me that the company ought not to make any more promises to pay when it owes so much already."

"But you see that would be different," said Wilson. "What we owe now we ought to pay right away. The bonds would not have to be paid for ever so long."

"That may be pretty sharp reasoning," remarked Tom Selden, "but I can't see into it."

"It would be all the same as running in debt for Aunt Matilda, would n't it?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said Wilson, "a kind of running in debt, but not exactly the common way. You see ——"

"But if it 's any kind at all, I 'm against it," said Kate, quickly. "We 're not going to support Aunt Matilda that way."

This settled the matter. To be sure, Kate had no vote in the Board; but this was a subject in which she had what might be considered to have a controlling interest, and the bond project was dropped.

Various schemes were now proposed, but there were objections to all of them. Everyone was agreed that it was very unfortunate that this emergency should have arisen just at this time, because as soon as the company got into good working order, and the creek had been up a few times, it was probable that Aunt Matilda would really have more money than she would absolutely need.

"You ought to look out, Harry and Kate," said Harvey Davis, "that all the darkies she knows don't come and settle down on her and live off her. She 's a great old woman for having people around her, even now."

"Well," said Kate, "she has a right to have company if she wants to, and can afford it."

"Yes," said Tom Selden; "but having company 's very different from having a lot of good-for-nothing darkies eating her out of house and home."

"She wont have anything of that sort," said Harry. "I 'll see that her money 's spent right."

"But if it 's her money," said Harvey, "she can spend it as she chooses."

A discussion here followed as to the kind of influence that ought to be brought to bear upon Aunt Matilda to induce her to make a judicious use of her income; but Harry soon interrupted the arguments, with the remark that they had better not bother themselves about what Aunt Matilda should do with her money when she got it, until they had found out some way of preventing her from starving to death while she was waiting for it.

This was evidently good common sense, but it put a damper on the spirits of the Board.

There was nothing new to be said on the main question, and it was now growing towards supper-time; so the meeting adjourned.

On their way home, Harry said to Kate, "Has Aunt Matilda anything to eat at all?"

"Oh yes; she has enough for her supper to-night, and for breakfast, too, if nobody comes to see her. But that 's all."

"All right, then," said Harry.

"I don't think it is all right," replied Kate. "What 's two meals, I 'd like to know?"

"Two meals are very good things, provided you don't take them both at once," said Harry. And he began to whistle.

The next day, Harry went off and staid until dinner-time.

Kate could not imagine where he had gone. He was not with the Board, she knew, for Harvey Davis had been inquiring for him.

Just before dinner he made his appearance.

Kate was in the house, but he hurried her out under the catalpa tree.

"Look here!" said he, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out several "green-backs." "I reckon that 'll keep Aunt Matilda until the company begins to make money."

Kate opened her eyes their very widest.

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"Why, where on earth did you get all that money, Harry? Is it yours?"

"Of course, it's mine," said Harry. "I sold my gun."

"Oh, Harry!" and the tears actually came into Kate's eyes.

"Well, I would n't cry about it," said Harry. "There's nothing to shoot now; and when we get rich I can buy it back again, or get another."

"Get rich!" said Kate. "I don't see how we're going to do that; especially when it's such dreadfully dry weather."

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUANDARY.

ABOUT a week after the meeting of the Board in the Davis corn-house, old Miles, the mail-rider, came galloping up to Mr. Loudon's front gate. The family were at breakfast, but Harry and Kate jumped up and ran to the door, when they saw Miles coming, with his saddle-bags flapping behind him. No one had ever before seen Miles ride so fast. A slow trot, or rather a steady waddle, was the pace that he generally preferred.

"Hello, Mah'sr Harry," shouted old Miles, "de creek's up! Can't git across dar, no how?"

This glorious news for the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company was, indeed, true! There had been wet weather for several days, and although the rain-fall had not been great in the level country about Akeville, it had been very heavy up among the hills; and the consequence was, that the swollen hill-streams, or "branches" as they are called in that part of the country, had rushed down and made Crooked Creek rise in a hurry. It seemed to be always ready to rise in this way, whenever it had a chance.

Now the company could go to work! Now it could show the world, or as much of the world as chose to take notice, the advantages of having a telegraph line across a creek in time of freshets.

Harry was all alive with excitement. He sent for Harvey Davis, and had old Selim saddled as quickly as possible.

"H'yars de letters and telegrums, Mah'sr Harry," said Miles, unlocking his saddle-bags and taking out a bundle of letters and some telegrams, written on the regular telegraphic blanks and tied up in a little package.

As the mail was a private one, and old Miles was known to be perfectly honest, he carried the key and attended personally to the locking and unlocking of his saddle-bags.

"But I don't want the letters, Miles," said Harry. "I've nothing to do with them. Give me the telegrams, and I'll send them across."

"Don't want de letters?" cried Miles, his eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. "Why, I can't carry de letters ober no mor'n I kin de telegrums."

"Well, neither can I," said Harry.

"Den what's de use ob dat wire?" exclaimed Miles. "I thought you uns ud send de letters an' all ober dat wire! Dere's lots more letters dan telegrums."

"I know that," said Harry, hurriedly; "but we can't send letters. Give me the telegraphic messages, and you go back to the mines with the letters, and if there's anything in them that they want to telegraph, let them write out the messages, and you bring them over to Lewston's cabin."

Harry took the telegrams and old Miles rode off, very much disturbed in his mind. His confidence in the utility of the telegraph company was woefully shaken.

By this time Harvey had arrived on a mule, and the two operators dashed away as fast as their animals would carry them.

As they galloped along, Harry shouted to Harvey, who kept ahead most of the time, for his mule was faster than Selim:

"Hello, Harvey! If Miles could n't get across, how can either of us go over?"

"O, I reckon the creek is n't much up yet," answered Harvey. "Miles is easily frightened."

So, on they rode, hoping for the best; but when they reached the creek they saw, to their dismay, that the water was much higher already than it usually rose in the summer-time. The low grounds on each side were overflowed, and nothing could be seen of the bridge but the tops of two upright timbers near its middle.

It was certainly very unfortunate that both the operators were on the same side of the stream!

"This is a pretty piece of business," cried Harry. "I did n't expect the creek to get up so quickly as this. I was down here yesterday, and it had n't risen at all. I tell you, Harvey, you ought to live on the other side."

"Or else you ought," said Harvey.

"No," said Harry; "this is my station."

Harvey had no answer ready for this, but as they were hurriedly fastening Selim and the mule to trees near Lewston's cabin, he said:

"Perhaps Mr. Lyons may come down and work the other end of the line."

"He can't get off," said Harry. "He has his own office to attend to. And, besides, that would n't do. We must work our own line, especially at the very beginning. It would look nice,—now, would n't it?—to wait until Mr. Lyons could come over from Hetertown before we could commence operations!"

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"Well, what can we do?" asked Harvey.

"Why, one of us must get across, somehow."

"I don't see how it 's going to be done," said Harvey, as they ran down to the edge of the water. "I reckon we 'll have to holler our messages across, as Tony said; only there is n't anybody to holler to."

"I don't know how it 's to be done either," said Harry; "but one of us must get over, some way or other."

"Could n't we wade to the bridge," asked Harvey, "and then walk over on it? I don't believe it 's more than up to our waists on the bridge."

"You don't know how deep it is," said Harry; "and when you get to the bridge, ten to one more than half the planks have been floated off, and you 'd go slump to the bottom of the creek before you knew it. There 's no way but to get a boat."

"I don't know where you 're going to find one," said Harvey. "There 's a boat up at the mill-pond, but you could n't get it out and down here in much less than a day."

"John Walker has his boat afloat again," said Harry, "but that 's over on the other side. What a nuisance it is that there is n't anybody over there! If we did n't want 'em, there 'd be about sixty or seventy darkies hanging about here now."

"O, no!" said Harvey, "not so many as that; not over forty-seven."

"I 'm going over to Lewston's. Perhaps he knows of a boat," said Harry, and away he ran.

But Lewston was not in his cabin, and so Harry hurried along a road in the woods that led by another negro cabin about a half-mile away, thinking that the old man had gone off in that direction. Every minute or two he shouted at the top of his voice, "O, Lewston!"

Very soon he heard some one shouting in reply, and he recognized Lewston's voice. It seemed to come from the creek.

Thereupon, Harry made his way through the trees and soon caught sight of the old colored man. He was in a boat, poling his way along in the shallow water as close to dry land as the woods allowed him, and sometimes, where the trees were wide apart, sending the boat right between some of their tall trunks.

"Hello, Lewston," cried Harry, running as near as he could go without getting his shoes wet, for the water ran up quite a distance among the trees in some places. "What are you about? Where did you get that boat? I want a boat."

"Dat 's jist what I thought, Mah'sr Harry," said Lewston, still poling away as hard as he could. "I know de compuny 'd want to git ober de creek, an' I jist went up to Hiram Anderson's and borrowed his ole boat. Ise been a-bailing her out all de mornin'."

"You 're a trump, Lewston," said Harry. "Pole her down opposite your house, and then one of us will go over. Why don't you go out further? You can't get along half as fast in here by the trees and hummocks as you could in deeper water."

"You don't ketch me out dar in dat runnin' water," said Lewston. "I 'd be in the middle afore I knowed it, and dis pole 's pooty short."

"Well, come along as fast as you can," cried Harry, "and I 'll run down to your house and get your axe to cut a longer pole."

By the time Harry had found a tall young sapling and had cut it down and trimmed it off, Lewston arrived with the boat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CROSSING THE CREEK.

"NOW, then," said Harry, "here 's the boat and a good pole, and you 've nothing to do, Harvey, but just to get in and push yourself over to your station as fast as you can."

But the situation did not seem to strike Harvey very favorably. He looked rather dissatisfied with the arrangement made for him.

"I can't swim," he said. "At least, not much, you know."

"Well, who wants you to swim?" said Harry, laughing. "That 's a pretty joke. Are you thinking of swimming across and towing the boat after you? You can push her over easy enough; that pole will reach the bottom anywhere."

"Dat 's so," said old Lewston. "It 'll touch de bottom ob de water, but I don't know 'bout de bottom ob de mud. Ye must n't push her down too deep. Dar 's 'bout as much mud as water out dar in de creek."

The more they talked about the matter, the greater became Harvey's disinclination to go over. He was not a coward, but he was not used to the water or the management of a boat, and the trip seemed much more difficult to him than it would have appeared to a boy accustomed to boating.

"I tell you what we 'll do," cried Harry, at last. "You take my station, Harvey, and I 'll go over and work your end of the line."

There was no opposition to this plan, and so Harry hurried off with Harvey to Lewston's cabin and helped him to make the connections and get the line in working order at that end, and then he ran down to the boat, jumped in, and Lewston pushed him off.

Harry poled the boat along quite easily through the shallow water, and when he got further out he found that he proceeded with still greater ease, only

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he did not go straight across, but went a little too much down stream.

But he pushed out strongly towards the opposite shore, and soon reached the middle of the creek. Then he began to go down stream very fast indeed. Push and pole as he would, he seemed to have no control whatever over the boat. He had had no idea that the current would be so strong.

On he went, right down towards the bridge, and as the boat swept over it, one end struck an upright beam that projected above the water, and the clumsy craft was jerked around with such violence that Harry nearly tumbled into the creek.

He heard Lewston and Harvey shouting to him, but he paid no attention to them. He was working with all his strength to get the boat out of the current and into shallower water. But as he found that he was not able to do that, he made desperate efforts to stop the boat by thrusting his pole into the bottom. It was not easy to get the pole into the mud, the current was so strong; but he succeeded at last, by pushing it out in front of him, in forcing it into the bottom; and then, in a moment, it was jerked out of his hand, as the boat swept on, and, a second time, he came near tumbling overboard.

Now he was helpless. No, there was the short pole that Lewston had left in the boat.

He picked it up, but he could do nothing with it. If it had been an oar, now, it might have been of some use. He tried to pull up the seat, but it was nailed fast.

On he rapidly floated, down the middle of the stream; the boat sometimes sidewise, sometimes with one end foremost, and sometimes the other. Very soon he lost sight of Lewston and Harvey, and the last he saw of them they were hurrying by the edge of the water, in the woods. Now he sat down, and looked about him. The creek appeared to be getting wider and wider, and he thought that

"HE RAPIDLY FLOATED DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM."

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if he went on at that rate he must soon come to the river. The country seemed unfamiliar to him. He had never seen it, from the water, when it was overflowed in this way.

He passed a wide stretch of cultivated fields, mostly planted in tobacco, but he could not recollect what farmer had tobacco down by the creek this year. There were some men at work on a piece of rising ground, but they were a long way off. Still, Harry shouted to them, but they did not appear to hear him.

Then he passed on among the trees again, bumping against stumps, turning and twisting, but always keeping out in the middle of the current. He began to be very uneasy, especially as he now saw what he had not noticed before, that the boat was leaking badly.

He made up his mind that he must do something soon, even if he had to take off his clothes and jump in and try to swim to shore. But this, he was well aware, would be hard work in such a current.

Looking hurriedly around, he saw, a short distance before him, a tree that appeared to stand almost in the middle of the creek, with its lower branches not very high above the water. The main current swirled around this tree, and the boat was floating directly towards it.

Harry's mind was made up in an instant. He stood up on the seat, and as the boat passed under the tree he seized the lowest branch.

In a moment the boat was jerked from under his feet, and he hung suspended over the rushing water.

He gripped the branch with all his strength, and giving his legs a swing, got his feet over it. Then, after two or three attempts, he managed to draw himself up and get first one leg and then his whole body over the branch. Then he sat up and shuffled along to the trunk, against which he leaned with one arm around it, all in a perspiration, and trembling with the exertion and excitement.

When he had rested awhile, he stood up on the limb and looked towards the land. There, to his joy, he saw, at a little distance, a small log-house, and there was some one living in it, for he saw smoke coming from the log and mud chimney that was built up against one end of the cabin.

Harry gave a great shout, and then another, and another, and presently a negro woman came out of the cabin and looked out over the creek. Then three colored children came tumbling out and they looked out over the creek.

Then Harry shouted again, and the woman saw him.

"Hello, dar!" she cried, "Who 's dat?"

"It 's me! Harry Loudon."

"Harry Loudon?" shouted the woman, running down to the edge of the water. "Mah'sr John Loudon's son Harry? What you doin' dar? Is you fishin'?"

"Fishing!" cried Harry. "No! I want to get ashore. Have you a boat?"

"A boat! Lors a massy! I got no boat, Mah'sr Harry. How did ye git dar?"

"O, I got adrift, and my boat 's gone! Is n't there any man about?"

"No man about here," said the woman. "My ole man 's gone off to de railroad. But he 'll be back dis evenin'."

"I can't wait here till he comes," cried Harry. "Have n't you a rope and some boards to make a raft?"

"Lor', no! Mah'sr Harry. I got no boards."

"Tell ye what ye do, dar," shouted the biggest boy, a woolly-headed urchin, with nothing on but a big pair of trowsers that came up under his arms and were fastened over his shoulders by two bits of string, "jist you come on dis side and jump down, an' slosh ashore."

"It 's too deep," cried Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the boy. "I sloshed out to dat tree dis mornin'."

"You did, you Pomp!" cried his mother. "Oh! I 'll lick ye fur dat, when I git a hold of ye!"

"Did you, really?" cried Harry.

"Yes, I did," shouted the undaunted Pomp. "I sloshed out dar an' back agin."

"But the water 's higher now," said Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the woman.. "'T aint riz much dis mornin'. Done all de risin' las' night. Dat tree 's jist on de edge of de creek bank. If Pomp could git along dar, you kin, Mah'sr Harry! Did ye go out dar, sure nuff, you Pomp? Mind, if ye did n't, I 'll lick ye!"

"Yes, I did," said Pomp; "clar out dar an' back agin."

"Then, I 'll try it," cried Harry; and clambering around the trunk of the tree, he jumped off as far as he could towards shore.

(To be continued.)

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THE MICROSCOPE ON SHIPBOARD.

By Prof. A. Rattray.

The amusements in which boys and girls may indulge are numerous and varied, and every season —spring, summer, autumn and winter—has its special games. But most persons enjoy an occasional change; and any new toy or play, especially one suited for all times, is apt to be welcome. The microscope, for magnifying very small objects, is not a new instrument; but its use, no doubt, would be new to many of our readers; and if once introduced to our young friends' notice, they would find it one of the most enjoyable and instructive of pastimes.

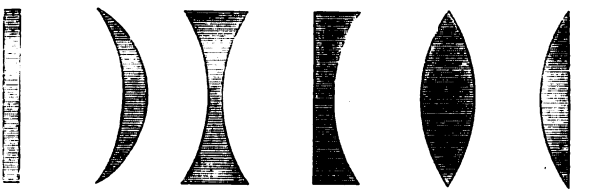
This is one of those pleasures which can be followed at all times and anywhere; for example, when darkness, or bad weather, or sickness keeps you indoors, and in town or country, at the sea-side or at sea. You also can take it up and put it aside as easily as any other amusement; and so enticing is it, that what you first indulge in as pastime, may at last become an earnest study. Even if you do not carry it so far, however, mere amateur work, for the sake of the many beautiful structures it reveals, will be sufficiently alluring to keep up a life-long interest. And the deeper you thereby dive into the mysteries of creation, the more you will marvel at the design, adaptation and perfection of the works of the Creator.

Beginners, however, are apt to be afraid of microscopic work. The instrument itself frightens some. But its racks, screws and lenses, though delicate, are no more likely to be broken or disordered, by careful handling, than are the works of a clock. The difficult sciences, and the long Latin and Greek names often given to objects, frighten others. But you will soon, and with little (if any) study, become familiar with as many of these as it is necessary to know. All scientists, both professional and amateur, were once beginners like yourselves, as ignorant of this pursuit, and perhaps as little self-reliant.

A few lessons will usually make a beginner sufficiently expert, and show him that there is nothing mysterious in the microscope, or difficult in the mode of handling it. Frequent use will make an adept. If once interested, the constant succession of marvels it unfolds to view will prompt to further search. Remember, young friends, half-an-hour so employed daily will make a large total at the end of a year. Valuable books have been written and important inventions made in the intervals of business. To facilitate study and economize time, the instrument should be kept where it may be readily taken up or laid aside at a moment's notice.

It is not necessary to have a very costly microscope. One of moderate price and power is good enough for most purposes. Larger and more complicated ones are only occasionally used, when we wish to magnify any object very highly. A $5 or $10 one, magnifying from 50 to 200 times, is sufficient for a beginner; or at most a $50 instrument, enlarging from 400 to 500 diameters. But you may get cheaper ones of less power, or more costly and magnificent ones, magnifying from 1000 to 2000 times. You can have an American, English, French, or German instrument. American microscopes are probably as good as any, and may be procured of several makers in New York.

The magnifying power of the microscope lies in its lenses. These are small pieces of crown or flint glass of different shapes,—flat, convex, or concave, chiefly of the former two. They are named according to their shape, thus:



Simple. Concavo-convex. Double concave. Plano-concave. Double convex. Plano-convex.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF LENSES.

These refract—that is, bend and magnify—the image of the object looked at. You will learn how they do this when you study optics, if you have not already begun to study it. When only one lens is used, it is called a simple microscope, like the ordinary photograph magnifier. Microscopes of this kind, made of rock crystal, were probably known to the Greeks, Romans, and, perhaps, Assyrians. Those with more than one lens are called compound microscopes. These were first invented by the Dutch, about 280 years ago, but were of an unwieldy form, being sometimes six feet long. For various reasons, the microscope

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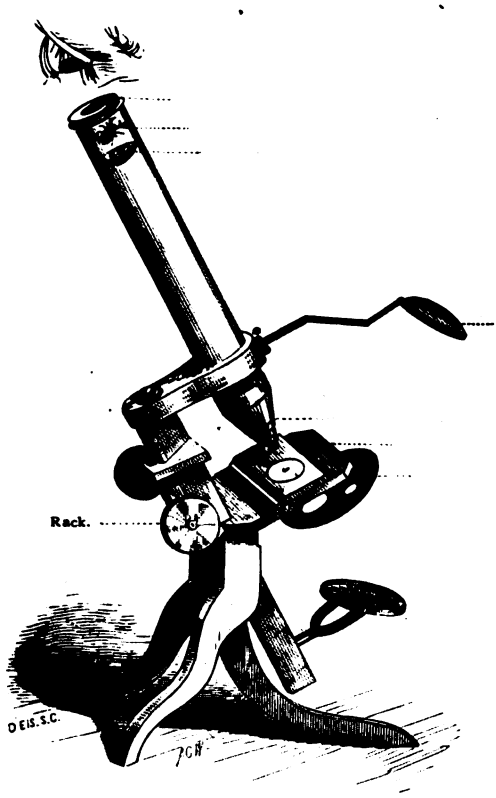
was not much used until within the past thirty years. Since then, however, it has been much employed, both by scientists and physicians. Smaller and far more perfect instruments are now made; and it would be impossible, in this brief space, to



THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS PARTS.

tell you how much they have added to our knowledge, both of natural history and disease.

I shall now suppose that you have an ordinary compound microscope, like that in the accompanying sketch. You will observe the lens next the object to be magnified. That is called the object-glass. That next the observer's eye is called the eye-glass. In the better kinds of microscope, both the eye and object glasses consist of several lenses, arranged so as to have the same effect as one. When you look at an object through the microscope, you see an inverted likeness of it. It is the object-glass which thus turns it upside down, and it is the eye-glass which magnifies, as, again, optics will explain.

Between these two, and at the lower part of the eye-piece, there is usually another lens, called the field-glass, which enlarges the field of view. Most microscopes are monocular,—that is, made for one eye, like that shown in the sketch. Others have two convergent tubes, to use with both eyes, and are called binocular.

You will usually find the eye and object glasses of modern microscopes marked to indicate their different magnifying powers. If you wish to ascertain the exact size of any object, however, you must use a micrometer, which is merely a slip of glass divided into minute squares, each indicating one-thousandth of an inch. A pair of small scissors, a dissecting-knife, and one or two wooden-handled needles, are usually found with every microscope; also thin slips of glass for making preparations, and Canada balsam for gluing them together. A Valentine or Quekett knife, for making very thin cuttings of objects, is necessary for advanced students.

Having found an object for examination, it should be laid on a slip of transparent glass; if dry, alone,—if moist, immersed in fresh or salt water, or glycerine. The slip is then put on the stage under the object-glass. If the object be transparent, a strong light is sent through to illuminate it, by a small mirror called the reflector. If non-transparent, light is thrown on it from above by a bull's-eye condenser. The diaphragm, with different sized holes, is used to cut off the light if too much is sent upwards by the reflector. Both to preserve the eye of the observer, and for perfect illumination, a good light, and especially a white one, is indispensable, either from a window or lamp. If the object be not in view when you look through the instrument, or if it appear hazy, the rack behind will raise or depress the tube until it becomes clear.

A few failures must not discourage you, as all beginners, and even advanced students, have them. A little practice will soon make you perfect in the various details of the instrument: and having fairly mastered it, you may pursue your studies either in the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral world. The air, the earth and the ocean, all furnish an abundant supply of objects for microscopic work. Circumstances and individual taste will decide what direction your investigations may take. One may prefer to look at plant, another at animal life; a third at mineral crystals, and so on. It would be impossible in the present article to give illustrations of all of these. Our present object is to show how easy it is to use the microscope; and also how many interesting and beautiful objects can be everywhere had for examination. This may interest you in it. and in the different domains of nature explored by

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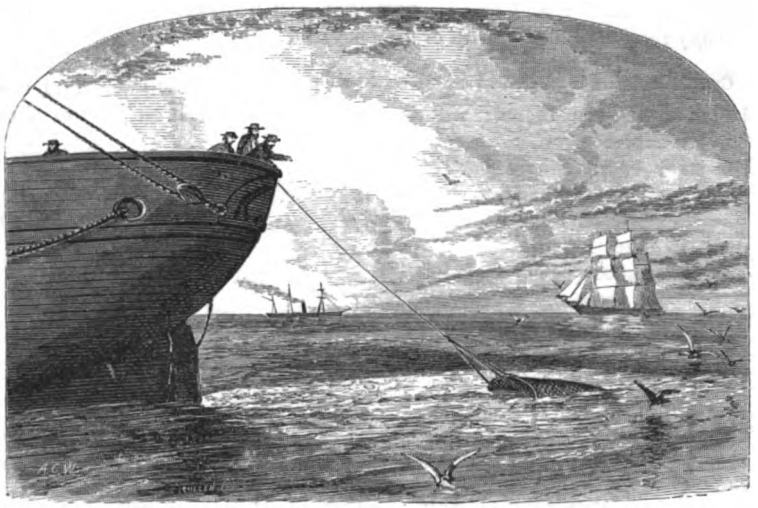
its aid. To do this, I shall confine myself to one department of natural history, and take my examples from one seldom chosen for illustration, viz., the minute animals of the sea. You may sometimes find specimens of this kind at the sea-side, but more easily and abundantly far out in mid-ocean. None of you can tell in what part of the globe your lot may yet be cast. Some may have to take long voyages,—may have done so already, and know how tiresome life on shipboard is, and how glad one is of anything to pass the time and relieve the monotony which succeeds the novelty of the first few days. If you have a small microscope, you will find it an endless source of amusement. You have plenty of spare time, and nowhere can you find more suitable objects or better opportunities for this ennobling pursuit.

Every boy and girl knows that our sea-coasts are crowded with fish and other water-animals. But many fancy that, like the air, the sea contains little life far out in mid-ocean, where you only occasionally see Mother Carey's chickens and other ocean-birds, chiefly of the petrel tribe, or a school of dolphins gamboling round the ship, or, perhaps, an ugly and ominous shark following in her track. If you throw a piece of broken plate overboard, you can see it gleaming for many a fathom as it zig-zags down towards the bottom. But you may have noticed nothing else in the clear blue water. You may have wondered what caused the nightly star-like sparkling in the sea, and the silvery appearance in the ship's wake; and, perhaps, asked on what the petrels and other ocean-birds fed, and why they skimmed the surface of the sea. If you get closer, however, than the ship's deck,—say in a boat,—or if you haul up a bucketful of sea-water, these mysteries will be explained. The sea is not thinly but very densely inhabited, and everywhere, especially near its surface, crowded with tiny animals, sometimes so transparent as to be scarcely, if at all, visible to the naked eye, and often so minute as to require a microscope to distinguish them. The larger fish tribes, familiar to you, exist in great numbers, but these in myriads. It is these which chiefly cause the phosphorescence of the sea, and it is on them that the ocean-birds feed, and even some of the largest marine animals—for example, the huge Greenland whale. You may catch them in a common ship's bucket or pannikin, but better by a towing-net. This you can easily make of bunting,—that is flag-cloth,—or of gauze, cut bag-shape, open at one end, and there hooped or half-hooped with wood. This filters the surface-water as the ship glides slowly along, and is best used when the wind is light. In half-an-hour you may thus get more specimens than you can examine in a day. To keep them alive, empty the net gently into a basinful of salt water. The picture below will show you how the towing-net is worked.

You will soon notice several peculiarities regarding these creatures. Many float in shoals, sometimes in such numbers as to color the surface of the sea. You can catch them best at night and in calm weather, because by day, especially in rough weather, they sink below the surface to avoid the glare and heat of the sun and the buffeting of the waves. Day is their period of repose, and night that of activity,—their chief feeding and breathing time. Again, they are most abundant in warm currents of water. Maury was the first to lay stress on this, and to call the tropics their birthplace. And you will also notice how much of the phosphorescence of the sea is caused by them, especially by the shrimp-like and jelly-like ones. You cannot see them by day, but you can after dusk, when they light up the ocean with their tiny lamps.



THE TOWING-NET.

Minute crustaceans,—that is, animals of the shrimp tribe,—often as small as a pin-point, are the commonest of them all. They are the first you will notice, as they curve and dart about sidewise so fast that you can scarcely catch them.

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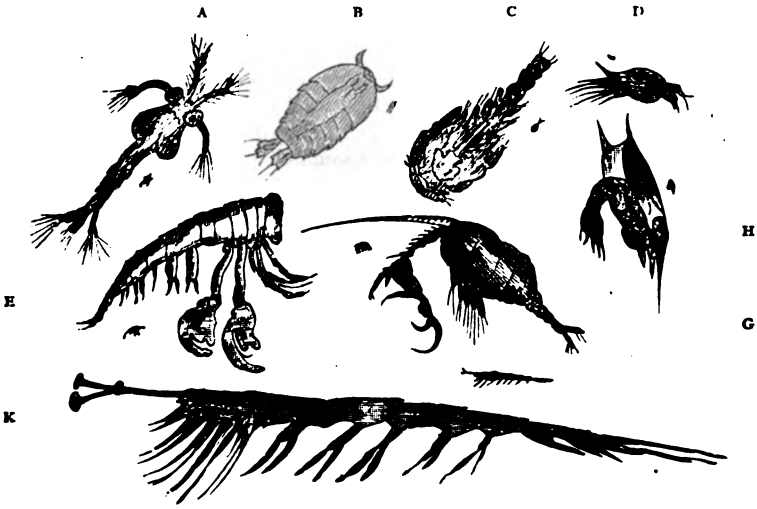
Nothing can be prettier under the microscope than their transparent bodies, in which you can see the heart beating and blood flowing; watch them



MICROSCOPIC OCEANIC CRUSTACEANS.

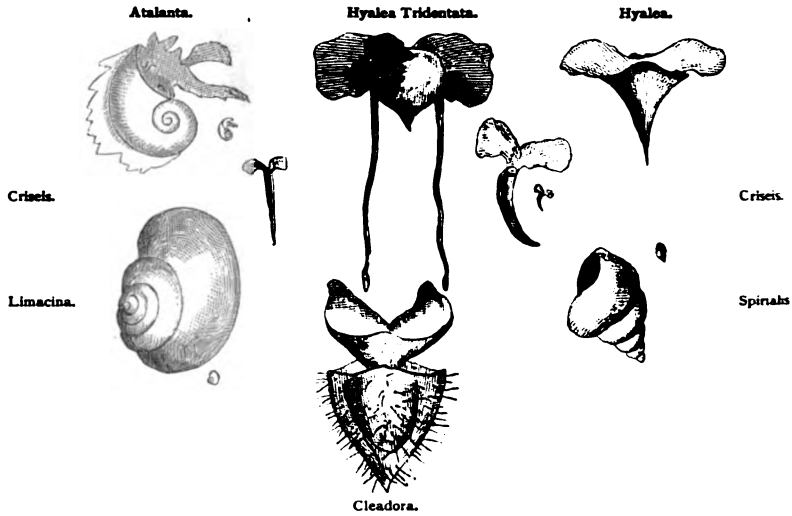
breathing and eating, or trace their nervous systems, beautifully-jointed shells, and curious, many-lensed, compound eyes. You cannot conceive how gorgeously some are colored. No mortal can tint so delicately; and as you gaze, you will be forcibly reminded of the truth of the poet's lines,—

"Who can paint like nature?
Or can imagination boast, amid its gay creations, hues like hers?"

I shall not tax your memory with many long names. The examples given in the cut above are chiefly from the Pacific ocean, but they are as abundant in the Atlantic. The small speck alongside each shows their natural size; and, if you choose, you can enlarge them much more than here shown. *Sapphirina gemma* (B) is tinted with all the colors of the rainbow; and *Cœligus* (C) is of a rich brown. Fig. K is a long, slender animal, which you seldom catch alive, possibly because it is easily injured in the net. Fig. G, of a bright blue, has a curious, curved proboscis, as long as itself; and Fig. E has curved, lobster-like claws, and a nimble, flexible body.

Curious minute and very delicate-shelled animals are equally numerous, such as the *Criseis*, *Limacina*, *Atalanta*, *Spirialis*, *Hyalea*, shown in the cut at the bottom of the page. You will also admire much the larger *Ianthina*, or sea-snail, a violet-colored shell of rare delicacy and beauty, once highly prized by shell-collectors. It is often larger than in the cut on the next page; and its eggs and egg-bags are attached to the under surface of the peculiar float which buoys the animal on the surface of the ocean, and prevents the weight of its body and shell from sinking. With your microscope you can watch their growth, first as simple soft round cells (A), then as tiny shells (B), which get larger in the older egg-pouches (C), and then escape when large enough to look after themselves.

These, you must remember, are only a few of the thousands of tiny creatures which inhabit the ocean, especially near its surface. I might go on to tell you of many others equally curious; for example, of the bladder-like *Physalis*, or Portuguese man-of-war, and the *Velella* and *Porpita*, which float on the top of the water, driven about by the



MINUTE OCEANIC ANIMALS WITH SHELLS.

winds and waves; of the *Velia*, which runs about on the surface dry-shod, and dives below at will;

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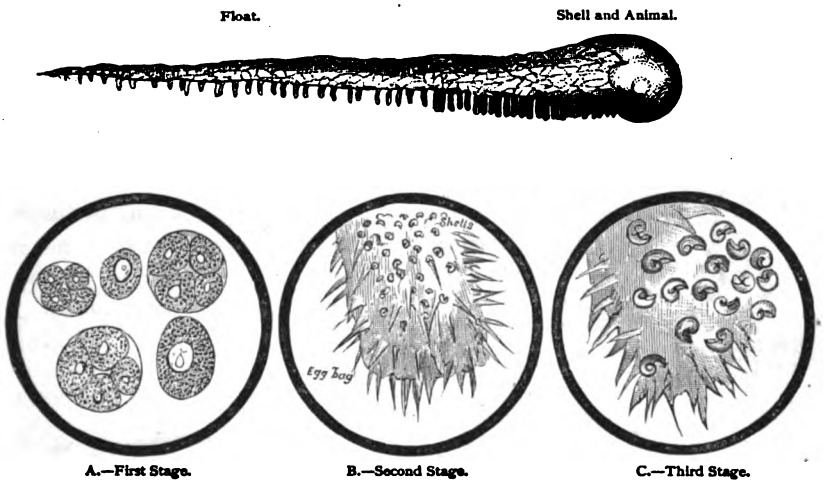
of the *Clio*, *Glaucus*, *Sagitta annelids*, and many others. Every haul of the towing-net will bring up something new to you, with more brilliant coloring, more singular shape, or more delicate formation. And every new current or ocean you enter will disclose fresh ones, till you become fairly astounded with their number and variety.

If you can, let me advise you to sketch and color what you see, as a souvenir of the voyage or sea-side visit. Or if you wish to preserve some specimens for further examination at home, you may do so, especially the crustaceans and shells, in a vial partially filled with diluted alcohol. But those of you who cannot take sea-voyages need not despair. There are just as wonderful things to be found on dry land, and in the little streams and ponds that are accessible to almost all of you, as in the mighty deep. You can wander in the fields, as other naturalists have done before you; and so long as there are ferns or flowers or butterflies, there will be something for your lenses. You can use your hand-microscopes in the field, and take many of your specimens home to be examined with more elaborate instruments.



A.—First Stage. B.—Second Stage. C.—Third Stage.

IANTHINA, OR OCEAN-SNAIL.

AN OBSERVING LANDSMAN.

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FOUR YEARS OLD.

By L. G. Warner.

"THERE'S NEVER A WINK MORE SLUMBER."

Bright in the early morning
  His brown eyes open wide,
And there's never a wink more slumber
  To be thought of at his side.

"AND DOWN TO HIS BREAKFAST GOES."

Awake from his hair all a-tumble
  To the tips of his springing toes,
Into his clothes he dances,
  And down to his breakfast goes.

Then out with his little barrow,
  And where, oh! where is his spade?
To-day his corn must be planted,
  And all of his garden made.

"TO-DAY HIS CORN MUST BE PLANTED."

Don't speak to him,—proud young farmer,
  Half lost in his big straw hat;
If you dare to suggest an errand,
  Not a minute has he for that!

Ten minutes, and "Where is my hammer
  And nails?—drate big uns," he calls.
Lo! his garden is turned to a cellar,
  And now he must put up his walls!

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'OH NO, I 'M A BUILDER NOW."

What, you, my brave young farmer?
"Oh no, I 'm a builder now.
I build big barns and houses;
Come out and I 'll show you how."

Soon, starting, he hears the oxen
Dragging the big hay-cart;
And, houses and barns forgotten,
Away he flees like a dart.

"SO, WHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, HE MARCHES."

"Please, Hugh, let me be driver;
I 'll keep right here by the side."
So, whip on his shoulder, he marches
With more than a soldier's pride.

Now back, calling, "Mamma, mamma,
Here 's a 'tunnin' hop-stool for you;
'T was growing close up by the fountain,—
Oh dear! *now* what shall I do?

"WHOA! WHO 'LL HAVE A RIDE WITH ME?"

Why, there is my fast, wild Rollo,—
Whoa! who 'll have a ride with me?
This small one 's my work-horse, 'Daisy;
He 's steady and old, you see."

So, hour after hour, through the daytime,
He works and plays with a will;
The brown little hands always busy,
The quick little feet never still,

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"PLEASE, IS N'T IT STORY-TIME?"

"GOOD NIGHT! I LOVE YOU!

Until, when at last the evening
  Drops down like a soothing chime,
A tired little voice comes calling,
"Please, is n't it story-time?"

Then, two dear arms, all caressing,
  Are round me, and sweet, low words
I hear—as gentle and tender
  As the cooing good-night of birds.

And he, the bright eyes half-closing,
  With kisses on cheek and brow,
Says softly, "Good-night! I love you!
  I 'm only your little boy now."

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE AND THE BOOKSELLER.

JACK returned to his files of old newspapers, and George went to call on a bookseller in Nassau street, with whom he had left his bundle of manuscripts the day before.

He was a kind-hearted man, who had been so much interested in George's appearance that, without entertaining much hope of being able to make a paying book out of the mass of verses submitted to him, he had consented to examine them, from mere good will.

He was writing a letter at a desk in the back part of his store, when the tall young poet reappeared. Having motioned him to a chair, he continued writing. George took up a newspaper, and pretended to be reading at his ease, while he was, in fact, suffering from terrible anxiety and suspense.

At length, the letter finished, the bookseller lifted the lid of his desk, and took out the package of manuscripts.

"I am sorry," he began, and hesitated, turning over the leaves of the manuscripts. George nerved himself to bear his fate and look calm. "Sorry I can't say of these things what you would like to have me say," the bookseller added, kindly. "But you are young yet. It would be very remarkable, indeed, if you could produce a volume of poems which the public would care to buy and read. Five years from now you will thank me more for not printing these verses than you would now for printing them."

George managed to shape his features into a

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sickly smile, and replied with an effort, "I dare say you find them mere trifles."

"Well,—yes,—and no," said the man of books, who appeared anxious to temper the wind of his criticism to the shorn lamb who shiveringly awaited it. "There 's merit in some of the verses, but they have nearly all one great fault—there is too great facility of versification."

"I—I was not aware," George ventured to reply, "that one could have too great facility of versification, if one versifies at all."

"What I mean is this: Your language glides along too easily. You hurry on after your rhymes and fancies,—you go skipping and dancing like a brook, from pebble to pebble,—all pretty and musical, but there is no great depth. A little of that sort of thing is agreeable, but you give us too much of it. We grow weary; we want less music, and more meaning."

"I think I see your objection," confessed poor George, who immediately began to regard his poetical compositions as a mass of wordy and empty rubbish.

The bookseller, looking as if it gave him quite as much pain to say what he did as it gave George to hear him, went on.

"Nearly everything here, that I have had time to look at, reminds me of either Scott or Byron, with here and there a touch of Burns. I venture to say these are your three favorite poets."

George admitted that they were.

"Now, what you need, is to read other poets, or none at all, for a little while. Don't give us any more feeble echoes of anybody. Put a curb on your too lively fancy. Condense—condense—condense. Prune—prune—prune. Go deeper into the subjects you write upon; think more of the substance, and less of the fluency of your lines. Now, here is one little thing." And the bookseller drew out a piece, entitled "The Old Meeting-House," from amid the "Fugitive Leaves."

"I never thought much of that," said George. "A homely subject,—I don't know why I left it with the rest."

"I dare say, you think it the poorest piece of all."

"I am sure it is."

"And yet, I think you felt a secret pleasure in writing it."

"Perhaps I did,—yes," said George, "there was something about it pleasing to me; but I never fancied it would please anybody else very much."

"That," said the bookseller, with a smile, "is a poem."

"You think so!" cried George, with a look of astonishment.

"It is the one original piece in the lot. You were writing of what you knew something about, and every stroke tells. You make us see the picture, for you saw it clearly and strongly yourself. We hear the old bell tolling in the belfry. We see the tall and gaunt old bell-ringer in the porch below. The wagons driving up to the meeting-house steps; the country people, a little stiff in their best clothes, and with their grave Sunday faces, passing down the aisle, and entering the pews; the good old minister, and the sermon, which seems so long to the little boys on the hard seats; the singing of the choir; the birds singing outside;—why, you make us see and feel everything, even to the doves that alight on the window-sill, and the bad boys trading jack-knives in the wagons under the sheds. You did not run so much to pretty fancies in this, because you were so full of the subject. You were at home in 'The Old Meeting-House,' but not in 'Golboda: a Romance of the African Coast.' 'T is a poem,—a little loose in some of the lines, here and there,—but still a poem. If you had worked a week at it, instead of a few hours, as you probably did, you would have made something striking and excellent."

"You really think, then," said George, with rekindling hope, "that I have some—talent?"

"A great deal," replied the bookseller, cordially.

"And that I can hope to—to earn something with my pen?"

"That is another thing. Poetry—even good poetry—is n't a commodity that it pays very well for anybody to write. A few poets have received large sums for their verses, but they are the rare exceptions. Hundreds fail where a single one succeeds. No, my dear sir, don't think of relying upon poetry for a livelihood."

"I have sometimes written a little prose,—essays, stories," faltered George. And he timidly took "The Mohawk Spy" from his pocket.

"This is more like what the newspapers and magazines are willing to pay money for," said the bookseller, glancing at the manuscript.

He read a passage here and there. George watched him with an anxiety so keen that it was almost anguish. Of this man's good will and sound judgment he was so thoroughly convinced, that it seemed to him almost as if his life depended on the sentence about to fall from his lips.

"I take it, you are a stranger in the city," remarked the bookseller.

"A perfect stranger."

"And you have not an abundant supply of means?"

George was prompted to reply that he and his friend had a shilling between them, earned by carrying a trunk; but his characteristic diffidence —or shall we call it false shame?—checked the confession.

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"I am dependent on my own exertions for my bread," was his more elegant way of putting it.

"And you have no other employment, except writing?"

"None."

"But there is nobody dependent on you for a support? That is fortunate. I see that the pursuit of literature, in some form, is a passion with you; and it would be useless for me to attempt to dissuade you from it. If you are virtuous and frugal and hardy and heroic, there is hope of your final success. Meanwhile, you must be prepared to encounter slights, disappointments, privations. No matter how hard your bed and how bitter your crust: a soldier of fortune can sleep beneath the stars. But, if at any time you suspect that money is sweeter than the Muse,—if you prefer luxurious habits to a life of patient and prudent industry,—then say good-by to the pen, and try almost any other occupation."

In George's eyes shone bright tears, as he replied, in tones thrilling with a fine enthusiasm, "Give me literature and daily bread, before honors, riches, everything! That 's my choice."

"Then I say, God speed you!" replied the bookseller, with a sympathetic glimmer in his own eyes. "Meanwhile, don't be afraid of turning your hand to any other occupation, however humble, to earn the necessary bread, till you have gained a foothold in literature."

"I have made up my mind to that," said George, whose heart, so lately despairing, was now fired with heroic resolution.

"Come with me," then said the bookseller, putting on his hat.

George followed, wonderingly, as this new, wise and kind friend conducted him a short distance down the street, and then up two flights of office stairs, to a door, on which were lettered the words, so charming to the young poet's fancy:

UPTON'S LITERARY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR'S ROOM.

Mr. Upton was in,—a fleshy young man, of a rather dashy appearance,—and George was introduced, with a kind word from the bookseller, who then withdrew.

"I will read your manuscript to-night," said the editor. (It was "The Mohawk Spy," which George had placed in his hands.) "I hope it is a good story; for I am in want of a few first-rate, capital stories—something out of the beaten track."

George said he hoped he might have the pleasure of writing a few such for him; since, if the magazine needed the articles, he needed the pay for them still more. He remembered his experience with the *Western Empire*, and thought it best to have the mercantile part of the transaction understood at once.

"My magazine is a new thing—hardly established yet, and I can't afford the prices now, which I mean to pay by-and-by. I pay a dollar a page, when the article is published. I hope this arrangement will suit you, and that your articles will suit the magazine."

George, glad of the prospect of any pay in the future, expressed himself satisfied, and went home, feeling—as he said to Jack afterwards—like a youth who had gone out in search of a castle in the air, and found himself at night only too happy to lay his head in a hut.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EVENING AT BOWERY HALL.

GEORGE was indeed so much encouraged by the prospect of gaining a subsistence with his pen, that he quite abandoned the idea of earning more shillings by carrying trunks, or of playing the flute to Jack's dancing, at some of the great hotels.

"Wait, at all events, till I hear from my manuscript to-morrow," he urged.

"But you don't expect to get pay for it to-morrow," Jack argued. "The week is slipping away, another board bill will be due Saturday evening, and how are we going to meet it?"

"If I can get *one* piece accepted, that will make an opening for me elsewhere, and the money will begin to come in."

"Yes, to you, perhaps, but not to me. What am *I* going to do?"

"If I earn anything, it will be the same as if you earned it, you know," said George.

"I *don't* know!" exclaimed Jack. "I must be doing something to pay my way, till I get through with my business here. I don't yet give that up. When I do, then I give up New York, too, and work my passage on the boats straight back to Mr. Chatford's. But I sha' n't run in debt, in the meanwhile, if I can help it—not even to you, George, generous as you are! And *you* may be counting chickens that will never be hatched," Jack added, with a rather desolate smile.

"They 'll be hatched sometime," cried George, confidently.

He went to the attic door to answer a rap.

A servant-girl handed in a note, which, she said, a boy had just left at the door for the "young gentleman."

"For me?" said George, eagerly, thinking it must be from some editor he had called on, and that it contained tidings of fortune. But the note was addressed to Jack.

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Greatly surprised, Jack opened it, and read as follows:

BOWERY HALL, Tuesday P. M.

DEAR SIR: Call and See me this Evening. My Triangle is sick, and I have a Magnificent Idea.—Resp'lly,

LUCIUS FITZ DINGLE,
Proprietor Colored Artist Troupe.

"His triangle sick!" cried Jack. "Who ever heard of a sick triangle?"

"It can't be triangle!" said George, taking the letter. "It is, though!" And for awhile both boys were as much puzzled as if Fitz Dingle had gravely informed them that his rhomboid had the measles, or his hypothenuse was down with a fever. "I have it!" George suddenly exclaimed. "A triangle is a kind of musical instrument."

"So it is!" laughed Jack. "And he means the member of his troupe who plays it. I 'm not glad," he added, gleefully, "that a triangle, or any other geometrical figure, should be laid up with sickness; but I 'm going around to Bowery Hall, to see what this affliction has to do with me."

"If you can work into his 'magnificent idea,' then we are in clover," said George,—"you with your heels, and I with my pen!"

Jack insisted on his friend's accompanying him, and they set out for Bowery Hall.

The place was easily found. Approaching, they saw from afar off, through the mist (for it was a drizzly evening), a huge transparency over the sidewalk, painted with the life-size figure of a colored minstrel playing a banjo, and grinning with a marvelous display of ivory, on a glowing background of gas-lit canvas. Beneath this they passed into a broad doorway, mounted a flight of stairs, and presented their tickets to the foremost of two men who stood just inside the entrance door of the hall.

"Keep your tickets—keep your tickets; pass right in—pass right in," cried the second man, with one good eye winking keenly at them over a hooked nose, while the lids of the other were peeling slowly apart. "Welcome to Bowery Hall! I 'll talk with you by-and-by. Walk right in—walk right in; you 'll see what a unique and elegant show it is!" And Mr. Fitz Dingle (for we recognize that enterprising proprietor), took the trouble to conduct them to eligible seats, placarded "RESERVED," well down in front.

The hall did not strike the boys as particularly elegant. Neither was the display of fashion on the part of the spectators so dazzling as might have been expected. The audience was good-humored, and somewhat coarse and loud, and addicted overmuch to caterwauling and peanuts.

That the place was not ventilated in the most approved modern style soon became apparent. At the same time, into the dim atmosphere of steam and dust from the assembling crowd, went up a terrific noise of stamping and hooting and whistling from youthful spectators, who found it necessary thus to give vent to their excessive vitality while waiting for the performance to begin. A rattling piano, which did service in place of orchestra, struggled heroically against the overwhelming torrent of confused noises, and sometimes went down with a faint tinkle scarcely heard amid the breakers, and sometimes rode triumphantly on a lull.

At length the curtain rose, discovering the minstrels seated in a semicircle fronting the audience. Their faces were very black, their shirt-collars very large and very white, and their coats and trowsers all much too long or much too short, or designed in some other way to produce a burlesque effect.

These artists were five in number, and each was provided with some instrument of music. There were a banjo, a set of bones, a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a flute. The audience and the piano were silenced, and there was a hush of expectation, broken by the rich bass voice of one of the performers:

"Good morning, Dandy Jim!"

"Good morning yourself, Mr. Jones," replied the mellow tenor of Dandy Jim.

"I 've cogitated one or two skientific questions I 'd like to dispose to you and the other gentlemen of the profession," continued Mr. Jones.

He was invited to "elucidate;" and thereupon followed two or three conundrums and other small jokes, hardly of a nature to be transferred to these pages. They had the desired effect, however, of making the audience laugh. Then Mr. Jones inquired:

"How about that song I heard you singing under your lady's window last night, Dandy Jim?"

After considerable dispute about the lady's window, and many bashful excuses on the part of the sentimental Jim, when urged to favor the company with the said song, Mr. Jones proposed that they should keep him in countenance by all singing together. This agreed upon, the whole troupe burst into a chorus of melody, which so encouraged and inspired Jim, that he was afterwards enabled to perform his solo, with a banjo accompaniment, in a manner which brought out uproarious applause from the audience.

Then came more conundrums, and then more vocal and instrumental music, accompanied by some really comical acting.

"I don't wonder Fitz Dingle boasted he had the best Bones in this or any other country!" said George, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Look at the fellow!"

After Dandy Jim had melodiously informed the audience that he was "the best-looking nigger in

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the country, O!" and the remarkable fact that Nellie Bly was in the habit of shutting her eye when she went to sleep, had become pretty well established,—and Susannah had been pathetically entreated not to weep for the young man who was going to Alabama with his banjo on his knee,—there was a lull in the songs and conundrums, which was presently enlivened by a new arrival.

A very tall and slim, and very awkward plantation darkey entered upon the scene, staring about him in a way which indicated inexperience of the world. Some coarse jokes passed between him and his more polite and better-informed brethren; when, after walking around them, and staring with stupid wonder at their coat-tails and shirt-collars, as if he had never seen fashionably-dressed darkeys before, he wished to be enlightened as to that "quar, long-handled skillet with strings," which Dandy Jim held in his hand. His thirst for knowledge was gratified by the information that it was a banjo. He then wished to know "what it was fer;" at which simple questions Bones seemed in imminent danger of turning himself inside out with excessive merriment. Dandy Jim, by way of explanation, obligingly touched a string. At the first note, the electrified questioner leaped—his length of limb proving favorable to the movement—half across the stage. At the second note, he leaped as far in another direction. At a third touch,—which Dandy Jim ventured, reckless of consequences,—he jumped completely over Bones, who keeled from his seat to the floor in shrieking hysterics, and came up chattering and gibbering and snapping his eyes, more like a terrified ape than anything human.

Dandy Jim gradually passed from his staccato prelude into a lively plantation jig, which carried the long-limbed leaper with it into a dance, which made George and Jack nudge each other hard.

"He 's the new man!" "It 's Goffer!" they whispered to each other.

It was now his brother artists' turn to be overcome by wonder and admiration, which Bones, particularly, illustrated by some very laughable performances. He hopped about the dancer like a toad; now stretching up tall to look over him, now crouching low to look under his feet, and even getting leaped over two or three times when curiosity carried him too far. All the while he kept up an amusing accompaniment with his clappers, which advanced with cautious clicks or rattled with starts of astonishment, or whirled off in fits of insane rapture, expressive of the mixed emotions of his soul.

The new-comer wound up by snatching the banjo, and picking the strings to his own dancing; which feat so overcame Bones, that he tumbled flat upon his back, and clappered and kicked with legs and arms in the air.

"That 's good," commented George, when the dance was near its conclusion; "but it is n't *you!*"

"It 's great jumping, but not what I call ——"

Jack had got so far in his criticism, when a young man touched him on the shoulder, and said that Mr. Fitz Dingle would like to speak with him.

"Wait here till I come back," he said to George, and followed the messenger.

Chapter XXIII.

Fitz Dingle and the Colored Minstrels.

Jack was taken around the hall by the outer circle, then through a little corner door into a passage beside the stage. Glancing through openings in the wing, he could see the artists still at their antics; and he came near running against the tall Mr. Goffer, who had just come off.

"Beg pardon!" said Jack, who "felt queer" (as he afterwards told his friend) on finding himself in personal contact with a being who seemed to him a sort of embodied fiction,—a creature who did not belong to the actual world.

"No harm," replied Goffer, fanning his blackened face with his plantation hat. "Where 's Fitz Dingle?"

"This way," said a voice farther on; and Jack caught sight of the hooked nose and comical eye at the end of the passage. The other eye was twinkling with great satisfaction,—at Goffer, however, not at Jack.

"How was it, eh?" said Goffer, as Fitz Dingle took them into the company's dressing-room.

"Capital! a decided hit!" said the manager. "For a first appearance—good! very good! What do *you* say to it?" turning to Jack.

"I thought the whole performance very entertaining," Jack replied.

"Of course. I knew you would be delighted. My show, in its characteristic features, has n't its equal in the world; I say it boldly,—not in the civilized world. In its peculiar features, you understand. What part pleased you most?"

"Oh, Bones I think the funniest fellow! I never saw anything so ludicrous!"

"Bones is a finished artist—a great genius!" said Fitz Dingle. "He is an entertainment of himself. But there 's one difficulty—the public are used to him; and what a show like this needs is variety—novelty—surprise. Goffer is a surprise,—though, between me and you" (lowering his voice, and glancing at the tall artist, who had walked off to a looking-glass), "he aint a great genius like Bones; he won't last like Bones; I shall be obliged to supplement him—follow him up with some new

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attraction. Sir!" said Fitz Dingle, expanding his soiled white waistcoat, and putting on a fierce, pompous look, "you've no conception of the vast amount of thought it requires—the talent, the tact, I may say the genius" (touching his forehead)—"to keep up an entertainment like this. The public sees the splendid result; but the public does *not* see—the public is blind" (he stuck his bad eye very tightly

"THE TALENT, THE TACT,—I MAY SAY, THE GENIUS."

together, as if to represent the public vision)—"blind, sir, to the intellectual power, and the vast strain upon the intellectual power, behind the scenes."

Jack, anxious to come to business, interrupted this harangue with, "You wrote me that your Triangle was sick."

"Yes; gave up this afternoon. A very useful man—not brilliant—good fair tenor—consumption, I'm afraid—and that put into my head an idea," Fitz Dingle rattled on. And he proceeded to unfold the said idea, while Jack listened with reddening cheeks and downcast eyes. "What do you say, young man?"

"I'm afraid I never could!" said Jack. "I don't mean playing the triangle, I think I could do that,"—for Fitz Dingle had produced the instrument, and shown how simple a thing it was for a person with a "good notion of time" to learn to play it,—"but the other part!" and Jack shook his head, laughing at the ridiculous suggestion.

"There's no doubt about it whatever!" Fitz Dingle declared. "You can adapt yourself. I'll see to everything. Only you put yourself under my direction. Attend our rehearsals the rest of the week, and give your whole mind to the business; then I'll make a special announcement of you for next Monday night, when your engagement and pay will begin."

"What is the pay to be?" Jack inquired, poising the triangle in his left hand, and touching it softly with the striker.

"Three dollars a week at first, with a chance of three or four times that amount in as many weeks, in case you prove a big success, as I've no doubt you will."

The temptation was too great to be resisted by an enterprising lad in Jack's straightened circumstances; and the bargain was closed.

"Now, if we could get a fresh hand, to make us up a little dialogue,—something rich and sparkling, you know,—for your daybew, ——"

"My what?" queried Jack.

"Excuse me. I forget you're not a professional. 'Daybew'—first appearance." (French, *début.*) "You'll soon catch the terms. I've generally arranged the jokes and conversations, with a little assistance from Bones and Dandy Jim. But our stock is getting rather threadbare, and I'd give a good price for something new and racy."

With the instinct of true friendship, Jack had constantly, in his thoughts, connected George with his own advancing fortunes; and now he eagerly caught at an opportunity of turning the new position of affairs to his friend's advantage.

"The young fellow you saw with me,—he is an author; writes for the magazines and newspapers,—prose, poetry, stories, songs—I don't know what else; he could get you up something."

"Is he a joker?" inquired Fitz Dingle.

"Capital!" said Jack. "He is always making puns and conundrums;" which was, indeed, the truth. although it has not been developed in these

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pages, for the reason that what is funny enough in jocose conversation, is too apt to appear flat in print.

"Bring him with you to the rehearsals," said Fitz Dingle. "If he is up to the business, no doubt I can give him highly lucrative employment. In short," he added, with the usual swell and flourish and peeling open of the comical eye, "put yourselves under my direction, and you are sure of large incomes; I may say fortunes,—fortunes, young man!"

The first part of the performance was now over, and during the intermission the room was thronged by the minstrels, lounging about, talking in their natural tones, and perhaps touching up their faces with burnt cork. The contrast of their easy and quiet behavior, with their artificial complexions and grotesque costumes, struck Jack almost as funnily as anything they did on the stage. Bones was especially an object of curiosity to him; and he was much surprised to find that incarnation of buffoonery the most serious and gentlemanly person of the troupe. Dandy Jim alone seemed inclined to carry the tricks and grimaces of his assumed character into private life.

Jack walked about on the stage while the curtain was down, and talked with Fitz Dingle and Goffer, and even enjoyed the high honor of exchanging a few words with that eminent person of genius, Mr. Bones. Seeing the proprietor applying his good eye to a little hole in the curtain, through which, himself unseen, he could survey the audience on the other side, Jack went and took his turn at the aperture. A misty sea of faces was before him; and it must be owned that a curious feeling came over the boy, at the thought of his appearing before such an audience on the following Monday night.

He saw George sitting alone, and looking rather melancholy down in front; and wished he could make himself seen by him through the eyelet. But just then Fitz Dingle touched him on the shoulder. Looking around, he perceived that the minstrels had already taken their places, in readiness for the second part of the performance. The bell tinkled, and Jack's heels had just time to disappear in the wing when the curtain rose.

Chapter XXIV.

PEN AND PURSE.

GREAT was the astonishment of George, when his friend returned to the seat beside him, and told him, in gleeful whispers, the result of his interview with Fitz Dingle.

"But I never can write negro talk!" he said, smothering his laughter.

"This is n't negro talk," replied Jack, "but only a kind of made-up lingo. You can catch it, and then make up some more, as well as anybody."

George did not say whether he thought he could or not. But he now regarded the minstrels with fresh interest; and on the way home, and for hours after he got to bed, his brain teemed with dialogues and songs, with which (as he fondly hoped) future audiences in Bowery Hall were to be kept in a roar.

At ten o'clock the next day, he went with Jack to the rehearsal, and showed Fitz Dingle a few things which he had jotted down.

The professional eye sparkled with satisfaction.

"Excellent! Capital! You 've got the idea, exactly. It only needs working up. You 've dramatic talent, too,—why, here 's a very good dramatic situation! I believe, after a little study and experience, you can write us a play, a regular low comedy piece,—hits at the times,—interspersed with songs and dances—appropriate parts for all our artists!" And Fitz Dingle puffed and glared and winked his good eye, and closed and peeled open the funny one, in the enthusiasm kindled by these fertile suggestions of his genius.

George was greatly encouraged; and he began at once to think of writing something which should not only suit Fitz Dingle, and divert the public, but also serve to elevate the character of the performances at Bowery Hall.

"I believe," thought he, "that an entertainment need not be too broadly burlesqued, in order to be amusing; and who knows ——?" his mind wandering off in a splendid, but rather vague, vision of future success and usefulness.

The rehearsal was nothing like what the boys had thought it would be. The minstrels did not take the trouble to black their faces, or change their clothes, or even their manners, for the occasion, but appeared much like common place mortals, met together to talk over a dull matter of business. Nobody would have believed that the serious man with the clappers in his hands, who languidly went through his part, like one but half awake, was the inimitable mimic, the inspired Bones, of the night before.

"Now, my lad," cried Fitz Dingle, approaching Jack, after the new things for the evening's performance had been arranged, "I want you to show the gentlemen what you can do."

Jack modestly took a position near the centre of the stage, and waited for Mr. Jenkins (the Dandy Jim of the previous night) to get ready his banjo and play an appropriate air. George stood near by, anxiously watching him, while Fitz Dingle and his artists were grouped around. The dance began

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rather quietly, and George feared his friend might have caught too much of the careless spirit of the rehearsal. But gradually Jack warmed up to his work; his face became animated; his attitudes agile and jaunty, and every movement alive with a lithe grace and gayety; so, with hand on hip, or flung airily above his head, he went through with his marvelous double-shuffle, and, at the close, bowed laughingly at an imaginary audience in the hall.

Fitz Dingle clapped enthusiastically; others nodded approvingly; and the serious Mr. Bones was heard to remark, at George's elbow, that a young fellow who could do that could do anything. Only Goffer, it was observed, made no sign, but walked off, looking melancholy.

After that, Jack touched the triangle to the music of the banjo, and found that he could easily master that instrument of sweetly tinkling sounds. Then he and his friend went home, highly elated with the result of the forenoon's business.

In the afternoon, George called at the office of *Upton's Literary Magazine*, and met with a cordial reception from the dashy young editor.

"Pretty good story," said Mr. Upton, taking the manuscript from a pigeon-hole over his desk. "Will make about five and a-half pages. I shall try to get it into our next number. Not in the June—that is already in type; but the July."

So at last George had got one article really accepted by a paying magazine! It was a great event in his history; at least, it seemed so to him then. The editor's manner had prepared him for the welcome news, and he was not visibly excited by it; only a glistening of the eye and a tremor of the lips betraying the inward relief and satisfaction which he felt.

"Do you think I can write something else for you?" he quietly asked.

"Yes; good short stories. And it has occurred to me that you can write us a novelette, to run through, say, half-a-dozen numbers. I see you 've got what few young writers have—an idea of character. Your 'Old Backwoodsman' is first-rate. Perhaps a trifle too Leatherstockingish (you 've read Cooper, I see), but not enough to do any hurt. You 've dramatic talent, too; did you know it?"

"So I 've been told," George replied, with a smile, remembering the words of Fitz Dingle.

"Suppose you try your hand at a novelette, and let me see the first chapters; I can tell whether you hit the nail on the head. Good, lively stories, full of humor and human nature—plenty of incident, good plot, and all that—are rare in the market; and I believe you 're up to just that sort of thing. What do you say?"

George said, that with such encouragement, he should like extremely well to try his hand at the work proposed. And he left the editorial presence with a heart so light that he seemed to be treading on air.

He scarcely knew which way he walked, but turned his steps instinctively towards his favorite place of resort,—the Battery,—where the sight of the green grass, and the trees, and the dashing water, and the bay enlivened by ferry-boats and sails, might well bring refreshment to the heart of a country boy in town.

There, under the powerful stimulus of knowing that his talents were recognized, and that something was wanted of him, George thought of the subject, and of some of the characters and scenes, of a novelette for Mr. Upton, which he determined to begin without delay. It was to be a story of pioneer life, embodying some of the early settlers' adventures with the Indians, which he remembered to have heard related in his childhood.

The shilling which had been earned by carrying a trunk, was now boldly invested in foolscap, and the front attic of Mrs. Libby's house assumed a decidedly literary aspect. George commenced "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," and divided his time between that and the work he had undertaken for Bowery Hall. It must be owned that the romance was much more to his taste than the dialogues, and that his interest in these was kept up only because they promised a present gain, while he could not expect pay for his magazine articles until they were published.

As Saturday night was drawing near, when the boys would have to pay another week's board in advance, if they staid at Mrs. Libby's, George did not neglect the newspaper offices, where he had hoped to raise a little money on his poems and sketches. He met with no success. He found editors willing enough to print his articles, but not to pay for them. And even Fitz Dingle, who had a sharp eye for his own interests, turned only the dull one (provokingly stuck together) to the boys' necessities, which they respectfully laid before him.

"It 's against my rule," he said, "to pay anybody a cent in advance. If I should break that rule, my whole troupe would come down on me. Everyone would want assistance. My business would be ruined. Artists (between ourselves) are the most improvident set of men in the world."

It was not so clear to the boys that a loan of four dollars, to relieve their immediate distress, would involve Bowery Hall in ultimate disaster. But men who have at heart no principle of action will often insist most strenuously upon one which they find it convenient to assume. And so Fitz Dingle, who might have told the boys truly that he could

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not always pay what he actually owed, chose to put them off with a pretence.

Chapter XXV.

Professor De Waldo and Master Felix.

On Saturday, as George was retiring from a newspaper office with a rejected manuscript, a stranger, with a smiling countenance, and in seedy apparel,—his coat buttoned to his chin,—followed him out.

"You are a writer, I believe," said the man, accosting him at the foot of the stairs.

"In a humble way," George admitted.

"On the contrary," said the man, with a flattering smile, on a lean and not very prepossessing visage, "I think you are a very good writer;" and he bowed deferentially, placing his hand on his chest, across which his coat was tightly buttoned.

George, who was in no mood to be trifled with, and did not quite like the stranger's manners, asked what means he had of forming such an opinion.

"From your talk with the editor, up stairs. He made a great mistake in rejecting your piece. I think it was because you wanted pay for it."

"I think so, too," said George.

"Allow me to glance at it. Excuse the liberty," said the man, with a skinny smile, "but I am—ha—a little in the literary line myself."

"An author?"

The man pleasantly shook his head. "Guess agin."

"An editor?" said George, reluctantly giving the manuscript.

"Neither," replied the man, politely receiving it. "Ah! I see you are indeed a ready writer. Would that I had the wings of a dove, and that mine enemy had written a book!" he added, softly and sweetly, though somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed to George. "I am Professor De Waldo."

"Indeed?" said George, because he did not know what else to say.

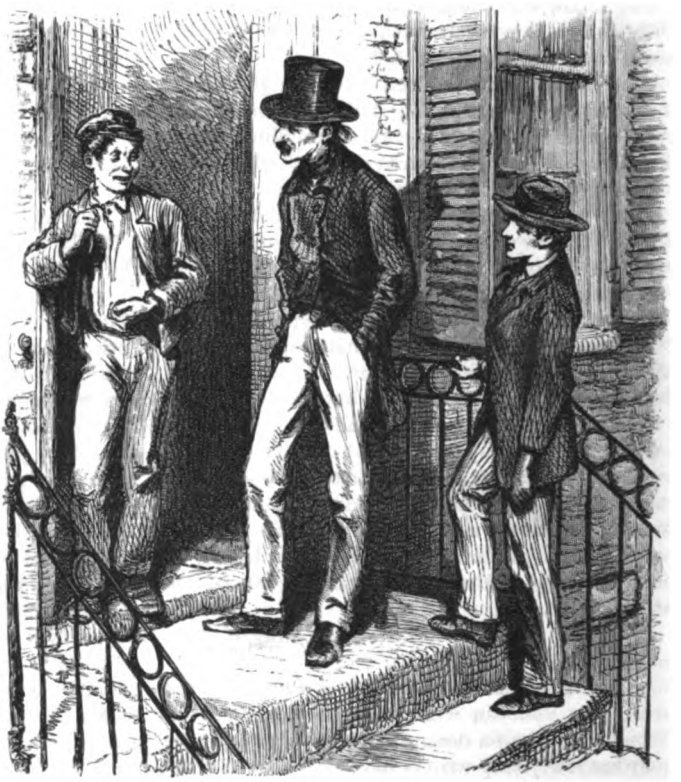
"Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism. You write for money. I am in the way of getting things wrote, which I pay money for. I think we can trade. Thank you." And Professor De Waldo returned the manuscript with a bow, adding, "Remarkably fine, I am sure!"

George now became interested, and wished to know what he could do for the Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism.

"I have to lay my discoveries before the public. In a condensed and cheerful way,—no long-winded treatise, you understand,—in short, a hand-bill."

"I know nothing about Biological Science or Mesmerism," George objected.

"Not necessary. Come to my room. I'll give you the ideas, and you shall put 'em in words.



"Any callers?" asked the Professor.

Something in this style." And Professor De Waldo showed him a soiled slip of printed paper,—evidently the advertisement of some quack doctor,—which he wished to have imitated.

George saw that it would not require much professional knowledge or literary skill to write such a document; and with a smile, he said he thought he could do it.

"How much will it be worth to you—a paper about the length of this?" he inquired.

"Fix your own price; money is a small consideration with me," answered the professor, loftily.

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But George, who was to undertake the job solely for the money it would bring him in (just as he would have undertaken to carry trunks or dig potatoes), required a rather more definite statement of terms.

"O, five or ten dollars,—not less than five; but we 'll arrange that without any trouble. The laborer is worthy of his hire," said the liberal professor, "and I am one that had always druther pay too much than too little, especially to literary men. Come with me."

He took George to a somewhat shabby-looking house on Murray street, in the doorway of which stood a shabby-looking lad, amusing himself by blowing peas through a tube, at some doves in the gutter.

"Any callers?" asked the professor of this youthful marksman.

"Nobody but the furniture man," the boy replied, with a grin. He blew a pea, and added, "He brought his bill again, for the sofa-bed."

"Never mind about that," said the professor, shortly. Then, turning to George, "This is my mesmeric subject,—Master Felix,—a very remarkable clairvoyant. Walk up stairs."

Preceded by the professor, and followed by the mesmeric subject, George went up one flight, to a gloomy back room, lighted by a single window that looked out in a narrow court between high brick walls.

"Take a seat here at the table. I 'll give ye the pints while you write 'em down. To begin with—Master Felix, tell the gentleman how you happen to be with me."

"The professor was lecturing in our town," began the boy, preparing to blow a pea out of the window.

"Put up your pastime, and 'tend to business," said the professor. "I was lecterin in your town, was I? And what town was that? Be explicit. Facts is facts."

"Chester, Pennsylvania," said the boy, stooping to pick up a pea he had dropped.

"On the Delaware river; a very old and very respectable town," added the professor. "Any person"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hands, and stood as if addressing an audience—"any person or persons doubtin' the facts of this very wonderful case, can easily satisfy themselves by takin' the slight trouble of runnin' down to Chester, and makin' careful inquiries—too much care cannot be took in such matters—of any number of people, includin' three clergymen and five physicians, whose names I shall be most happy to furnish. I was lecterin in the place, to a remarkably large and intelligent aujence, when this young gentleman —— But tell your own story." Seeing the tube still in the boy's hands, he muttered in a gruff undertone, "Put up that pop-gun, or I 'll smash it." Then added, blandly, aloud, "Tell your own story, Master Felix."

"I was in the back part of the hall, when you was lecturing, and I felt your magnetic power, and marched down the aisle, and up to the platform—at least, so they tell me; for I never knew how I got there."

"No; and you did n't know how you read with your eyes bandaged, and told what was in the pockets of the gentlemen in the front seats—one thing being a lock of a young lady's hair in a letter, which the young man was very much ashamed, and the aujence amused. You did n't know it; and why?"

"I suppose, 'cause I was under the influence."

"Because he was under the influence," repeated the professor, still addressing George as if he were a large public assembly. "And why, Master Felix, have you been here with me ever since?"

"'Cause I could n't help it; felt drawn to ye. If the professor is miles away," said Master Felix, in his turn addressing the audience, "I feel him, and can't be easy, partic'larly if he wills me to come to him; then I have to go."

"No matter how dark the night, or how thick the bandages on his eyes, if I will him to come to me,—wherever I be,—he comes. Is that so, Master Felix? A most marvelous clairvoyant!" the professor went on; "can pint out lost or stolen articles, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases with most astonishin' success. The medicines I have prepared under his direction, is the most extraordinary now in use."

George glanced from the professor to the mesmeric subject, and said he thought it quite likely.

"I 've lectered and given public exhibitions with this boy in a great many places," continued De Waldo; "and now we open here next week, with private settins in this room, to which the public is respec'fully invited. What I want is somethin' takin', for a hand-bill—somethin' to excite curiosity, and bring in the crowd. And now for the main pints, which you can fill up from your fancy."

George took down the "pints," and said he thought he could have the paper ready that evening.

"Very well," replied the professor; "then this evenin' you shall have the cash for it; five dollars if it 's good, and ten dollars if it 's very good. Now, put in the big licks,—make it flamin', ye know, and, above all, good-natered,—for, whatever else ye may call me, I 'm the best-natered man in the world. Master Felix, show the gentleman down stairs."

(To be continued.)

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A TOAD.

By Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Close by the basement door-step,
  A representative toad
Has made, all the sultry summer,
  His quiet and cool abode;
And the way he bumps and bounces
  About on the area stones,
Would break every bone in his body,
  Except that he has no bones.

When a man is cringing and abject,
  And fawns for a selfish end,
Why they should call him a *toady*
  What mortal can comprehend?
Since for resolute independence,
  Despising the courtier's code,
And freedom from mean ambitions,
  There 's nobody like the toad.

I know how strongly against him
  Some popular whimsies go;
But the toad is never vicious,
  Nor silly, nor stupid, nor slow.
Stupid? Perhaps you never
  Noticed his jewel eyes?
Slow? or his tongue's red lightning
  Striking the darting flies?

Oh, but the mouth he carries
  To make its dimensions clear,
One longs to describe it briefly,
  As reaching from ear to ear;
But that no Professor of reptiles
  Is able (so far as appears
In books upon kindred subjects)
  To locate batrachian ears.

No matter how stern and solemn
  The markings about his eyes,
The width of his mouth preserves him
  From wearing too grave a guise;
It gives him the look (no matter
  How sad he may be the while
Or deep in profound abstraction)
  Of smiling a chronic smile.

His ponderous locomotion,
  Though brimful of nerve and force,
And well enough here in the area,
  Would n't do for a trotting-course;
Too modest to run for Congress,
  Too honest for Wall street's strife,
His principles all unfit him
  For aught but a virtuous life.

A hole in the ground contents him,—
  So little he asks of fate;
Philosopher under a dock-leaf,
  He sits like a king in state.
Should a heedless footstep mash him,
  In gravel absorbed and blent,
He never complains or grumbles,—
  He knows it was accident.

No drudging scribe in a sanctum,
  No writer of prose or rhyme,
Gets through with so much hard thinking
  In the course of a summer-time;
And if sometimes he jumps at conclusions,
  He does it with accurate aim
And after mature reflection,—
  Would all of us did the same!

But what will he do this winter,
  In the wind and snow and hail,
With his poor soft, unclad body
  Unsheltered by wings or tail?
He cannot go south, poor fellow,
  In search of a milder air,
For spring would be back triumphant,
  Before he was half-way there!

But what are his plans for the future,
  Or where he intends to go,
Or what he is weighing and planning,
  Are things we shall never know.
He winks if you ask him a question,
  And keeps his own counsel well;
For in fact, like the needy knife-grinder,
  He has never a story to tell!

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FIRE-CRACKERS AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By William H. Rideing.

A good many elderly people are afflicted with dreadful head-aches on the Fourth of July; but I suspect they don't mind it very much, for in every puff of blue smoke that wreathes itself under their noses, they see a boy's or a girl's happy face.

It is a queer custom, this setting-off of fireworks, but it is observed in many countries; among others, in England on the Fifth of November, in China on New Year's Day, and in South America on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. As you know, the Fifth of November is the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, in which a sad scamp named Guy Fawkes schemed to blow up the House of Parliament, with all the members, great and small, inside. But the plot was discovered and defeated, and the patriotic people of England still celebrate their escape. On every anniversary of the day they have fireworks and bonfires, and the boys burn effigies of the traitor. I have seen a capital Guy Fawkes made with a broom-stick, a ragged old coat, a battered old hat, and a penny paper mask. Boxes of matches, squibs, and crackers were secreted about his ugly person, and then he was carried over the town in an old chair, with a chorus of noisy youngsters following after and singing:

> Gunpowder plot shall never be forgot,
> As long as old England stands upon a rock!

When he had been paraded through all the streets, and reviled, and pelted with stones, he was planted on the top of a bonfire for a throne and burned, amid the splutterings and fumes of the crackers and squibs hidden in his dress.

In the Southern States, as those of you who live there know, Christmas Day is the great occasion for fireworks, and then there is as much desire for crackers and pin-wheels as in the North on the Fourth. In China, the almond-eyed natives fire off their crackers on New Year's Day, as I have said, and travelers state that the noise continues from early morning until midnight, without the least intermission. It is not the children alone who enjoy themselves; men and women share in the amusement with just as much zest as the youngsters. In South American countries, such as Chili and Peru, a friend of mine, who lived there, tells me that fireworks are introduced at every festival, and especially at those of the Church. The people derive a frantic sort of pleasure from them, and set them off in broad daylight and at all hours of the night. He is an enthusiastic fellow himself, and I am not sure that he does not exaggerate a little, but he says that he has seen a sane business-man leave his office in midday and go into the street to send off a rocket. During church services also fireworks are displayed, so there is a perpetual Fourth of July. Perhaps some of you think it would be nice to live in such a place; I don't.

What I want to tell you in this sketch, however, is about the manufacture of fireworks. The other day, I bought three packages of crackers, all manufactured in China, and paid eight cents each for them. You know how they are packed—in white straw paper, with a crimson label bearing an inscription printed in gilt characters. Well, when I

A PACK OF FIRE-CRACKERS.

got home, I began to wonder what the inscription on the margin meant. I am not a learned person, so I asked a Japanese student who understands Chinese to translate it for me. As the centre of one label is filled with the outline of an eagle, the pack evidently is designed for young Americans. And the wonderful-looking characters proved, after all, to be nothing more than an advertisement of the dealers, reading, when translated, as follows:

> Our office is in Ou Sen, and we make the best kind of fire-crackers. Please copy down the advertisement, and we hope there will be no mistake.

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THE TWO CHINAMEN.

On the second pack are figures of two Chinamen, and the following inscription in Chinese:

The original store is now at the Square of Kau Chin, and we set before the public beautiful articles, including fire-crackers, made by ourselves. We hope our customers will write down the advertisement and remember.

On the same pack the address of the firm—pronounced, Man Puku Do—is given; translated, it means: "Ten thousand Prosperity Chambers." On the third pack there is the outline of a dragon, and in English, on the label, "Crescent Chop.—Superior Fire-crackers." Perhaps I was a little disappointed in finding that the outlandish characters had not something to say more significant than these things; but my interest was aroused, and I looked further into the matter. I went to the store of the largest importer of fire-crackers in America, and mentioned your names—the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—to him.

I could not have had a better introduction, for he immediately took me into his confidence, and gave me some valuable facts, which I repeat here for your benefit.

In each of the packs I had bought, there were eighty crackers, so that I obtained two hundred and forty in all, for twenty-four cents. Could anything be cheaper? It scarcely seemed possible, but the importer told me that in China the wholesale price of each pack is only two cents, which includes the exporter's profit. For considerably less than one cent, then, a Chinaman makes forty of these little rolls of paper, fills them with the ingredients, and strings them together. Most of them are made for large firms in Hong Kong, by the peasants in the suburbs during their leisure hours, just as the poor people of Germany and Switzerland employ their spare moments in making watches and toys. They are brought to America, packed in boxes containing forty packs each, in sailing-ships coming by the long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America. The dealers could not afford to pay for the freight of them, or a ship, loaded with nothing but fire-crackers, might often come over; so they are used as ballast in vessels where the cargo consists of silks and teas. As nearly as the importer could guess, ten million packs are brought to America and sold every year.

MAN PUKU DO.

He next lighted a candle and led me into a dark cellar. Here there were stored, from the floor to the ceiling, numberless small boxes. Outside, they looked precisely like tea-chests, wrapped in paper of a brownish-green color, and stamped all over in black with Chinese characters. Another wrapper made of straw matting enclosed the paper, and was securely fastened by ropes of plaited straw.

"These are all sold," said the importer, "and as soon as the canals open we shall begin to send them out."

He also showed me a lot of card-board boxes, containing ten packs of a thousand torpedoes each. No torpedoes are imported. There are several German families in the suburbs of New York who

THE DRAGON.

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make them almost exclusively, and supply the market.

My inquiries about fire-crackers led us into the subject of fireworks generally, and the importer

SIFTING AND MIXING MACHINES.

told me that about seven firms in America sell $500,000 worth in a year. There 's a pretty story to tell our parents! It takes a great deal of pocket-money, to be sure, and there are better ways of spending it; but I am not writing a sermon, and you must think the matter over and decide for yourselves.

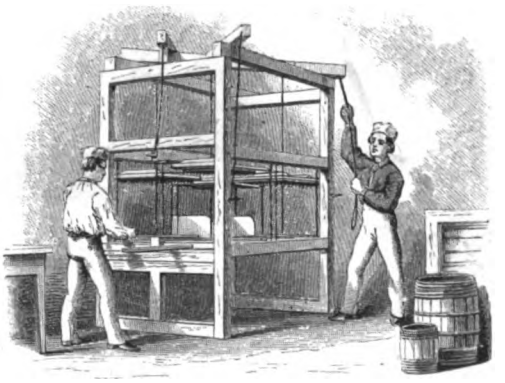
From the importer's office, I went to a large firework manufactory at Middle Village, Long Island. The business is not all done in one great building, as you might suppose, but is distributed between nearly twenty small ones, all of them separate, and some of them scarcely more than sheds. This arrangement is to prevent a fire from spreading, in case one should break out. As I crossed the yard with one of the proprietors, he pointed to a solid-looking chest, with heavy iron doors.

"That," he said, "is our powder magazine."

It stands alone on a plot of ground, and no light is allowed to approach it. At the other end of the yard is the wood-room, where are stored bundles upon bundles of sticks for rockets; tin cans for colored fires; round wooden boxes for "mines" and "batteries;" tripods for a new kind of rocket that is held by three sticks, instead of one; discs of every size for "pin-wheels;" small frames for "triangles," and large frames, reaching to the ceiling, for "exhibition pieces." You must bear in mind that such designs as American flags, eagles and ships are not called fireworks; a pyrotechnist distinguishes them as "exhibition pieces." Some of these cost over fifty dollars each. The workman binds lengths of paper tubing to the slender frame, and when the match is applied, the whole design is ignited by a swift train, and a fiery star-spangled banner is streaming in the air. The fireworks made in the greatest number are Roman candles and rockets. Three hundred and sixty thousand one-ball candles are made by one firm every year.

Not far from the wood-room, we come to the paper-room, which contains twenty-five tons of paper, to be used in fireworks. Some of it has been rolled into boxes and tubes, and much more is stored in sheets, reaching the ceiling. Next door, is the mixing-room, where we find the head of the establishment at work in a leather suit compounding ingredients for a lot of Roman candles. He is a chemist; and when we asked how he learned the secrets of his business, he told us that when he was a small boy in England, and engaged in another trade, he acquired a taste for chemistry, as applied to the manufacture of fireworks. In a small out-house of his father's, he spent all his leisure, experimenting and burning himself, and frightening his poor mother out of her wits. When he emigrated to America he had a chance for himself, and at once chose to be a firework-maker.

In opposite corners of the same room are two machines, one used for sifting, and the other for mixing. They both look alike, and are very simple in form. The saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal are first placed in the sifting machine, where they are tossed about in a rotary sieve, the fine portions falling into a tray beneath, and the lumps remain-



MACHINE FOR CUTTING STARS.

ing in the netting above. When this has been done, and the lumps have been powdered, the ingredients are placed in the mixing machine, and are here rolled and rolled about for five or ten minutes, when they are fit for use.

While we were present the chemist and his assistants were busy preparing a mysterious composition of several pale colors. What do you think

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it was? Stars for Roman candles and rockets. It was rolled into cakes about half-an-inch thick and about two feet square. A man then came in and carried it off to another room where there was a machine for cutting it into little lozenges. The largest cakes were deposited on a brass plate, full of little holes. Meanwhile, another workman was standing at a rope, which held up a second plate, with a number of nipples corresponding with the holes, and this gradually descended on the composition, pressing it through the holes on to a tray beneath, where it arrived in round and smooth bits. Five hundred stars are made by the machine in ten minutes.

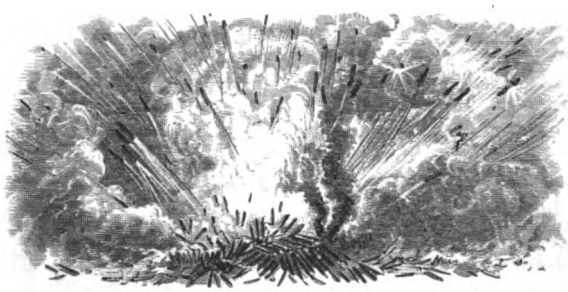
They have a room in the establishment which is used only for the storage of stars. There are long rows of shelves, occupied by small barrels painted different colors, corresponding with those of the stars they hold. Some of them are also marked by letters such as these:

Y. R. S.–R. R. S.

which mean, "yellow rocket stars," and "red rocket stars." Forty barrels of white stars alone, each containing many thousand, are used every year. Here the proprietor also showed me an immense iron mortar, which discharges one thousand five hundred stars at a time; and then he led me into a work-room, where several boys and girls were employed. Generally, only one kind of fireworks is made at a time, and on this day the hands were confined to Roman candles.

At one bench in the work-room there was a pyramid of card-board barrels, about six inches long and one inch in diameter. Into the bottom of these, four boys were pouring small quantities of finely-powdered clay, ramming it well in, and then passing the barrels to a man, who poured in a charge of gunpowder, and rammed that in too. When all this had been done, a second workman took them in hand, adding an explosive composition to the contents, and afterwards dropping in two stars and sealing the whole with some more composition. Some girls at the other end of the room finished the business. They took the common brown paper barrels, wrapped them in silver and gilt and fancy-colored paper, and so beautified them that I wondered if the men who had done the clumsier work could recognize them.

In another room two strong men were packing the completed fireworks for transportation to all parts of the country. It was yet spring, but these great wooden boxes, filled with "scrolls," "mosaic filigree," and "flower-pots," were already sold to dealers for trade with our lads and lasses on the "glorious Fourth."



THE HOME SERVICE.

By M. D. Brine.

Grandpa hears the church-bells ringing
  On the holy Sabbath morn.
Poor old grandpa! he is aged,
  And his strength is sorely worn.
So, within his chair he 's sitting,
With his grandchild round him flitting.

But the childish eyes discover
  That his gaze is churchward turned.
Precious child! her heart is thoughtful,
  Tho' she be not wise or learned,
"Dear old drandpa, *don't* be sorry!
  Mate a minister of Florry."

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Soon the Bible, large and heavy,
  Lies upon the little knee,
Upside down; but Florry, singing
  Little hymns so earnestly,
Never dreams but that *her* preaching
Equals all the church is teaching.

Good old grandpa! he is happy
  With the little singer near;
Now, "I want to be an angel"
  Sweetly falls upon his ear.
But—what 's this?—the church is closing;
Tired grandpapa is dozing!

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter XIV.

NIMPO'S BRIGHT IDEA.

Days came and went,—each day seeming longer and bleaker than the last, in spite of what Mrs. Primkins described as "more mischiefs and goings-on than there were hairs on a cat's back,"—when, at last, Nimpo received a letter from her father.

Rush eagerly leaned over her shoulder as she read it aloud:

My Dear Little Daughter: I suppose you think it is about time we came home. So do we, and we hope to start in a day or two ——

"Oh, goody!" shouted Rush. Nimpo fairly danced for joy, waving the letter like a banner in her hand. Then she hugged Robbie, and told him mother was coming, and settled down to finish the letter:

I had occasion yesterday to go down Maiden lane, and I thought how pleased you would be to be with me. Maiden lane is a long, narrow street running out of Broadway. Here are located various stores filled with wonderful things. Whips and tops and balls, that would delight Rush and Robbie beyond measure. Walking-canes that can be changed into chairs in two minutes, and large wax-dolls with eyes which can be opened or closed at pleasure, ——

"Oh dear!" sighed Nimpo. "I wish ——" Then she went on:

which, of course, a young lady almost in her "teens" would not want. [Nimpo drew a long sigh.] I saw rocking-horses large enough for a boy of ten to ride on, ——

"Oh, I *hope* he 'll bring me one!" said Rush, fervently.

and boats with sails that can be spread by pulling a string.

"Oh, I 'd rather have the boat!" interrupted Rush again.

"Do let me finish the letter," said Nimpo, reading:

But I 'll tell you all about these and many other things when I return. Your mother is very well, and sends word to have Sarah notified of our return. Be a good girl, and mind Mrs. Primkins.

"Humph!" said Nimpo.

Your affectionate Father.

The first thing that Nimpo did, after reading the letter over twice, was to rush up stairs and cram every one of her things into her trunk.

When, at last, she went to bed, after telling the good news to everyone she met, she tumbled and tossed and could not sleep, and, finally, a bright idea came into her head. It was too bright to keep to herself till morning, so she got up, and, hastily wrapping herself in a blanket, went to Rush's door.

"Rush, are you awake?" she said.

"Yes," said Rush. "I 'm so glad the folks are coming that I can't go to sleep."

"Neither can I," said Nimpo, going in and sitting down on the foot of Rush's bed. "And I 'll tell you what I mean to do to-morrow. I mean to go and see Sarah, as mother told me in the letter; and I 'm going to have her come up and bake bread and things, so as to have something to eat when they come."

"Oh, that 'll be grand!" said Rush, eagerly, sitting up in bed; "let 's have sponge cake and mince pies!"

"Oh, no," said Nimpo; "just bread and cookies, —oh, and pumpkin pies, and, perhaps, doughnuts."

"And we 'll go down there and see her make them, and have some!" said Rush, excitedly.

"Of course, we 'll go down," said Nimpo; "but we wont eat the things,—only, perhaps, a cooky or doughnut."

"Oh, yes," said Rush; "they 're so nice hot. Old Primkins never gives a fellow one. Hers aint nice, either."

"Thank the fates, we 've got 'most through with Mrs. Primkins," said Nimpo, warmly. "For my part, I never want to see her again"

"How nice it 'll be to be home," said Rush; "seem 's if I could n't wait two days longer. I wish it was morning now."

"So do I," said Nimpo; "but it never will be if I sit here." So she went back to bed.

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In the morning, Nimpo and Rush started through the woods to go to Sarah's, for they could n't think of going to school on such a joyful day.

As they came near, they heard singing, and Nimpo whispered:

"Let 's go up softly. I guess Sarah 's singing, and it 's real fun to hear her. We can hardly ever get her to sing."

So they stole up to the door and looked in. There sat Sarah on a low stool before the fire, rolling from side to side, in a kind of ecstasy, beating time with her hands, and singing, to the most unearthly, wailing tune:

O, come 'long Moses, you wont get lost,
Let my people go,—
With a lighted can'l' at yo breast.
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land:
Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

"Keep still," whispered Nimpo; "there 's lots more of it." Sarah went on:

O, take y'r shoes from off y'r feet,—
Let my people go,—
Walkin' in de golden street.
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land:
Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

Just then they heard the whole family returning from the woods, each one with an armful of brush. Sarah heard them too, and came out. She started when she saw her white visitors.

"Lor'! how ye scairt me! Y'r ma done came home?"

"No, but she 's coming," shouted Rush, joyfully.

"Go 'long now," responded Sarah, doubtfully; while Nimpo drew nearer to her, with a happy "Yes, she is. And, Sarah, I want you to come down and bake some things before she gets home, to surprise her, you know."

"Sure nuff," said Sarah, "there wont be a bite to eat in the house, an' I 'spect 't wont hurt none to run a broom through it."

Nimpo looked guilty.

"It 's mussed up some, and looks real lonesome," she said; "but you come to-morrow, and I 'll help you get things in order." Sarah grinned.

"Go 'way now! I reckon I haint done forgot how to clar up yet,—not yet I has n't! I 'll be up the fust thing. Shall I make up a batch o' pies? Punkins is good now. I done made some powerful nice ones yesterday."

Rush grew radiant.

"Come in 'n' take a bite," said Mrs. Johnson's hospitable voice at the door. "Sarah does make oncommon good pies, 'n' you 've had a 'mazin' long tramp."

They needed no urging, and in a moment each one received in the hand a rich golden block, cut from a square tin.

"Sarah," said Nimpo, standing in the door and eating hers, "Mrs. Wilson's dog tore up one of mother's damask towels."

"La sakes!" said Sarah, holding up her hands. "I jes wish I 'd a-cotched him at it! He 'd ought ter have a crack over the head nuff to beat his bref out! But how did he get y'r ma's towel?"

"I forgot it one day, and left it out-doors," said Nimpo, humbly. "We played Log House, and I had it for a table-cloth. Oh! and I tore mother's white shawl."

"Lor' now! I spects ye 's been up to no end o' shines since y'r ma's bin gone," said Sarah. "I hearn tell that Mah'sr Rush here done runned away."

Rush looked sheepish.

"La sakes! that 's nuffin," broke in Mrs. Johnson, who had sympathy for boys. "'Most all likely young fellars done run away oncet. 'Pears like ye aint gwine to eat noffin," she went on, as Nimpo refused a second square of the generous pie.

Nimpo laughed, and told her she had n't eaten anything so good since her mother went away.

"Pore chile!" said Sarah, who thought no trouble in life was so bad—at least for white folk—as not having nice things to eat. "I 'll come up to-morrow, 'n' make some despret nice ones."

"Sarah, wont you tell us a story before we go?" said Nimpo, coaxingly.

"I 'll show ye somethin' ye never saw, I reckon," said Sarah. "The day's work 's all done put away. Mebby the chillen will show ye how we dance down Souf whar we come from. Come, chillen, sing "My Ole Mah'sr!"

After some urging, the four older children got up into the middle of the room, while the rest of the family, with Nimpo and Rush as spectators, sat around the edge.

"You sing, Sarah," said her sister. So Sarah began singing, to one of their doleful airs, these words:

My ole mah'sr built a house,
Fifteen stories high;
An' ebry room in dat dar house
War filled wid chicken-pie.

At this point, the dancers, of whom there were two boys and two girls, locked arms in pairs, each boy and girl looking opposite ways, and whirled round and round while all sang this chorus:

Hi diddle O jump candy, jump candy, jump candy!

Here they suddenly changed arms, and danced the other way, singing:

Hi diddle O jump candy,—hi diddle O, diddle E!

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Then they stood in a row clasping hands, and all sang.

Row, brothers, row!
I 'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
I 'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
To feed him on sugar an' tea!

Then Sarah began again:

My ole mah'sr went to town
On a load o' peaches;
The horse run 'way 'n' broke his cart,
Smash it all to pieces.

Then they locked arms again and danced, and sang the same chorus over again.

Nimpo and Rush were charmed with this performance; as soon as it was over, they thanked the children heartily, and after a few more words with Sarah, hurried away. It was high time, Nimpo said, to go home to Robbie.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INDIANS!

BRIGHT and early the next day, Nimpo, Rush and Robbie went to the house, and before they had time to unlock the door, Sarah joined them. Such a shout as they gave as they burst into the hall! The little Rievors were like wild creatures escaping from a cage; but, strange to say, liberty had been the cage in this instance, and the home-walls, once so confining, seemed to send the very joy of freedom into their hearts. While they were capering about, and Robbie, in his delirium, was performing the daring feat of jumping from the bottom step of the stair to the oil-cloth, Sarah slipped away to the kitchen. There the children soon found her, up to her elbows in flour, and with a look of "now I 'm at work" on her face. She was no longer Sarah the story-teller, but Sarah the cook, and, like all good cooks, rather cross to children. So Nimpo went meekly up stairs, and took a book to read, while Robbie got out all his blocks and played on the sitting-room floor, and Rush went down to the store as usual. Just about noon, Rush came back.

"Nimpo," he said, "let 's red-head pins."

"We have n't any sealing-wax," answered Nimpo, shutting her book, for the story was growing dull, and, besides, she was beginning to want some of the good things that sent up savory odors from the kitchen.

"I have," said Rush. "I found a piece down at the store, and Cousin Will said I might have it."

"Well," said Nimpo, taking the wax, which he held out, "get some pins, and we 'll do it now."

Rush snatched his mother's cushion off the bureau, and ran down just in time to see the wax laid on a handy place on the kitchen stove.

"What you gwine to do?" asked Sarah, who, now that the baking was off her mind, was as pleasant as usual.

"Going to red-head pins," answered Nimpo. "If you 've got an old darning-needle, I 'll make you a lovely shawl-pin."

"'Pears like I had one," said Sarah. "I mos' allus has one stickin' in the wood 'side o' the winder."

And she went into her room to see.

"Yes, here 's one," said she; "but yo be kereful 'bout that ar. I 've heerd tell of settin' a house afire that a way."

"Oh, we 'll be careful," exclaimed both the children.

"I 'm gwine to clar up the chambers now, an' there 's a bite fur ye on the dining-room table," said Sarah.

Then, arming herself with broom and dust-pan, and tying a gorgeous yellow cotton handkerchief over her head, to keep the dust out of her hair, she marched off up stairs.

Nimpo and Rush hurried through with the red-heading business, and rushed in to lunch. They found fresh crisp doughnuts, delicious pumpkin-pie, and a pitcher of milk; and they thought it a lunch fit for a queen.

After they had eaten all they could, and, in fact, emptied the table, they still sat there, talking over the delights of being at home once more, and wondering how other boys and girls could be contented to live with their parents.

"There 's Anna Morris," said Nimpo. "Her mother 's real cross, I think; and she 's never pleasant like our mother. She 's always working in the kitchen like fury. She never says 'Good morning' to me; but always hollers out, 'Wipe your feet!' I don't see how Anna can bear her."

"Yes," said Rush, "and Johnny Stevens' mother,—she whips him if he only falls down and gets muddy some. She keeps a stick over the clock, and if he does n't wipe his feet, or comes in muddy or with a hole torn,—how can folks help that, I 'd like to know?—she just takes down that stick and beats him."

"I should think he 'd run away," said Nimpo, indignantly.

"He 's awful 'fraid of her," said Rush.

This little village that I 'm telling about was one of the quietest and dullest towns you ever heard of; but it had one pet horror, and that was—Indians! It was not a very long time since they had been seen prowling around in the woods, and even coming to the farm-houses for something to eat. And the old settlers, who now sat in the corner by the fire, and smoked or knit,—according to their sex,—had plenty of horrible stories at their tongues' end, and delighted to tell them to groups of eager

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youngsters, who enjoyed having their hair stand up with horror as well as some of you do now-a-days.

You may be sure that Nimpo and Rush were often to be found where there were stories to be heard; so they had their minds filled with the frightful things which are told of the savages.

On this day, when they were still sitting at the table, talking about other people's mothers, and Sarah, who had just come down stairs, was busy near the window, suddenly the door burst open, and a full-grown, frightful-looking Indian bounded in, with a war-whoop or some other unearthly yell, brandishing his tomahawk in the most threatening manner, as though he meant to scalp them all in a minute.

"A FULL-GROWN, FRIGHTFUL-LOOKING INDIAN BOUNDED IN"

Sarah gave a dreadful scream and scampered into the cellar. Nimpo, quick as thought, snatched Robbie and dashed into the pantry, instantly putting her back against the door, and bracing her feet against the flour-barrel. In a second, Rush bounced against the door, kicking violently and shouting, "Let me in!"

"I'll *never* open the door!" said Nimpo, desperately. "Go somewhere else."

"I think you're real mean!" said Rush, running to the cellar-door, and trying to get in there. But Sarah held that equally tight, and told him to "Go 'way dar."

Meantime, the Indian, amazed at the fright he had produced, for Robbie was screaming violently, spoke in his natural voice:

"Here, Nimpo, Rush, it's nobody but me—Cousin Will! I've just dressed up! Sarah, don't be such a goose. Robbie, come and see me; don't cry. Open the door."

Nimpo heard Rush laugh faintly, and say slowly, "Why, Cousin Will!" and then she opened the door a crack. There stood the awful figure, but talking to Rush in Cousin Will's voice; and on looking closely at his face, she could see, through the horrid stripes of paint, that it was, indeed, no other than Will.

Then she came out, pale and trembling still; but she had to soothe Robbie, who could n't bear to look at him, and Sarah utterly refused to open the door. She could not so easily be reassured.

The dress was that of an Indian chief, and Will—who delighted in startling people—had borrowed it, to try its effect on the children; but he had no idea of scaring them out of their wits.

I can't tell you just how the suit was made, but it was of gay colors, and had a long fringe down each leg and arm, that, when he danced and waved his arms, flew about and made a strange, wild appearance. Then his face was painted in gaudy stripes, and five long feathers stuck out from his head.

After this valiant exploit, Master Will—who, it must be confessed, was hardly more than a great

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over-grown boy—made a raid upon Sarah's freshly-made store of good things, while Rush and Nimpo looked on in dismay, wishing that Sarah would come and "put a stop to it." But Will escaped unseen, though Sarah was angry enough when she discovered what he had been doing. They could hear her muttering for a long time about "po' white trash," and "scarin' a body's wits out," and "stuffin' 's tho' he never had nuffin," and so on.

"Rush," said Nimpo, after awhile, "let 's get the fires ready to light, so it 'll look pleasant when father and mother come. It 's cool in the evenings now, you know."

"Well," said Rush.

So they went out to the wood-shed, and brought in small sticks and kindling and dry chips.

"I 'll fix the parlor fire," said Nimpo, "and you fix the sitting-room; and then we can light them the minute the stage stops, and it 'll all be in a blaze before they get in."

These fires were built in open fireplaces, such as, I fear, you young folk have never seen, excepting, perhaps, in some old-fashioned country kitchen. Large sticks were laid across andirons,—or fire-dogs, as some called them,—and on these Nimpo made a splendid pile of fine sticks, with a handful of shavings underneath. One match would set the whole in a blaze.

Meantime, Rush, with Robbie's valuable assistance, had made the same preparations in the sitting-room, and Sarah had put the finishing touches to the house, which was now in good order from attic to cellar.

"Now I 'm gwine home," she said soon afterwards, coming out of her room with her shawl. "Mind ye come arter me the minute y'r ma comes."

"I expect it will be to-morrow," said Nimpo.

"I don't. Folks never gits home when they spects to," said Sarah.

Chapter XVI.

COMING HOME.—CONCLUSION.

THE next afternoon, when it was nearly time for the stage, the three children went down to the house, with clean clothes and faces, and hair in a wonderful state of smoothness.

Nimpo and Rush took matches in their hands to be ready, and Robbie climbed up to the window to watch. After long and tiresome waiting, they heard the driver's horn, and knew that the stage was coming round the corner. So both of them lighted matches, though with excited, trembling hands, and set fire to long paper lighters which they had prepared. And then they stood and held them. and gazed at the approaching red stage, ready, on the least sign of drawing up at the door, to stuff the torch into the shavings.

But, alas! it cruelly drove by, and Nimpo was so surprised and grieved, that she held her paper till it burnt her fingers.

Disappointment is a hard thing to bear, and slowly and sadly the children locked up the house, and walked back to Mrs. Primkins.

That lady stood on the steps, and something like a smile came round her mouth, though it felt so little at home that it did n't stay long.

"So your folks did n't come, eh?"

"No," said Nimpo, with a choking in her throat.

"Woll, I did n't expect 'em a mite; people 'most always get hendered on the way; likely they 've had a storm on the lake, too. You better unpack your trunk now, and stay another night or two."

Poor Nimpo had locked and strapped her trunk, sure that she should never open it again at Mrs. Primkins', and now she could n't even go to bed without getting out nightgowns and brushes. It was almost as bad to unpack that night as it was on the first day, when she was so disappointed.

The next day was fearfully long; it did seem as though school would never be out, and several times Nimpo thought the clock had stopped.

But evening came, and again the eager watchers lighted their torches and awaited with fast-beating hearts the heavy roll of the lumbering wheels. They *knew* they would come this time.

But again the hateful stage rolled by with no sign of stopping.

Robbie began to cry, and Nimpo felt very much as if she would like to cry herself, while Rush suddenly had pressing business in another part of the house.

However, they once more walked sadly back to Mrs. Primkins'.

"You 'll make out your week yet," was her greeting; "here it is Friday night, and if they don't come to-morrow, they 'll wait till Monday,—and that 'll be just five weeks to a day."

"They *must* come before Monday," said Nimpo, greatly disturbed, for Mrs. Primkins' cool way of speaking made it seem the most natural thing in the world for them to stay a week or two longer.

"If wishes were horses then beggars would ride," was Mrs. Primkins' irritating reply. "Wishing and hoping never brought anything to pass that ever I see in my experience. Waiting 's the thing for us to learn. Likely your ma 's stopped over to see somebody."

"If they don't come to-morrow, I never *can* wait till Monday," said Nimpo, excitedly.

"Hoity-toity! I guess you 'll have to," said Mrs. Primkins, mockingly. "You 've got several

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things to learn yet, my lady, though you 're 'mazin' wise in your own conceit."

Nimpo felt that she could not stand another word, so she went on up stairs. But on the way she made a resolution:

"If they don't come to-morrow, I 'll get Sarah down to the house, and stay there till they do come. I *can't* stand it here another day."

But happiness was close by. The next morning, before they were out of bed, there came up the attic stairs a joyful sound, although it was Mrs. Primkins' voice:

"Children, your folks is comin'."

With a glad cry, Nimpo sprang out of bed, and tried to dress; but never were buttons so stubborn, nor hooks and eyes so clumsy; never did strings get so tangled, nor hair so snarled; it seemed as if she should never get her clothes on. And there was Robbie calling excitedly for her to dress him too.

As for Rush, he jumped into his clothes—as a boy will—and was down stairs and half-way home before Nimpo was ready to begin on Robbie.

At last, however, enough buttons were adjusted to hold the clothes on, and without stopping to pack the trunk again, Nimpo and Robbie set off on a run for home.

Before they were half-way there, they met Rush, wheeling a wonderful little wheel-barrow, which mother had brought for Robbie.

Robbie could not get by that, and Nimpo let go of his hand and rushed on alone.

In a moment she was, to her surprise, sobbing in her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother! I 'm so glad you 've come!" was all she could say.

"Then you prefer home to boarding, after all, do you, dear?" said her mother, kissing her.

"Oh, mother!" Nimpo broke out penitently. "I 've had nothing but trouble since you went away! I 've got into more scrapes than ever in my life before! I 've spoilt your black alpaca dress, and torn your white shawl, and—and—I can't tell half the mischief we 've done!"

"Well, never mind now," said Mrs. Rievor; "you can tell me by and by. Now come and see what I have brought you."

And she led Nimpo into the parlor, while Mr. Rievor, who stood in the doorway, waiting for Rush and Robbie, thought complacently of his wife's improved health and the evident change for the better in his little girl.

I shall not tell you of Nimpo's presents, and the book of poems; for, glad as she was to get them, they were nothing when compared with the best gift of all—her home and her mother.

THE END.

THE LITTLE RED FEATHER.

(Translated by "PLYMOUTH ROCK," *from the French sketch published in our April Number.)*

WAS it not unfortunate? Once it had been worn to go to church every Sunday, to skate on the pond on week-days, and, even to the last, it went to school every morning, and it was found on all the smart little hats in the dressing-room, with the wings and pompons. But now, alas! it has disappeared from Gertrude's dismantled hat, and it lies abandoned on the floor in the midst of the rubbish, and—can it be true? Yes, it is about to be swept up with the rubbish, and in another minute thrown into the stove.

"All is ended," sighed the poor little red feather.

But at the same moment little Kitty ran and glanced at the box where the sweepings were kept.

"Oh! stop, Norah!" cried she. "I want that feather,—I want it for my doll's hat. She is going to be married."

So the little red feather was saved, and was worn by a bride. She wore it at her wedding; she wore it out walking, and when her husband became a soldier, he also wore it in his cap during the grand review.

"And now," said little Kitty, "I am going to take the feather and make it good for writing. It looks to me precisely like a little red goose-feather; and I know that grandfather can make a pen of it to write with."

In fact, the grandfather could do it, and he did it, and, in all your life, you have never seen such a pretty little red pen.

"Now, you must write a letter with this pen," said the grandfather.

Kitty then wrote a little letter, in straight lines, and with punctuation, and sent it down to Norah in the kitchen. Norah sent a reply by Phil, Kitty's little brother. The reply was an apple tart which

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had just come out of the oven. The children seated themselves in a corner, and did honor to the collation; for they ate it all.

"Now, let us go up into the garret," proposed Phil. They immediately set about collecting the games, the dolls, the balls, the dishes, the trumpets, the carriages, and all the objects serving for playthings that they could find, including the little red feather. Then they went up merrily to the attic, and chose for the field of their manœuvres a large space of unoccupied floor, which was lighted by a narrow dormer window. Then they formed streets and built houses with blocks. The dolls lived in the houses, and all the animals of Noah's Ark were pastured in the streets.

"Here is a little red pine-tree," cried Phil, seizing the red feather and planting it firmly in a mere crack of the floor.

So now it was a little red pine-tree; and how proud it felt! The camel and the elephant came to lean against it, and a long file of tin soldiers were placed all around, whilst Kitty and Phil blew the trumpets.

"Kitty! Kitty! come down!" cried a cheerful voice at the foot of the stairs. "Your mamma says that you can come to my house to tea."

"Oh, it is Nettie Haven!" cried Kitty, who felt beside herself with joy. "She wants me to go to her house to take tea. There, now! I will carry the dolls, and you take the rest, Phil!"

Kitty descended the stairs on a run to find her friend.

During this time, Phil, going more slowly than his sister, filled his arms with blocks, soldiers and animals; put the balls in his pockets, and took the trumpets in his mouth. He immediately followed Kitty, but he forgot to bring the little red pine-tree.

The latter remained then in the garret and waited. It waited all night and the next day, all the week, and all the following week; but the children did not come.

It is still there, a little red pine-tree in the middle of a dry plain. It remains standing there, and thinks of life.

Formerly, it was a white feather in the wing of a bantam cock, and shook proudly in the poultry-yard. Then it underwent great changes; became a red feather in a red wing, and traveled about on Gertrude's hat. Then, from change to change, it has happened that its destiny is now to be a little pine-tree, abandoned in a desert.

But it will not be always thus. Before long, the joyful children will go up into the garret to give themselves up anew to their plays, and you may be sure that they will not leave this little red feather standing any longer in the crack. Its adventures will begin again. So this is the best thing to do, to keep itself quiet while it can, and to profit by delivering itself to meditation.

The above is not a perfect translation, but it is very good. A press of matter prevented its insertion in our June number. The names of many translators of this sketch were published last month. Translations have since been received from Irene S. Hooper, Marion Merrill, Laura Tomkins, and Scott O. McWhorter.

The translation of the Latin story in the June number will be published next month, when we expect also to have a French story.

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POMPEY AND THE FLY.

"I WONDER," thought Pompey, the dog, "what that fly will do when he gets to the top of that board? Will he jump off, or fly off, or just stop? What a lot of legs he has! Or, perhaps they are arms. He has too many for such a little fellow. I am glad I am not a fly." And the fly, who

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was looking backward at Pompey, thought to itself, "I wonder why that dog is sitting there so still? Why does he not climb up a board? I am glad I am not a dog."

THE MOUSE AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THERE was once a bumble-bee who used to go every day to gather honey, and as he was the most of the time away from home, he could not keep his house neat and tidy. So he got a motherly-looking old mouse to keep house for him. The next day, after the mouse had finished her morning's work, and was out of doors to get a breath of fresh air, a mud-dauber came along. He said, "Good morning, Mrs. Mouse! What are you doing here?"

She answered, "I am keeping house for Mr. Bumble-bee."

"Can I come and live with you?" said the mud-dauber.

"Oh no!" she replied. "We cannot have anyone who daubs mud around the house." So he went away.

Then came a rat. "How are you, Mrs. Mouse?" said he. "I would like to live with you."

"No, Mr. Rat, you cannot," said the mouse, "for you will eat our cheese and gnaw our table-cloths." So the rat went away.

He had just gone, when a large grey hen came along. She also asked the mouse if she might live with her.

The mouse said, "What can you do, old hen?"

The hen said she could lay a fresh egg every day. So the mouse told her she might stay. The hen soon found some straw and laid an egg. The mouse went to a neighbor's house and got some cheese. Just then, the bumble-bee came home with some honey. So they had a fresh egg, some cheese and honey for dinner, and they were all well pleased.

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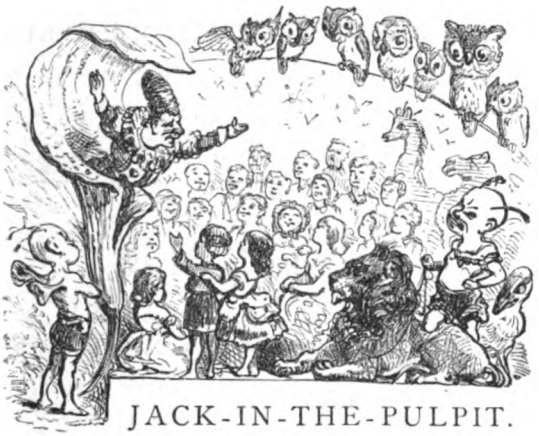

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HOW do ye do, young folks? Gather close, my dears, and we 'll discuss things in general:

WILD TURKEYS AND PECAN NUTS.

IT 'S the greatest wonder to me that the wild turkeys down in Texas don't choke to death every day of their lives. No, I don't mean exactly that; but my children will understand me when I tell them what the creatures live on. A knowing bird from that part of the world told me all about it.

All through the grazing lands of Texas, it appears, the wild turkeys congregate in great numbers. They go to their roost in single file, hundreds of them on foot, or, if flying, on a sort of hop, skip and jump, touching the ground and running a step or two every minute. They live altogether on pecan nuts, and swallow them whole at that. You 'd think this would kill them; but, no, it makes them fat and flourishing. These pecan trees, low and spreading, are something like our Northern oaks, but they are not half so large.

Unfortunately for the poor turkeys, the pecan nuts make their flesh very sweet and tender, and so the sportsmen are soon after them, tracking them to their roosting grounds, where they shoot them without mercy.

I don't like sportsmen. Give me the Bird-defenders.

MAD WOLVES.

TALKING of Texas, did you ever hear about the wolves they have there? They are ugly-looking fellows, but do not attack people unless provoked. They go mad more commonly than dogs do, and in that state will give other animals hydrophobia. I heard some army officers say that once when they were stationed in Texas, a mad wolf got into their encampment and bit six of their dogs. Poor dogs! There were twenty-four of them at that time in the encampment, but for safety sake, they were, every one of them, shot the next morning.

LOFTY LANGUAGE.

YOU should have heard the children laugh! They were all going to the brook for cresses, and little Maggie Palmer was telling them about a negro man that her mother had engaged during house-cleaning time. It appears he had once been a servant to a learned professor, and so had picked up any number of big words.

"Oh, girls!" said Maggie, "you just ought to have heard him! When mamma proposed to him to yellow-wash the kitchen walls, he stood up just like a dandy and said:

"'Miss Palmer, marm, if you 'll allow me to speak differentially about dis matter, white-wash would be appropriater, as discoloration of smoke and multifarious kitching gases is more conspicuouser on yellow-wash, marm.' And when mamma asked him what he would charge for white-washing the hall ceiling, he made *such* a bow, and said:

"'Can't say circumstantually, marm. The altitude of my charge, marm, will depend on the elewation of the walls.'"

OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was such an old, old newspaper!—all creased and torn and yellow, and yet the minister, as he unfolded it, handled it as though it were precious gold. He had finished his Sunday sermon, and was walking home from the meeting-house with his wife across lots. They came close by me, and stood still to look at the paper, talking about its being such a treasure, and how Sally should have it and take care of it after they were gone, and reading over the name and the date just as if it was a verse of poetry—*Washington Federalist, Monday, May 24th*, 1802. They were not young folk; but as nobody except me was around, he put his arm about her neck while she read one of its notices:

DIED.—At Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening laſt, MRS MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illuſtrious GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To thoſe amiable and chriſtian virtues which adorn the female character she added dignity of manners, superiority of underſtanding, a mind intelligent and elevated.

The silence of reſpectful grief is our beſt eulogy.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

I AM always glad when the pretty little school-teacher walks down to our meadow with her girls, for there 's a shady mound close by where they often sit and rest, and then she is pretty sure to tell them something worth hearing. Here is the substance of a little speech she made the other day, when a quick-eyed little maid asked her what people meant when they called a lady a blue-stocking:

"About one hundred years ago," said the teacher, "one Mrs. Montague, who lived in London, introduced the fashion of 'conversation parties,' where ladies and gentlemen could meet and have pleasant and profitable chats. At that time card-playing was very fashionable, and cards were almost the only things talked of at parties; but sensible ladies were pleased with Mrs. Montague's new fashion of talking about books and art, instead of clubs and spades. Learned gentlemen, too, flocked to her parties. Johnson, the great author, was often present, and when he began to talk, the company would gather around him, four and five deep, drinking in every word he said.

"Among the gentlemen who came to these nice parties, there was a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who wore blue stockings, and so some of the small

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wits of the day nicknamed the parties 'blue-stocking clubs.' Other small wits and critics took up the funny term, and soon the journals were full of long articles about 'blue-stocking clubs.' Many believed that the ladies who attended them wore blue stockings. After awhile, every lady who devoted a considerable portion of her time to reading was nicknamed 'a blue-stocking.' The silly term has come down to our day, and foolish people who want to be witty, even now sometimes call a well-educated lady 'a blue-stocking.' But, you see," said the teacher, smiling, "it is the gentlemen who ought to bear the name, if it is used at all, since a gentleman was the original 'blue-stocking.'"

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

TWENTY thousand of them came over to America during four months of the year 1873—little yellowish fellows, with nimble legs, good voices and brave hearts.

To settle in the West?

Bless you, my dears! no; to settle on perches; to live in cages, and fill home-walls with music.

Their ancestors came from the Canary Isles, but they were born and bred in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and brought over here in little bits of cages almost by the shipload. Be kind to them, my children.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!

NOW, this is n't going to be a general drill, nor a Fourth-of-July oration. It is just Jack's salute to the noble army of Bird-defenders lately started by ST. NICHOLAS, and now fast growing to be a thousand strong. All honor to the organization, says Jack, and a long life of usefulness to it!

TREES UNDER THE SEA.

I HARDLY know what to make of this. Lately I heard some travelers talking about having sailed in a boat over a forest of tall trees—some standing, some fallen, and all bare and dead. Yes, there they are, trunks and branches complete, away down under the waves, and so they are called submarine forests, *marine* standing for sea, and *sub* for under.

Where are these wonderful forests?

Why, pretty far away, I must admit; just off the coasts of France and England, the travelers said,—though I remember they did speak of one in the Bay of Fundy, if you know where that is.

At certain points, when the tides are very low off the English coast, and the water is very clear, the people sometimes go out in boats to look down under the water at the poor dead trees. And sometimes they see among the fallen branches the antlers of dead deer, and sometimes the fishermen hook up elephants' teeth.

How did the trees get under the water, or the water over the trees,—do you ask, my dears? Ah! knowledge is a wonderful thing. The travelers did n't explain the matter at all. Make haste to learn and tell me all about it.

A WORD FOR HORSES.

YOUNG gentlemen! Fourth of July is coming, and the American face of nature will soon be hardly more than one immense pack of fire-crackers lighted at all corners. So far, so good. It can't be helped, I suppose. But I want to put in a word for the animals, especially for the poor horses. Birds can fly up in the air out of reach, and dogs can slip into quiet corners, tails down, as they do, poor things! but horses often are hitched to wagons, and what not, and can't easily get out of the way. Now gunpowder, with its flash and its bang, is a trial to them. They 're afraid of it. It makes them quiver and tremble from head to foot, and if they don't run away from it, dashing their harness and wagons to pieces, it 's because they 're principled against giving way to their fears. Remember this, my boys: For once, you have the stronger animal at a disadvantage. Be manly, if you *are* free and independent.

A BIRD THAT CAN'T FLY.

WHAT should you think of a bird that could not fly? All the birds that I know can fly, even the hens, though they are rather clumsy about it; but I am told there are some that cannot. The Auks, belonging to a not very graceful family called *Alca (or Alcidæ)*, have such very short wings that they are of no sort of use to fly with. Their legs, too, are so short, and set so far back, that the poor things can hardly walk.

Then how do they get about and find their food? It was a good-natured Irish sailor who was talking about it, and he said that "all their walkin' was done by swimmin'." Their broad, webbed feet make the best of oars, while even their short stumps of wings are useful as paddles, and as our nautical Irishman said, "they get over the ground by swimmin', which is the best way for thim, seein' the ground where they live is mostly wather."

PATENT BUBBLES.

I HEAR that ST. NICHOLAS is advertising a patented thing, warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles. *Warranted* to blow them,—think of that, my children! as if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon one's character.

Likely as not, these new-fangled bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst. Pah! think of it, ye youngsters who have made the real ones—the floating, picture-y, beautiful things that go out in a diamond twinkle while you are looking at them. Now, I 'll wager that these hundred bubbles of Mr. What-you-call-'im go rolling about the house until they are dusty. May be the children hurt themselves sometimes by stubbing their toes against them, and papa scolds the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around. Bubbles, indeed! If any of them come bumping against Jack, one of us will burst—see if we don't.

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THE LETTER BOX.

HENRY B. C., who must have swallowed an encyclopædia in his infancy, wishes us to tell the boys and girls that "The glorious Fourth" is n't the only historical thing July has to boast of. England and Scotland, he says, were united on July 20, 1706; and the terrible French Bastile was destroyed on July 14, 1789. Besides these, he instances: Painting in oil colors invented by John Van Eyck, July, 1410; first newspaper published in England, July 28th, 1588; destruction of Spanish Armada, July 27th, 1588; battle of Boyne, in which William the Third conquered James the Second, July 1st, 1690; Braddock's defeat, July 9th, 1755; battle of Ticonderoga, July 8th, 1758; Revolution in Paris, July 3d, 1789; Union Act of Ireland, July 2d, 1800; Atlantic telegraph completed, July, 1866; Venice free, July, 1866. Moreover, he tells us that Archbishop Cranmer was born in July, 1489; Mary de Medicis and John Calvin in July, 1509; and among his long list of other July babies, we have Blackstone, the great legal authority, 1723; Klopstock, the eminent German poet, 1724; Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragedienne, and Flaxman, the painter, 1755—not to mention the father *and* the grandfather of Henry B. C. himself!

A LITTLE SYRACUSE GIRL, eight years old, "has a way" of making verses, her mamma says, and the mamma writes them down for her. We are not fond of encouraging such literary ways in our little folk, but may be the robins would feel hurt if we refused to show the the children her latest verses. So here they are:

THE ROBIN.

One day in early spring,
I heard a robin sing:
"*Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty deedle dee!*"
And I thought how sweet it sounded,
As the cheery chirp resounded
Over hill and dell and tree,
"Tweedle dee!"

But a snow-storm later fell
Over hill and tree and dell,
And the robin (pretty robin!) flew away from me.
But when summer comes, and heat,
I shall hear his song so sweet:
"*Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty deedle dee!*
Tweedle dee!"

SUSIE.—The best thing that could happen to you would be just what you so dread,—"to be taken to China." You might get used then to what you call "the dreadful slits of eyes that the Chinese have, and those disgusting chop-sticks." In the very next sentence of your letter you say you never saw any chop-sticks. Then how do you know they are disgusting? They are not just like big drum-sticks, as you imagine, but are little things about eight inches long, resembling a common pen-holder, and are made of bamboo or ivory. They come in pairs, and when in use are both held in the right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Mrs. Nevins, a missionary's wife, who has written about China, says that the Chinese find as much difficulty in using knives and forks as we do in using chop-sticks. They can take up objects so small that they would fall between the tines of a fork, and they consider them much more suitable and convenient than any implement we use in eating. To their view, the use of chop-sticks is an evidence of superior culture; and they insist that the use of such barbarous instruments as knives and forks, and cutting or tearing the meat from the bones on the table, instead of having the food properly prepared in the kitchen, are evidences of a lower order of civilization.

We'll hope, Susie, that as you grow more charitable, some little Chinese girl will become charitable also, and feel willing to let us use our disgusting knives and forks a little while longer.

NED.—Your "Hidden Rivers" are too simple for the Riddle Box.

JOHN PERINE C. writes: "I was so much interested in Gertrude's letter about the clavichord and the origin of the name of piano-forte, that I think perhaps some of the boys and girls may like to be told something that I have since found out: The clavichord, like the piano, is played by means of keys, that strike the chords: and the name is derived from the Latin—*clavis*, a key, and *chorda*, a string."

ERNEST O. F.—We think "Seven Historic Ages," by Arthur Gilman (published by Hurd & Houghton), will give you just the information you need. It is a very small book, and is invaluable for all young students, especially for those who, like yourself, are "forced to study how and when you can, and always under difficulties." It will form a firm framework on which you may weave every shred of history that you are able to pick up.

New York, April 21st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something to tell that, I think, would interest your readers, which is the reason why I write.

I am employed in an office down here, in Wall street, where I am very often left alone; and sitting here, about two months ago, I noticed a little mouse come out of the lower cupboard of my desk and pick up a crumb and then run back with the crumb in his mouth. As soon as all the clerks had left, I opened the door, and there were four young mice and one old one, all rolled in a heap in an old map. I have fed them every day at just 12 o'clock since, and at 12 all five mice come out and run around my feet, and I can take them up in my hands and they will not run.

Is there not a flower called the *Victoria Regia*, and is it not larger than the *Rafflesia Arnoldia* mentioned in your May Letter Box?

I also want to join the "Bird army," as well as my brother and sister, whose names are Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

We all enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." His speaking of heliotropes reminds me of a mignonnette I saw in a florist's window. The bunch of flowers was nine inches long, and very fragrant; that is the largest mignonnette I ever saw.—With many wishes of success, I remain, yours affectionately,

H. SEDGWICK STALLKNECHT.

Yes, there is a very large flower called *Victoria Regia*, found in Guiana and Brazil. But while its leaves measure from three to six feet across, the flower itself does not equal in size the *Rafflesia Arnoldia*, which we may, therefore, safely name "the biggest flower in the world."

Utica, N. Y., May 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much indeed, and, though I know you are burdened with a great many letters, I thought I would write you to tell my experience in boatbuilding.

I have made a pleasure boat, something like one described in the August number of *Our Young Folks*, in 1872. I did not follow that exactly, as I did not want so large a boat, but I got my ideal from that. Any boy of fourteen, who has a knack at carpentering, can make one easily, and with very little expense.

Mine cost me just about ten dollars, boards, paint, irons, and all. If the boys have nothing much to do this summer vacation, I advise them to start a boat, that is if they live anywhere near a pond or river. They can sell it in the end, and make quite a little sum by it. I have had several offers for mine already, and intend to sell it and commence another this summer.—Truly yours,

A YOUNG BOATBUILDER.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Surely the birds will sing a gladder song this summer than ever before! Scores of boys and girls have joined Mr. Haskins' army,* pledging themselves not to harm or molest birds in any way, and still the names come pouring in. If we could give the notes sent by the young recruits, they would show how heartily in earnest the children are in this movement; but the Letter Box would not hold a tenth part of them. After giving one or two short notes, we must be content, therefore, with printing the new names.

Wilmington, Del., April 22, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. I would like to tell Robbie Prather, through you, to please add my name to his list of Bird-defenders.

EDDIE H. ECKEL.

Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have seen that pledge in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and we want to sign our names right away, and join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders; and we will

* For information in regard to Mr. Haskins' army, see December No. of ST. NICHOLAS, page 72, and Letter Box of Nos. 6, 7 and 8.

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try and see how large a list of names we can get from this town.—Truly yours, (Signed)

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholty, Cora Walcutt, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Elta Essig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mellie K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Here comes a Brattleboro' girl with her list:

Brattleboro', Vt., April 30th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have obtained the enclosed sixty signatures to the pledge about killing birds, printed in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully, LIZZIE F. SCHUSTER.

BOYS.—Theodore Kirkland, Fred. Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gussie Gautert, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Martie Austin, Hollie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis.

GIRLS.—Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, May S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley.

BOYS AND MEN.—W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster.

MEMBERS OF CHACE STREET SCHOOL, BRATTLEBORO', VT.—Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Horner, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Dennison, Annie Buggel, Nettie J. Knight, Teacher.

META GAGE, of the Sandwich Islands, writes: "I will join the army of Bird-defenders with heart and hand." And the same post brings the names of nineteen more boys and girls, who pledge themselves as Bird-defenders: Edward Seaman, Long Island; Hattie E. Alvord, of New York; Edith K. Harris and Mary A. Harris, of Grosse Isle, Michigan; Frank A. Taber, Poughkeepsie; John Fremont, Green, Minn.; Laura A. Freeman, Tadmor, Ohio; Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpenter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käsehagen, H. Sedgwick Stallknecht, and his brother and sister, Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

ANSWER TO CHARL'S EXAMPLE IN JUNE LETTER BOX.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
P R O F I T A B L E.

ROBBIE HADDOW.—We are glad you are so much interested in Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Jack is full of fun; but he is careful, when he offers information, to give it correctly. You need never be afraid to "accept his facts."

"EXCELSIOR."—We are glad you are "going to study German, so as to translate the German stories in ST. NICHOLAS," but we cannot tell you how long it will take you "to be able to join in the fun." Study hard for five months, and then, probably, you'll be able to tell *us*. We shall be much pleased to see your first translation.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "I must write a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS," I said to mamma the other day, "and say how much I like the stories in it." Mamma said I might, so here is the letter.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, you cannot think how glad I am when, every month, the postman brings you to me. I think I like "Nimpo's Troubles" best of all the stories.

I am eight and a-half years old, and I go to school. Every Friday we speak pieces, and last week I spoke the piece about "Sweetheart's Valentine."

I sometimes write little rhymes, and as mamma likes this best of them all, I send it to you. I wrote it a few days ago.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, little children; Spring has come with fairy footsteps;
And hyacinths and crocuses are springing all around.
The warm, bright sun is shining,
And green grass-blades entwining,
And the snow is gone, and melted is the hard and frozen ground.
Do you know, dear little children, who has sent the joyous Spring-tide,
And the flowers, bright and blooming, to cheer us on our way?
'T is the good and kindly Father of a paradise above us,
And we children ought to thank Him for his goodness every day.

I must tell you how much I like the Roll of Honor. I have asked two little girls to subscribe, and they both say they will see. Is n't that nice? I am going to try some more.—Your loving little friend,

LOTTIE G. WHITE.

April 22d.

A MAN-KITE.—MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how a kite in the shape of a man is made and rigged? If you are not able to oblige me, perhaps some of your readers would be able to do so. B. U.

ALDEBARAN.—You are right in regard to the signatures to rebuses. We are very glad that you appreciate the ST. NICHOLAS "Jingles" so highly, and we trust many other boys will see as clearly as you do the lessons that some of them are designed to teach.

ROBBIE N.—We shall give you a good "speaking piece" next month.

BENNIE S. COOKE, only eight years old, sends the editor a French translation, in his own handwriting, of "Red-top seeing the World," in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Well done, Bennie! Many of our boys and girls have turned our French stories into English, but you are the first one who has turned our English into French.

SCRIBE'S WORD, AND OTHERS.—"Arrow" writes that Scribe's word in the May Letter Box must be "facetiously" or "abstemiously." Laura A. F. says it is "abstemiously," and she makes 780 good English words out of its letters, thereby beating Scribe, if her answer be correct; for he made only 250 words. "Bessie," of Lake Superior, sends the answer "facetiously," in the form of an enigma, in which "the next three-fifths of my third syllable is what Micawber used to pay his debts with;" and several others from various parts of the country echo "facetiously." Are they right, Scribe? Certainly the word fulfills your conditions of containing all the vowels in their proper order. "Abstemiously" has the same peculiarity, but it contains one more consonant than the other.

Ellen G. Hodges makes 180 words out of the letters of "Metropolitan," and Julia Bacon challenges the boys and girls to find more than sixty-three good English words in common use, in the word "Ecclesiastical."

THE CHERRYFIELD CAT.—Not long ago, we met with this paragraph in one of the New York papers:

AN AFFECTIONATE CAT.—Recently Daniel E. Nichols, of Cherryfield, Me., died, and shortly after the funeral the family cat, which Mr. Nichols had always petted, was observed for several nights to leave the house and return the next morning covered with mud. On following puss, it was discovered that she went directly to the grave, where she had dug a hole to the coffin in the endeavor to find her kind master.

Wishing to ascertain the exact truth in regard to this wonderful story, we wrote, as follows, to Cherryfield, enclosing the paragraph and addressing our letter, at a venture, to Mrs. Nichols.

DEAR MADAM: Is this account *literally true?* or is it one of the fictions that so often creep into the newspapers? You will oblige me very much by replying per enclosed envelope, and by returning the paragraph. Is the cat living, and what kind of a cat is it?—Yours respectfully, * * *

In a few days the reply came, and believing that it will deeply interest not only our boys and girls, but all persons who believe cats to be capable of real affection, we print it entire.

Cherryfield, Me.

DEAR MADAM: As you wish to know the truth in regard to what has been said about our cat of notoriety, I have no other object in view than the truth, so I will tell you of the circumstances, and you can judge for yourself.

The kitty was only nine months old when my husband died, and no one but himself ever petted her. From the commencement of his sickness she would go into his room daily, and stand and put her paws on the bedside and look at him until he spoke to her, and then would leave and not return until the next day.

After his death we could hardly keep her out of the room, but she

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did not make any noise until he was buried. Then she began to search and cry about the house, and would lie down by his clothes or under his bed for hours, and she did so for the first week; the second week she would leave the house, and be gone all night at first, then she would stay longer—a night and day, and at the end of the week she would be gone two or three days at a time; and what made it strange to us was that she left a young kitten. We feared she was dead, because she had pined away to a mere skeleton before she left.

On her return home the last time, she came before we heard of the cavity in the grave. We noticed she was looking terribly rough and muddy, and were curious to know about it.

As soon as I heard of the state of the grave, I went to satisfy myself about the matter, being suspicious that it was the work of the cat during her absence. I found the hole newly filled, but on inquiry found it was about the size of a cat, and was dug entirely to the coffin. I was the more convinced that it was the cat, from the fact that she did not leave the house after, but continued her search and still refused her food; and I think she would have died, had not my son returned home from Massachusetts, and taken it upon himself to pet and nurse her, so that she is now living and has become like her former self. She has other remarkable traits—will not allow a child to be corrected without interfering.

You may say, after all this long account of the cat, that it does not prove that it was she that dug the hole in the grave. I know that: but did you know her as I do, you would not hesitate to believe it.

She is of the common sort of cats, and her color is light grey and white. I would not part with her, but yet I fear her sometimes. I would not have written as much, only that I wished you to know the circumstances, as you were so desirous to know the truth of the thing. You can judge for yourself. I do not doubt it in the least.—Yours respectfully, MRS. D. E. NICHOLS.

ISAAC W. HALL.—You will find the prices of the required tools given in the article on Wood-Carving, in the December number.

ROSINA EISEN, OF BERMUDA.—Your clever translation of "Jack Rytzar's Breakfas'," was received too late to be credited with the other translations.

BYRON R. DEMING, who lives in Arcata, the most western town in California, and so could not be on time, sent good descriptions of the fish in Mr. Beard's picture in our March number.

"BETSEY TROTWOOD."—As the *first* puzzle of your budget is not original, we cannot venture to put the rest in our Riddle Box, for fear that they, too, have been printed before.

"ELAINE," whose verse was printed in our March Letter Box, wishes us to state that the poem supposed to be sent by her mother, was forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by another person, without the knowledge of either her mother or herself.

S. H. WHIDDEN—We are always pleased to receive *good and original* puzzles from subscribers.

Cambridge, April 28, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and read it, and like it.

I have got twenty-five hens, and they have laid, since June 22, 1873, three thousand eggs,—an average of twenty-one a day. I have got Brahmas, Leghorns, Dorkins, Cochins, Black Spanish, Houdans.

Yours truly, J. ERNEST FARNHAM.

Can any of our young poultry-raisers beat this?

JIMMY CHRISTIAN, W. L. Cowles, Minnie L. Gay, Nelly S. Colby, Anery Lee, Lizzie M. K., Roy Wright, Hetty Richards, "Pearl," F. E. D., Edwin E. Slosson, Remo, Libbie Van Doorn, Lily B., "Flo," Keziah, Claire, Julia, Lizzie L. Bloomfield, "Emerald," Paul De S., Harry F. Griscom, C. W. Perine, Frank M. Ulmer, J. P. S., V. G. Hoffman, Annie D. Latimer, Lottie G. White, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, J. McCormick, Netty Harris, "Pansy," Ellen G. Hodges, Louise King, Abner J. Easton, "Arrow," May S. Jenkins, "Gerty Guesser," T. E. D., J. F. G., and others:

Dear young friends, if we had space, we should be glad to print your notes in the Letter Box. As it is, we can only thank you warmly for your hearty and encouraging words, and rejoice in the genuine delight you appear to take in ST. NICHOLAS, and in the many ways in which it meets your special needs.

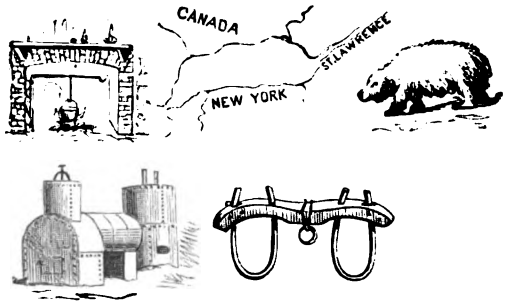
THE RIDDLE BOX.

A TRAGEDY.

(Fill the blanks by successive beheadings.)

THE driver gave abundant ——
That when he drove along the ——
He would avoid the rocky ——
And bring them safely home;
So happy-hearted Jennie ——
Rode fearlessly beside her ——
Till, luckless moment! they went ——
No more again to roam. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is not quite sane; my second has to confess that it owns only three-quarters of a head; my third belongs to either a dish or a part of a gentleman's dress; and my whole is the name of a Jewish council. F. R. F.

PUZZLE.

YOU may make me a nickname,
May lay me 'neath your feet;
May place on me rare china,
Or mud from out the street.

I 'm planted by the farmer,
Converted into bread;
Admit me to your temper,
All will your coming dread.

To win my last two portions
All men do much desire;
And though they may increase me,
Still more they will require.

My whole,—you 've guessed it, surely!
One of the "United States;"
And those who find it truly,
May bless their happy fates. M. D. N.

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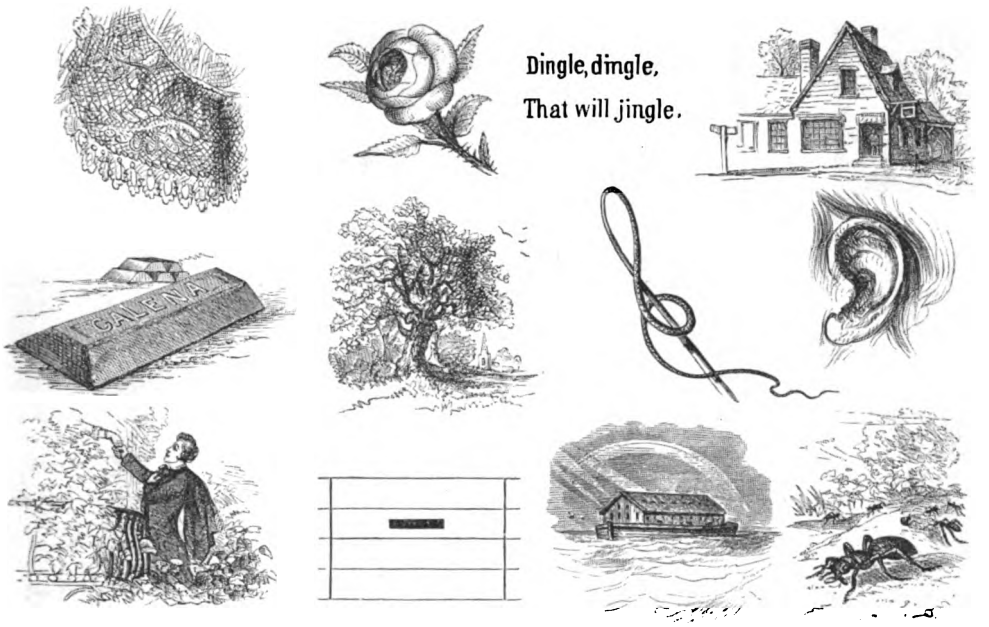
PREFIX PUZZLE.



(Prefix the same letter to each of these pictures, and make a word of it (twelve words in all).

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.

My own love, stay, the choicest hours
Of passing day may yet be ours;
Hope stops to whisper in mine ears,
And drives away all lingering fears. A. S.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Every other letter is omitted.)

"P t c k p t c k b k r m n
S I o a t r s a t s c n
P t t n r l i a d a k t i h
A d o s n h o e f r a y n m."

RUTHVEN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-six letters. My 15, 20, 3, 7, 24 is, in the old Latin religion, the god of the lower world. My 16, 9, 17, 19, 1 is the physician of the Olympian gods. My 4, 17, 12, 17, 2, 18 is an Athenian, a son of Ion and father of the Argonaut Butes. My 20, 7, 4, 17, 1, 22 is a people of Celtic Gaul. My 18, 9, 17, 1, 5, 19 is a goddess among the Romans who presided over funerals. My 17, 6, 19, 4, 7, 26 is one of the suitors of Penelope mentioned in the Odyssey. My 21, 11, 1, 19, 10, 17 is a daughter of Enarete, and my 19, 17, 2, 6, 7, 26, who is the god of the winds. My 25, 20, 9, 18, 5, 11 is one of the Muses. My 23, 17, 20, 9, 16, 22, 26 is a celebrated Egyptian deity. My 22, 26, 23, 2, 20, 14, 9 is a surname of Diana. My 13, 7, 16, 17, 20, 8, 25, 23 is an ancient Italian divinity. My whole forms three characters in mythology; the first being a surname of Diana, as indicating the goddess that shines during the night season, the second, one of the Muses, and the third, a beautiful youth, son of the river-god, Cephisus, and the nymph, Liriope. ALDEBARAN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

ONE —— sees more perfect ——.

The teacher will —— me if — —— well.

In our charities — —— —— when our gifts are —— wisely.

He —— the —— on a stone pedestal.

The —— of the polish was an increased ——.

It would —— no one of the —— of men from agriculture, to tell them that the owner of —— added to his ——.

The —— kind of coloring would please me for —— of flowers, on fruit ——, which form a —— article in potteries. J. P. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

PART of a boat; a conveyance; an island; a territory; a city; sleeping; a support; to tire; part of a vessel. The centrals, read down and across, form a city.

NIP.

RIDDLE.

MY 1, 4, 5 and 7 are written in Greek; my 2 and 3 are in Oriental; my 6 is in Latin; and my whole is in plain English,—familiar as a household word,—a name applied to both girls and boys. C. C.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.

"WELL done, Ida! How energetic you are! Eva, now for the news."

"Well, this morning Phil mentioned that Uncle Leonard, Aunt Constance, and their little one, Gay, arrived on the noon train yesterday. They could not stop at Oswego, as the locomotive gave them but a half-minute. Is that thunder? I expect to catch a drenching; but if I do not catch any cold, will enjoy galloping over there. Thanks for your kindness." E. H.

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REBUS.

EG 88

№ 154 65 LY ED.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second form half the name of one of the most beautiful of Oriental languages; my third is eaten by some nations, and detested by others; and my whole is the name of a mountain in Turkey, celebrated in Scripture history by an event that occurred 1656 years after the creation of the world. F. R. F.

LETTER PUZZLE.

ONCE B, once C, once F, thrice D;
Twice I, twice H, once L, thrice E;
A's, two; R's, three; T's, two; N's, one;
Now add S, U, and then you are done.
When these correctly are combined,
A well-known proverb you will find. TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.—Hive, Bear.

H —er— B
I —c— E
V—erben—A
E —a— R

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Cleveland.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.—Be natural.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Do not burn your candle at both ends."

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.—1. Wasp. 2. Ant. 3. Fly. 4. Bee. 5. Gnat.

PUZZLE.—

S I X	I X	X L
I X	X	L
S	I	X

ELLIPSES.—1. Swift. 2. Howitt. 3. Hogg. 4. Field. 5. Bacon. 6. Lamb. 7. Browning. 8. Cook. 9. Burns.

SPELLING LESSON.—1. B-O, R—bor. 2. D-O, R—dor. 3. G-L, E—gle. 4. M-O, R—mor. 5. P-E-N, D—pend. 6. B-L-E, M—blem.

AN EASY CHARADE.—Man-of-war.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.—

C O R A L
O P E R A
R E I G N
A R G U E
L A N E S

HIDDEN WORD.—Cross-cut saw. (See—arrow—do bless—see—you—tea essay—double you.

ANSWERS to "*Something New: Language of the Restless Imps*," in addition to those credited in our June number, were received, previous to May 16, from Bessie Dickinson, Charles and Johnnie McGenniss, Jennie Johnson, Florrie A. Ford, H. R. E., Johnnie Sherwood, Charles Morris, Estelle Parker, "Typo," Arthur E. Smith, William Llewellyn Bauer, "Mab," F. H. Eastwood, Mary A. Harris, E. L. Dillman, "Kate," Rillie Cortleyon, Nellie S. Colby, Charles J. Gayler, Eva G. Wauzer, "Paul," Tillie F. Salter, "We Girls," Harry Latham, Harry McCormick, jr, Sarah F. Finney, Ernest W. Clement, "Bessie" (of Michigan), Mabel Jameson, "One of the Restless Imps," C. S. Patterson, "Annie and Minnie," Heman G. Crane, Frederic B. Studwell, Nellie F. Jenkins, Harry F. Griscom, Frank G. Moore, Lucy R. Gillmore, Lily B., George B. McManus, Mrs. A. N. Littlefield, Fannie J. Burton, Mrs. George Copeland, Emily I. Smith, Mary Lucia Hubbard, C. E. Dusenberry, "Sam Sawder," H. L. Satterbee, Susie Brent, Ellen P. Smalley, Charlie K. Winslow, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur Rose, "Musa," Libbie Van Doorn, Ernest W. Keeler, Kittie E. Young, Janie Seawell, J. McCormick, Laura B. Tuttle, G. W. Tuttle and A. C. Tuttle, Louise King, Jimmie Christian, "Anna," Lyman Baker, Henry A. Krause, Grace E. Rockwell, Carrie F. Judd, Parker C. Choate, O. H. Babbitt and "Leghorn," S. W. H., Harry Horsland, Mattie Rosenthal, Effie C. Sweetser, Edward C. Powles, Willie P. Siebert, E. R. J., Willie S. Burns, "Claire" for "Fannie and Jamie," Nellie Beach, Hampden Hoge, Daniel I. Pratt, Theodore M., Willie Axtman, Minnie L. G., Charles H. Pelletreau, Katie Hunter, Henry K. Gilman, Alfred V. Sayre, Stevie H. Whidden, "Bessie" (of Pennsylvania), Annie Moseley, Louis Shoemaker, Allie C. Moses, "Gerty Guesser," Fred. B. White, Thomas T. Baldwin, Nellie M. Brear, Will R. Barbour, Mollie H. Beach, J. J. Greenough, James F. Dwiggins, L. H. B., Edgar L. R., Mabel Loomis, Clara P. Crangle, Harry M. D. Erisman, Mamie Perkins, "Edgar," A. Lovell, K. B. Cox, Keziah, Alice R. Cushing, Charles G. Corsor, J. G. W., Tinnie A. Drummond, "Ploomy," Sallie J. Whitsitt, Howard R. Lord, Nellie G. Hill, Mary Hopkins, "Nip," A. L. A——y, Bessie De Witt, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, John Lyle Clough, Harry E. Knox, "Aldebaran," Louise F. Olmstead, "Hallie and Sallie," Rigely Payne Randall, Roy Wright, Anna W. and Willie M. K. Olcott, Sam Melrose, Kate J. McFarland, Horace Ritchey, Minnie S. Horner, S. Van Santvoord, Effie D. Tyler, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, Lulu S. Lothrop, George H. Hudson, F. H. Briggs, Jennie A. Wade, Nellie P. Clarke, Amelia F. Nichols, L. Whitney, "Fourth Ward," Georgie Marshall, H. L. C., "Max and Maurice," "Master Harris," Ernest and Winnie White, and Annie Lee.

ANSWERS to other Puzzles in May number were received, previous to May 16, from Carrie L. Hastings, Mary Buttles, Arthur Goodwin, John Hersh, Julia Bacon, Emma H. Massman, Edith Bennett, F. W. Randolph, Anery Lee, W. E. Birchmore, R. Cromwell Corner, Eddie H. Eckel, Edward H. Saunders, A. D. Davis, Bessie Wells, C. W. Newman and T. T. Baldwin, Edgar Levy, Selina I. M. Long, Johnnie Sherwood, "Kate," Charlie K. Winslow, Harry McCormick, Jr., Ernest W. Clement, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur E. Smith, Estelle Parker, "Mab," Willie S. Burns, "Claire" for "Fannie and Jamie," "Typo," Libbie Van Doorn, "Paul," Arthur Rose, Nellie Beach, George Barrell and Oscar H. Babbitt, Nellie S. Colby, "One of the Restless Imps," Frederic Studwell, Harry F. Griscom, Lily B., Edward C. Powles, Carrie S. Simpson, Edgar L. R., Alice R. Cushing, "Totty," Nellie G. Hill, Minnie Thomas, A. L. A——y, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Horace S. Kephart, Louise F. Olmstead, "Hallie and Sallie," Hattie R., Sam Melrose, S. Van Santvoord, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, George H. Hudson, Elmer E. Burlingame, Lutie R. Munroe, "Max and Maurice," Lulie M. French, Jennie Grace Douglas, Mima G. Austin, Guerdon and Frank Cooke, S. Walter Goodson, Annie Lee, and Mary Green.

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THE FIRST LOOKING-GLASS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1874. NO. 10.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

ONCE upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact,—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They 're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I 've left them for good. I 'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I 've come to Florence to learn how. They say there 's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I 'll tell you what we 'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I 'm a grown-up painter, I 'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I 'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Have n't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I 'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I 'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

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At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he did n't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how 's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

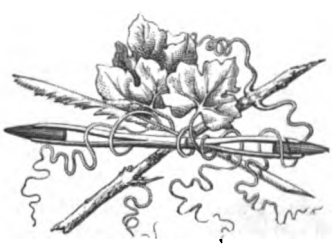
"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him. Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.



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FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XXVI.

MRS. LIBBY IS "MUCH OBLEEGED."

George reached home at dinner-time; when, meeting Jack, he told him briefly of his encounter with De Waldo, and of the job he had undertaken.

"Don't put it into my biography, if you live to write it!" said he, laughing and blushing. "I was never more ashamed of anything; and my conscience troubles me a little. I 'm sure the professor is a humbug, and am I not aiding and abetting him?"

"But it 's a big price, and I don't know what we should do without the money. I say, secure that, humbug or no humbug!" replied Jack, gaily. And so our boys did as men are too prone to do, letting the loud voice of necessity overwhelm the delicate sense of right and wrong.

George would have been disgusted with his task, but for the fun he got out of it. He drew on his wit for his inspiration, and laughed well over the ludicrous extravagance of phrase in which he indulged, and which he believed would suit the professor. At five o'clock his hand-bill was written, and neatly copied; and, in high spirits, he set out to get his pay for it.

He found Master Felix standing in the door of the shabby-genteel house, looking melancholy, there being no doves to shoot peas at,—or it may be the professor had confiscated his gun, and destroyed his ammunition.

"He has got a caller," said the boy. "He can't see anyone just yet."

"Tell him I have brought the document," replied George.

Master Felix went up to the room, and presently returned with a polite message. Professor De Waldo was engaged, but he would like to have the young gentleman leave the paper for him to examine, and call again in half-an-hour, to which George consented.

He walked the street till the half-hour had expired, and then returned to Master Felix, who informed him that the professor had gone out.

George was somewhat disturbed by this announcement; but Master Felix said coolly:

"He did n't have time to read your paper, but he said if you came again before he got back, he would send the money around to you this evening."

"I want the money before I leave," said George, firmly. "I 'll go up to his room and wait."

"You can't get in," replied Master Felix, with a grin. "He has locked the door and taken away the key."

"Then I 'll wait here."

"You can, if you like; but I 'm going to get my supper."

And Master Felix sauntered away.

George waited, growing more and more anxious as the time passed, and the professor did not appear. At length, tired and hungry, he determined to go home to his supper, and return for his money afterwards.

"I 'll lay siege to that door," he said to Jack, "and I wont leave it without taking one of three things,—the money, or the manuscript, or the professor's life!"

Though this was said laughingly, he was quite in earnest with regard to the first two articles named; and he kept his word.

Arrived at the house in Murray street, he found the door closed, and the night-latch down. But our young poet from the rural districts had by this time learned the use of a door-bell; and he put that knowledge and the muscles of his right arm into so vigorous use on this occasion, that he soon brought Master Felix to the door.

The mesmeric subject was looking pale and wild, as if expecting some one whom he had come unwillingly to admit; and the sight of George, flushed and resolute, did not seem to soothe his troubled mind.

Almost before the visitor had time to ask for the professor, Master Felix pushed out a folded sheet of foolscap through the half-opened door.

"He told me to tell you he don't want it."

"Don't want the hand-bill I have written for him!" cried George, astonished.

"He don't like it," said Master Felix, still holding out the manuscript. "And he says he did n't expect to pay for it unless it suited him."

"Where is he?" demanded George, pushing into the entry, as he seized the manuscript.

"I don't know," said the frightened Master Felix. "He came home, and went off again."

George mounted the dimly-lighted stairs, tried

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the professor's door, and found it locked. Then, as there seemed to be nothing else he could do, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and went home. I am sorry to record of him that he ever in his life felt as if he would like to wreak mortal vengeance on a man; but I fear that,—of the three things aforesaid, having missed the first,—he would have much preferred the professor's life to the manuscript.

As he went up to his room, wondering what he should say to Jack, and what they would both say to Mrs. Libby, he heard voices in the attic; and there were the two persons he was thinking of, having a private talk together in his absence.

"Here he is now!" said Jack, starting eagerly to meet him.

"I am very glad he has come," said the feeble tones of Mrs. Libby; "for I don't want nothing but what is right, and I hope it 's as you say about the money, though the gentleman is waiting down stairs now to know whether he can have the room or not."

"Have n't got it?" exclaimed Jack, with dismay, at the sight of his friend's face, which told the dismal story before his tongue could speak.

"It 's a perfect swindle. He don't want the hand-bill, and he wont pay for it."

"Then it 's all up with us!"

"How so?" said George, casting anxious looks at the landlady.

"If we can't pay, we must give place to somebody who can," replied Jack.

"I 've had three applications for the room this afternoon," said Mrs. Libby; "and one of 'em is in the parlor now, waiting, with his three dollars in his pocket,—for it 's three dollars to one person, four for two, and very cheap at that,—and I have my rent and butchers' and bakers' bills to pay, and how can I give lodgings and breakfases and dinners, without my boarders pays up?"

"We 'll pay you, of course," said George. "We are sure of some money next week. Besides, here are our trunks."

"Your room-mate has told me all that, and I don't doubt your good intentions, and I must say, two more quiet and well-behaved young persons I never had in my house, and it 's nothing I have agin you, but boarders, somehow, never does have the money they promise, if they don't have it when it 's due, and I 've been made to suffer so many times when I 've let a bill run, and trunks is no great satisfaction, I 've found that out, to my sorrow, and I 'm worrited to death as it is, to make both ends meet; and a husband that don't do what a husband should, though I do say it; and I assure you, young men, it goes to my heart to have to ask you to vacate, for if I had the money I would never turn the poorest wretch in the world out of doors!"

And tears of distress actually ran down the good woman's cheeks.

"She is right," said Jack. "Come on, George! Pack your trunk. I 'll have my things ready to move out in five minutes."

"But where shall we go?"

"No matter now. We shall have time enough to think about that, by-and-by."

And Jack proceeded with cheerful alacrity to pack up, while George stood by, quite bewildered.

"I am sure I shall be ever so much obleeged to you," said the landlady, wiping her eyes. "And if you do git your money, and want to come back, and there is a vacant room in the house, there 's nobody I 'd sooner see enter my doors and set at my table, and you know it aint my will, but my necessity."

And she went to close the bargain with the three dollars waiting in her parlor.

George now having by degrees come to his senses, he began—though in a dazed and stupid way—to pack his trunk.

"Going to leave?" said a pleasant voice at the door.

"We are," replied Jack, coldly; for it was Mr. Manton who spoke.

"Too bad!" said that gentleman, politely. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes! lend us four dollars!" cried George. "Or, at least, pay us the half-dollar you borrowed of us the other night. We 're turned into the street, and have n't a cent to pay for a night's lodging."

"Sorry I can't oblige you. I shall have some money next week, but I 'm hard up just now. I 'll see Mrs. Libby, though, and get her to trust you on my account."

"Don't trouble yourself; you are too kind—you 've been too kind to us from the first!" said Jack, with bitter sarcasm, raising his voice, as Mr. Manton retired.

The trunk and valise were soon packed, and taken down the stairs, up which they had been so hopefully carried the Saturday night before; then lugged out into the street, and set down upon the sidewalk.

"Well! now what?" said Jack, wiping his forehead.

"I don't know!" replied George, with a long breath. "It has all happened so quickly that it has quite taken my wits away. I must stop and think."

And the two houseless and penniless lads sat down on the trunk to rest, and talk over the situation.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO THE PAWNBROKER'S.

"WE might have pawned some of my things, and got money to pay another week in advance," said George. "Why did n't you speak of it?"

Jack had not spoken of it, because they were George's things, and not his own. But he said:

"We can do better than that. I 've had my eye on two or three rooms to let, and I inquired the rent of one, only this afternoon, not knowing what might happen. It 's only a dollar and a-half a week; and nothing was said about pay in advance."

"Just for the room?" said George. "But we must have something to eat!"

"Yes; but don't you see? If we have a place to sleep, then we can regulate our diet according to our means. If we have only sixpence a day, we can buy a loaf of bread, and live on that. At all events, we sha' n't have to pay our board in advance; and that 's the great difficulty just now."

"You 're right, Jack,—as you always are in these practical matters. Where 's the room you inquired about?"

"Just around here, in Reade street, over the wine store. Stay with the things, and I 'll go and see if I can engage it,—if you say so."

"Of course, I say so!" cried George, greatly relieved and encouraged. And he added, gratefully, "Jack! what should I do without you?"

"If it had n't been for me, you would n't have had your pocket picked, in the first place," said Jack, who could never forget that he was the first to spring to the support of the man who had robbed them.

"But that was nothing you were to blame for," George replied, as he always did to remarks of this nature; for, since their quarrel, these fast friends in discussing their good or evil fortune, generously vied with each other in disclaiming the credit for it, or in assuming the blame.

Jack was gone about fifteen minutes, and returned, out of breath with haste, but with a gay countenance.

"The room was a dollar and a-half for one—two dollars for two, but I beat 'em down to a dollar and seventy-five cents; and we can move right in!"

"Anything said about pay in advance?" George asked.

"Not a word! And I don't believe there will be, when we take possession. Catch hold here!"

"What a fellow you are!" laughed George, admiringly. "Oh! but you must let me carry the valise, with my end of the trunk!"

"Wait till my arms get tired, then you shall have a chance," replied Jack. And away they went to their new lodgings in Reade street.

It was even a better room than that which they had just vacated, and it contained two chairs instead of one.

"This is what I call a good thing!" exclaimed George, looking about him, after they had fairly taken possession. "This stand will do for my writing table; and here 's a good place for it in the niche between the chimney and the window. Farewell, Mrs. Libby! Fare-thee-well, and if forever, still forever fare-thee-well; though you 're very good and clever, we must leave you for a spell!" he cried gaily, parodying his favorite, Byron. "What are you thinking, Jack?"

"What an amusing fellow you are!" Jack replied, sitting astride a chair, leaning his arms on the back.

"You don't look much amused at my nonsense. I believe you 're thinking about to-morrow; Sunday, you know."

Jack nodded; and, opening his mouth, tossed his finger at the cavity, with a droll look and gesture.

"Something to eat?" said George. "I wish now I had saved Fitz Dingle's shilling, which I paid out for writing-paper; we might have worried through the day on that. But here are my books; I can spare these better than anything else; and we 'll pawn one or two, for enough to live on till our ships come in." And he opened his trunk.

"Try one first," said Jack. "Which shall it be?"

The most valuable books for their purpose were the poetical works of Byron, Scott and Burns, each complete in a large volume; and both boys thought it should be one of these.

"Byron is the fellow!" said George; but, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know, though! I don't see how I can spare him, he 's so good to take up now and then." And he began to read or recite favorite passages, as he turned the leaves. "No, I 'll keep Byron, and let Burns pay a visit to the pawnbroker. But how good this is!" He had chanced upon "Tam O'Shanter," of which he read a few lines with great spirit, which, to Jack's mind, more than made up for his bad pronunciation of the Scotch.

So he laid Burns aside with Byron, and declared that Scott should be the martyr. But then, Scott! so robust, so picturesque! how could he sacrifice him? The third precious volume was therefore placed with the other two; and now the matter of choice was to be entirely reconsidered.

"Pshaw!" said George, impatiently. "You choose for me. Here, I 'll place the books in a row on the table, and blind your eyes, and lead you up

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to them, and let you touch one; and that shall decide it.

So Jack, with a handkerchief over his eyes, stood before the row of books, and stretched forth his hand, while George held his breath with suspense. The lot fell upon Byron; and in five minutes the noble poet was on his way to the nearest pawnbroker's shop, in company with our two boys.

They entered under the sign of the three gilt balls, and found themselves in a narrow shop, with a bare wall on one side, and a counter on the other, over which was stretched a coarse wire screen. The wall on that side was lined to the top with shelves, divided off into large-sized pigeon-holes, which (as the boys could see through the wire screen) were stuffed full of all sorts of curious articles and odd-shaped bundles. At the end of the screen was a sort of sentry-box, with a hole in the back part, over the counter, where modest customers, one at a time, could transact their delicate business with the proprietor, unobserved.

There was a woman in the box at the time; and as the boys awaited their turn, they could hear her low tones of entreaty, interrupted by sobs.

"This must be a dreadful business!" murmured George; "to live upon other people's distress! I 'd rather be a beast of prey, outright; for then I should n't be troubled with any conscience in the matter."

"These men are not troubled with much," Jack replied. "Hear how calm and business-like his tones are!"

"Jack," said George, with a shudder, "do you think we shall have to pay many visits to the sign of the three golden balls?"

"It is n't likely; though when people begin to come here," said Jack, "I suppose it 's a good deal like rolling down hill,—the farther they go, the faster, and the harder to stop. But come! it 's our turn now."

The woman, draped all in black, passed them quickly and silently as a ghost, except that a low sob, stifled by her close veil, was heard as she went out.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

"A poor widow, pawning something dear to her, perhaps her dead husband's watch, or her wedding-ring," whispered George, his own voice choking with emotion, as they took her place in the box.

A shriveled little old man, with a large nose, and large black eyes, which looked strangely black and bright under his white hair and white eyebrows, received the book, glanced at it sharply as he turned the leaves, and laying it back on the

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counter with a discontented air, said, briefly, "Two shillings."

"Two shillings!" echoed George, crowding into the box behind his friend. "Why, it cost two dollars!"

"Two shillings is all I can advance on dat," said the man, with a strong foreign accent, and in the same low, firm, business-like tones which had answered the woman's entreaties. "It will pring no more as dat, if sold at auction."

"Sold at auction!" again echoed George. "We shall redeem it in a few days."

"I do not know dat. I take no reesk. Two shillings," was the cold, dry response.

Jack thereupon soothed his indignant friend by saying that they could live on that sum for a day or two; and that the less money they borrowed, the less interest they would have to pay when they should come to redeem the article pledged. After some further consultation, the book was left in exchange for a silver quarter-of-a-dollar (two York shillings), and a pawnbroker's ticket, duly numbered; and the boys gave place to a shabby old man, who entered the box with a rolled-up bed-quilt in his arms.

On their way home they stopped at a grocery, and invested eighteen cents of their money in a small loaf of bread, a pound of crackers, and a piece of cheese. When they finally reached their room, they were in the best of spirits. The very novelty of this way of life had an attraction for them; and they felt now as if they could meet, with heroic cheerfulness, any sort of hardship or privation, as long as they remained together.

The next day they breakfasted, dined, and supped off their humble fare, and found it sweet. They were a little averse, however, to letting their neighbors in the house know how they were obliged to economize their means; and so, at the regular hours for meals, they went out and took long walks, returning after a lapse of time which might have allowed of a very sumptuous repast at a public table or the house of a friend. Both boys naturally despised pretence, and they made a good deal of fun of this weakness in themselves; George proposing, with humorous gravity, that they should add a finishing stroke to the innocent little humbug, by picking their teeth, after dinner, on the steps of the Astor House.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF AN AIR CASTLE.

THE next day was Monday; and in the evening Jack was to make his first appearance before a New York audience, at Bowery Hall. He was to have but little to say or sing; but he was expected to make a lively sensation by coming out as *Miss Dinah*, a colored young lady, and dancing, first alone, and afterwards with Goffer; "a tip-top idea, sure to take with an appreciative public," in the words of the sagacious Fitz Dingle.

The novelty of the new enterprise, and the prospect of earning some money, inspired Jack; and he set off, full of hope, accompanied by his friend, to attend the forenoon rehearsal.

George had that morning finished a little dialogue, in which Jack, as a young lady, and Goffer, as a beau (both colored, of course), were to have the principal parts, and perform some choice dances; he was now to submit his work to the judgment of Fitz Dingle, and, as he fondly hoped, receive a small advance of money for it.

The friends reached Bowery Hall at the usual hour, and were surprised to find the door closed, and several of their "artist" friends waiting for it to open. Some of them appeared much excited; and when Jack asked what was the matter, Bones, with a grimly significant look, pointed at the playbill posted beside the main entrance. It was the old bill, advertising the last week's performance, instead of a new bill, in which Jack's appearance as *Miss Dinah* should have been announced.

Jack turned pale; for, although he had already, impelled by a natural curiosity, looked for this interesting announcement, and noticed that the Bowery Hall posters had not been changed, the circumstance did not, until this moment, strike him as anything ominous of evil. But now, interpreted by the dismal irony of Bones's smile, it became alarming.

"Where 's Fitz Dingle?"

"That 's the question!" said Bones, curtly; and he commenced walking to and fro in the street, with his head down, and those wonderful hands of his thrust deep into his pockets.

"Is he sick?" George asked, appealing to Dandy Jim.

"Who? Lucius Fitz Dingle? Not very!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Broke, I reckon," said Dandy Jim, with a reckless laugh. "Fitz Dingle is a man of genius, of vast resources,—at least, in his own opinion; and he has certainly had some of the best artists in his troupe, in the whole country; no lack of patronage on the part of the public, either; but here you see the result. Bad management."

"Worse than that," said the dignified Mr. Jones, coming up. "Gambling! Fitz Dingle has made two or three small fortunes in the show business, and lost 'em at roulette and faro. Our pay for the past week is due every Monday morning, when we came to rehearsal; he owes every man in the troupe a week's wages, and all his other bills are in arrears. So I think he has cut stick. Goffer and one or two

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others have gone to find him; but they wont succeed."

An aguish feeling of despair came over George, as he listened to this explanation; and he cast anxious glances at Jack, who was looking pale but calm.

"It throws every man of us out of employment, if he don't appear and pay up," muttered Bones, as he strode past. "There comes Goffer!"

It was indeed the long-limbed dancer, who appeared without Fitz Dingle, and with an open letter in his hand. He also brought a key in his pocket, with which he let the crowd into the hall. Then he showed the letter.

It was from the great Lucius, to the members of his troupe. In it he announced the painful necessity of his temporary withdrawal from public notice, and concluded in this eloquent strain, which Goffer read aloud with groans, and which was heard with gnashings of teeth:

Yet think not that I go without hope; for wherever fate may lead me, whether on the bounding billow or the desert sands, or in the flowery pastures of a new prosperity, I shall be actuated by a noble ambition to meet you again, at no distant date, when all arrears will be settled, and a new troupe organized, on a scale of unparalleled elegance and magnificence, which shall eclipse the glory of all former efforts, and restore the fame and fortunes of—Yours till death,

L. Fitz Dingle.

"I can fancy how his bad eye shut and peeled open when he wrote that!" said Dandy Jim, while his companions indulged in remarks far more damaging to the late proprietor's eyes and reputation.

Each seemed to think only of his own private loss and disappointment: and it must be confessed that George and Jack took about as selfish views of the matter as any of the rest. It did not seem to them that the Bowery Hall bankruptcy could prove half so crushing to anybody else's hopes and fortunes as to their own; yet to their credit it must be said that each thought first of the other's disappointment, and that it was in trying to cheer each other that they cheered themselves.

"Never mind for me!" cried Jack, bravely, as they walked away from the hall. "This shows me that I am not to get a living with my heels, as a colored minstrel. If I had fairly begun, and succeeded, I might, perhaps, have never been able to quit the business; and, from what I know of it, I say deliver me from following such a profession! Though I *should* have liked to dance *Miss Dinah* this evening, just to see how it would seem."

"You are made for something better,—I knew it all the while," said George. "And something better will come now,—it *must* come, you know!"

"And you can do better than writing those nonsensical dialogues, George! They 're not worthy of your genius. Go in now for the magazines and first-class papers; that 's what I see for you. Meanwhile, I 'll look for something else. We 've already found how little we can live on, and be jolly."

"Byron 's about gone said George, ruefully, taking two cents from his pocket. "There 's all that 's left of him. We shall have to eat Scott for dinner; and I feel as if I should like a pretty good meal."

"Come on!" cried Jack, "let 's be extravagant for once."

George consented. Their extravagance consisted in devouring the poetical works of the great Sir Walter at a single meal; taking them in the shape of two smoking dishes of veal pie, at a popular eating-house. Their appetites were excellent, and they grew quite hilarious over the repast, laughing defiance at fortune. George even showed a tendency to break forth in singing as they left the table, but he checked himself, laying his hand on his stomach, and saying that it was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which inspired him.

To atone for this extravagance, the boys ate no supper that night.

The next day they began upon Burns; but they made him go farther, by selling him outright at a second-hand book-stall, for half-a-dollar.

They lived upon Burns a little over two days. Then some old school-books of George's, a very ancient edition of Virgil, with a literal translation, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and one or two of Cooper's novels, found their way to the book-stalls, and helped our heroes to a scanty subsistence.

To pay their rent they were obliged to begin upon their clothes.

As they had had none washed since leaving home, their under garments were hardly in a fit condition to appear before the sharp-eyed old pawnbroker; and Jack insisted on sacrificing first an extra coat which he had brought with him. A pair of trowsers belonging to George soon followed that; then went Jack's knife, George's razor (he was beginning to shave), and, alas! his flute. This had cost three dollars and a-half, and it produced, at the pawnbroker's, a loan of seventy cents.

Meanwhile, Jack divided his time between seeking employment, doing such little jobs as came in his way, for any paltry sums he could get, and running to the pawnbroker's and baker's. For the original business which had brought him to town, he had less and less time and heart. All the fun to be got out of this course of life had soon worn off, and, though they kept their spirits up as well as they could, anxiety and privation were beginning to have their effect upon both body and mind.

George all this time stayed at home, while Jack did their errands; toiling at his little writing-table

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in the niche, finishing "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," for Mr. Upton (who liked the first chapters); and, at Jack's suggestion, writing such short articles as he hoped to sell for cash to one or two weekly papers.

"Why don't you try the dailies?" said Jack, one evening, after bringing home to him two rejected manuscripts.

"O, I can't write for the dailies," said George, despondently; and if they had not been sitting in the dark, to save the expense of candles, Jack might have seen how very worn and haggard his friend's face looked.

"Yes, you can. I 'll give you a subject. Take that ship-load of Dutch emigrants we saw landing the first Sunday we were in town. Describe the strange appearance of the passengers, their wooden shoes, the women in their short petticoats, and the men in their bags of trowsers. Then draw on your fancy a little,—the homes and friends they have left behind, the long sea-voyage, the new land they 've come to, the home they 'll find in the West;—though they look strange to us, we look quite as strange to them; this is a great country;—and all that sort of thing. You know how to do it!" cried Jack, encouragingly.

George's mind kindled at these suggestions, and he would have sat up till midnight writing the article, if they had not been out of candles. As it was, he lay awake long after they went to bed, thinking what he would write, and rose at day-break the next morning to begin "A Scene at the Wharves," Jack having agreed to take the sketch, as soon as completed, to an editor with whom he had become slightly acquainted, in examining the files of one of the old daily newspapers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PROFESSOR'S HAND-BILL.

MEANWHILE George had got two more short sketches accepted by *Upton's Magazine*, and obtained a small advance of money on them. But, frugally as they were living, this was soon gone; and, while waiting to hear from "A Scene at the Wharves" (which it took the editor several days to examine), the boys were reduced to what they would have believed the last extremity, if they had not, in their ignorance, thought they had reached that point two or three times before. Now there seemed to be no end to what they might have to endure.

It was one Saturday afternoon, when, in the early twilight, the boys sat in their room and talked.

"I 've at last written to Vinnie for her money," said George. "There 's the letter; I have n't sent it yet. I 've put off asking her for it as long as I could; but it 's no use. I 'm getting sick."

"George," said Jack, in a low, anxious voice, "you have n't seemed well lately."

"I 'm worn out—mind and body," George confessed. "I thought I could finish 'Jacob Price' to-day; but the thing spins out fearfully; and, really, I had n't the strength to write. I 'll rest to-morrow, and on Monday take a fresh start. Mr. Upton ought to advance me twenty dollars on 'Jacob.' I wish there was any way to avoid sending that letter to Vinnie! Think of my taking money of her!" And George, in his weak state, actually shed tears.

"You need n't send it," replied Jack, cheerily. "I 'll write to Mr. Chatford; he will send me something, I know,—enough for our present needs, and to pay my passage home."

George knew something of the humiliation it would be to the proud and headstrong Jack to write such a letter; but his own trouble now made him almost forget his friend's.

"Jack, I can't bear to have you leave me! Hard as this trial has been, I have felt almost thankful for it, because it has brought us so near together, and your friendship has been so precious to me. Why, when you are away, you don't know how I anticipate your coming home, or how much happiness just your sitting down in the room brings to me in my worst troubles!"

Jack tried to speak, in answer to this touching confession, but something very much like a sob checked his voice, and, for a moment, he winked hard, and silently passed his sleeve across his eyes.

"George," said he, after awhile, in tones thick with the feeling he was trying to control, "I wont leave you till I see you fairly on your legs,—I promise you that. We 'll make a raid on 'Jacob Price' next week; and I shall hear from 'A Scene on the Wharves' on Monday; I have great hopes of that, and what it will lead to, for the daily papers can give you regular employment. But you must n't work so hard, whatever happens."

"I find that I must n't," replied George, with a weary sigh. "I shall take things easier after this."

"Yes," added Jack, "and I think we can economize a little more."

"How is that possible, unless we learn to live without eating altogether?"

"Not in the matter of diet; we have been—that is to say, *you*, George, have been—rather too severely starved already. The brain-work you do requires a nice, nourishing diet, which you must have, if it can be got. But a dollar and seventy-five cents a week for our room! that is really extravagant, just now. We ought to get a lodging for half that."

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"Do you suppose we shall be pushed for our rent to-night?" asked George.

"If we are," laughed his friend, "there 's only one thing to be done. It 's our last resort."

"What 's that?"

"Why, as we have nothing else to pawn but the clothes on our backs, you shall go to bed,—pretending to be sick, you know,—while I put on your clothes, and take my own to the pawnbroker's. Don't you think you could do your writing in bed?"

"Perhaps; or sitting up with the bed-clothes wrapped about me, and the door locked."

"Then when you get tired of the confinement," Jack continued, "I can be sick, and you can put on the clothes and go out. I think we could make one suit do for both of us; don't you? We 'll keep yours, because it 's a sort of medium fit for both of us, while you could n't wear mine at all." And, as if this proposition were made more than half in earnest, he began to empty his pockets.

"What 's that paper?" George asked, as his friend stopped to read something.

Jack burst into a laugh, as he stood up by the window, in order to get a good light on the paper.

"It 's an advertisement, which a little ragged boy stuffed into my hand as I was coming up Broadway a day or two ago. I did n't look at it; I had forgotten all about it."

And Jack began to read aloud:

EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS!

A NEW SCIENCE!

WONDERS OF BIOLOGY AND MESMERISM!!!

SÉANCES WITH PROFESSOR DE WALDO

AND THE CELEBRATED MASTER FELIX!!!

THE MOST ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE!!

Professor De Waldo has the honor to announce that, having recently returned from Europe, where he has been for some time pursuing his Biological studies, and making Startling Discoveries in the New Science, ——

"Why, that 's my hand-bill! the very words I wrote for him!" cried George, springing to his feet. "Where 's the manuscript? You 'll see!"

"Word for word!" exclaimed Jack, when the manuscript was found, and compared with the printed hand-bill. "What a rascal your Professor De Waldo must be!"

"The meanest sort of swindler!" George declared, excitedly. "He took my manuscript, pretending to examine it; and then, when I went home to supper, believing he had gone out, he was in reality copying it. Then think of that despicable Master Felix, thrusting it into my face when I went back, and telling me the professor did n't want it!"

"I say, George!" replied Jack, "let 's make trouble for this Professor De Waldo! I 'll go right around to his place with you now, and help you get your money. Let him know he has a couple of desperate fellows to deal with, and that the best thing for him to do is to pay up."

"O, Jack! I wish I had your strength and your pluck! But, really, I am too sick to-night."

"Then I 'll go alone. Here! give me the manuscript! I 'll put that and the printed hand-bill into your professor's face, and come to some sort of a settlement with him. Take care of yourself till I come back. If you are called on for the rent, say I have gone for the money."

And Jack, full of wrath and resolution, set off to pay Professor De Waldo a visit.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

IT so chanced that, while the boys were holding this conversation, the Professor of Biological Science was thinking of supper; and that he went out, leaving the room in Murray street in charge of Master Felix, about the time Jack was taking rapid steps down his lodging-house stairs.

De Waldo's last words to his wonderful pupil were a command not to leave the house for a moment during his absence, but to remain and wait for customers, and keep them until his return.

The boy was permitted, however, to go down stairs and stand in the street door; where he had scarcely watched De Waldo out of sight, when he discovered that his blow-pipe was out of ammunition. It was but a few rods to the usual source of supply; and Master Felix, making sure that no customer was at that moment coming to the house, started to run up the street.

After running a block or two, he began to walk. Close by was a large grocery, by the open door of which, among other objects for sale, was an open box of peas. Looking straight before him, like a young man bent on important business in a distant quarter of the city, the young gentleman passed the box, and, without turning his head, or making a motion of his body, dashed in his open hand, and brought it out clinched.

He was walking on, with an innocent air, as if unconscious of anything in the world but the urgent business that absorbed him, when a man slipped out of the door, darted along the sidewalk, and seized the swinging arm, with the guilty hand still clutching the stolen peas.

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The peas were scattered over the pavement in an instant, and Master Felix made a violent struggle to free himself, but the strength of his captor was too much for him. Finding himself fairly caught, he changed his tactics.

"Come! what do you want of me? What have I done?" he exclaimed, with the air of an injured angel.

"Just come with me; and as soon as I get a policeman, you 'll find out."

"Just had a dozen peas in my hand! I did n't know I had 'em, I 'm so absent-minded! Ask the professor!"

"You 're absent-minded every time you pass our place," replied the man. "I 've watched you. You go by two or three times a-day, and put your hand into something every time. I don't believe in that kind of absence of mind!"

"I 'm a mesmeric subject," pleaded Master Felix. "Take me to the professor—he 'll tell you all about it. I don't know half the time what I do."

"I 'll teach you to know, when you pass our place!" And poor Master Felix, in spite of his wailing and entreating, was dragged into the store.

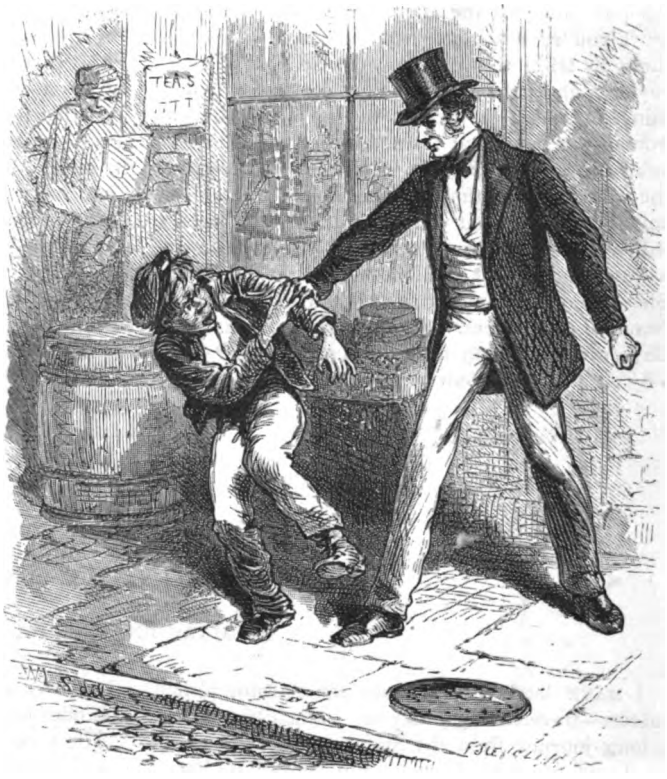
Thus it happened that when Jack reached the professor's room, he found nobody to guard it. The street door being open, he mounted the stairs; and, having knocked at the door of the "saloon" in the rear, up one flight (according to the directions in the hand-bill), and got no response, he opened, and entered.

A dismal lamp was burning on a desk in the farthest corner, by the dim light of which the chamber looked so little like a "saloon" that Jack at first thought he had got into the wrong place. But seeing a pile of the professor's hand-bills lying beside the lamp, and more scattered on a table in the centre of the room, he concluded that the "saloon" was a part of the humbug, and sat down on the sofa beside the door, to wait.

"Somebody must be coming soon, or the place would n't be left in this way," thought he. And, being somewhat fatigued, he stretched himself at length, in order to be rested and strong for action by the time the professor arrived.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed. The lamp burned more and more dimly, and seemed ready to go out. Jack would have grown impatient, if he had n't been so tired; as it was, he had almost fallen asleep, when a step on the landing and a hand on the door aroused him, and he started up just as a man entered the room.

"That you, my boy? Almost in the dark!" cried a voice, which sounded strangely familiar to Jack's ear. "You did n't fill the lamp to-day! What did I tell you, if you forgot it agin?" And a rapid hand made a plunge at Jack's hair.



MASTER FELIX IS CAUGHT.

Jack dodged, and parried the thrust with his arm. He did not move from the sofa, but, in his astonishment, sat crouched at the end of it, while the man passed on.

"I 'll excuse you this once; you 've done so wonderful to-day. Don't you see how complete it works? I put you into the magnetic state for a customer, and we git his half-a-dollar, any way. Then, if he 's sick, you prescribe my medicine, and we git a dollar more. We 're in clover. This is better 'n the 'Lectrical 'Lixir. I told ye, when that bust up, jest how it would be. Think of your developin' into a mesmeric subject; the celebrated

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Master Felix! ha, ha! Here 's your supper,—a nice leg of cold chicken, and some brown bread I slipped off the plate at the eatin'-house, and brought away in my pocket-handkerchief. Thought I might as well save it; you see, I remembered my dear boy!"

The professor spread the handkerchief open on the table, and turned to pick up the wick of the expiring lamp.

"The laws of biological science is so curi's!" he rattled on, while Jack never stirred from his corner. "I put you into the state,—and everybody can see 't you 're in a abnormal condition,—and you show, by tellin' things, that you 're a kind of clairvoyant; and yet I can make ye see and say anything I please. I tried it to day when the old woman was here, that wanted to find out, through you, who stole her silver comb. You described the young woman that had her comb, though she could n't decide what young woman it was; then I willed you to tell her she would die of a dropsy within a year, if she did n't take some medicine. She bought *my* medicine, of course. 'T was a beautiful experiment. Aint this better 'n makin' a slave of yourself on a farm, Master Felix? But why don't you eat your supper?"

Jack, now quite recovered from his first surprise, took a chair at the table and rested his arms upon the leaf, while he watched the professor. He was hungry enough to act out the part of Master Felix admirably, by eating the supper, had it not been for a certain foolish prejudice against the De Waldo handkerchief.

The professor, finding that the lamp burned pretty well after the wick was picked up, placed it on the table, and, seating himself opposite Jack, took from his pocket a loose handful of bank notes, which he began to spread out before him.

"Ah, look at that pile!" said he, merrily "Aint that good for sore eyes, my boy! But why don't you ——"

At this moment, the boy's strange attitude appearing to attract his attention, he glanced across the table. Their eyes met, in the full light of the lamp.

The professor shrank back.

"Y—y—you!" he gasped out. "J—Jack Hazard!"

"Good-natered John Wilkins!" said Jack, without moving from his place, still resting his arms on the table, while he looked steadily at the professor.

(To be continued)

SOME MISSIONARY INSECTS.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

I HAVE lately heard about some distinguished insects—traveled bugs, they are—which have taken a long journey from the State of Missouri, across land and ocean to France, and by rail to Paris, where they were enthusiastically received—so the story goes—by the *savants* at the French Academy of Sciences.

A supply of their favorite food was kept in the huge chip-boxes in which they went, and through the long journey they were attended, with anxious care, by M. Planchon, a distinguished French naturalist. I think we will call these important little bugs, American Missionaries to France. Do you ask why? I will tell you:

Recall to mind all you have heard and read of sunny, Southern, vine-clad France; its lovely vineyards that cover the country for miles and miles, beautifying the valleys, stretching up the fair hillsides and mountain slopes, perfuming the air, in blossoming time, with the rarest fragrance the winds ever wafted, and filling it, later on, with the rich odor of the ripened clusters.

The vineyards, blossoms, clusters, are beautiful, lovely, delicious; but that is not all. What the cotton crop is to our South, or the wheat crop to our West, the vine crop is to the grape-growing portions of France; when that fails, the resources of the people have failed. Vintagers who, with a good year, may become rich and prosperous, are ruined when a bad year comes; and there have been several bad years. There were two years when the graceful leaves of the vine turned sickly yellow, and were covered with an ugly growth of red and white bunches, when the tender green buds never bloomed, but died without one breath of fragrance, when whole districts of vineyards were ruined and their owners impoverished. But, you ask, why was not something done to prevent this? That is just what the best vine-growers, and the wisest French chemists (and there are none

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wiser anywhere), have been trying to do. They applied all manner of disinfectants, and used every remedy they could think of; but their efforts were all in vain.

The disease is caused by an exceedingly minute insect with a very long name, the *Phylloxera vitifoliæ*, the term *Phylloxera* meaning, very appropriately, "withered leaf."

It is somewhat like the little green *aphis* that infests your house plants. It lives upon the sap of the tender vine, multiplies so rapidly, and feeds so ravenously, that within a few years it has as utterly ruined thousands of acres of French vineyards, as though a fire had swept over them. There comes a time when the insects assume a winged form, and millions of them are then wafted in perfect clouds, from vineyard to vineyard, and wherever they settle, the "withered leaf" of the stricken vine tells that the *Phylloxera* has been there.

This is the cause, this the disease, and now I will tell you of the cure.

When the chemists had failed, and the vine-growers were in despair, M. Planchon, the French naturalist, said that he had something to suggest, as the *Phylloxera* was imported from America (this being a fact pretty well established).

"Now," said M. Planchon, "we learn that in America, at the worst, it is never very harmful; there must evidently, then, be some other insect that preys upon and keeps this one down."

So the French Minister of Agriculture sent M. Planchon to America to learn all he could about this conqueror of the *Phylloxera*.

Professor Planchon reached America last August. He visited the vineyards of the Eastern States, of Missouri, and North Carolina.

He found the *Phylloxera* at its work of mischief, and you may try to imagine his joy when he detected also its natural enemy, the *Acarus*, a species of plant-lion, feeding upon the *Phylloxera* quite as voraciously as that feeds upon the sap; hunting it down, chasing it from leaf to leaf, dragging it from its hiding places, each little *Acarus* "doing his level best" to eat as many of the *Phylloxera* as possible.

And so M. Planchon, well paid for his long journey, joyfully collected great numbers of this useful little bug, and accompanied them, as I have told you, to their enthusiastic reception at the Academy of Sciences.

The last I heard from them, they were doing a driving business, in genuine Yankee style, in the Bordeaux vineyards.

Of all the traveling Americans who have visited France, I think the *Acarus* family have received the warmest welcome.

BIRDIES with broken wings
Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother.

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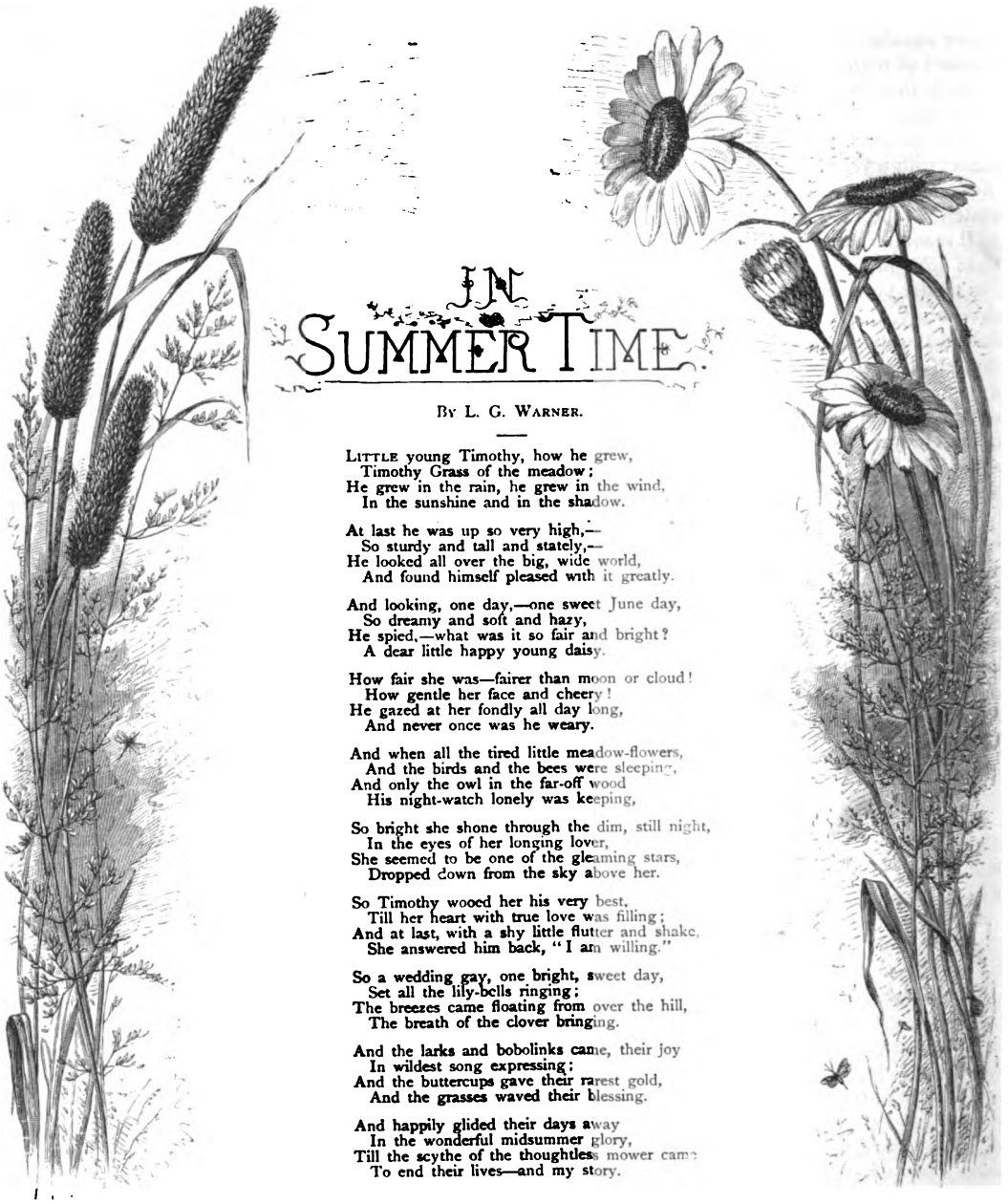


IN SUMMER TIME.

By L. G. Warner.

Little young Timothy, how he grew,
  Timothy Grass of the meadow;
He grew in the rain, he grew in the wind,
  In the sunshine and in the shadow.

At last he was up so very high,—
  So sturdy and tall and stately,—
He looked all over the big, wide world,
  And found himself pleased with it greatly.

And looking, one day,—one sweet June day,
  So dreamy and soft and hazy,
He spied,—what was it so fair and bright?
  A dear little happy young daisy.

How fair she was—fairer than moon or cloud!
  How gentle her face and cheery!
He gazed at her fondly all day long,
  And never once was he weary.

And when all the tired little meadow-flowers,
  And the birds and the bees were sleeping,
And only the owl in the far-off wood
  His night-watch lonely was keeping,

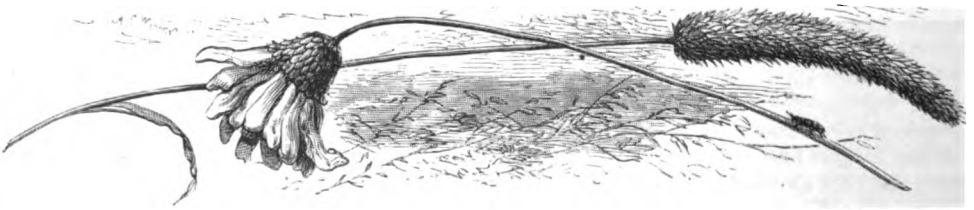
So bright she shone through the dim, still night,
  In the eyes of her longing lover,
She seemed to be one of the gleaming stars,
  Dropped down from the sky above her.

So Timothy wooed her his very best,
  Till her heart with true love was filling;
And at last, with a shy little flutter and shake,
  She answered him back, "I am willing."

So a wedding gay, one bright, sweet day,
  Set all the lily-bells ringing;
The breezes came floating from over the hill,
  The breath of the clover bringing.

And the larks and bobolinks came, their joy
  In wildest song expressing;
And the buttercups gave their rarest gold,
  And the grasses waved their blessing.

And happily glided their days away
  In the wonderful midsummer glory,
Till the scythe of the thoughtless mower came
  To end their lives—and my story.



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A WHALEMAN'S GHOST.

By J. H. Woodbury.

We were making the run from the Sandwich Islands to the north-west coast for the second season, when the incidents happened which I am now going to relate.

We had been out from Honolulu but a few days, when it was found that our oil was leaking. Every morning when we pumped ship, we pumped out oil, as well as water, enough to smooth the surface of the sea for a long distance to leeward. It looked bad to see the oil running away from us, after we had worked so hard to get it, the more so because we wanted to save every drop, that we might start for home with a full ship at the close of the season. The captain seemed more troubled about it than we who did the pumping, however, his rueful visage, as he hung over the rail watching the disappearing treasure, sometimes almost exciting our sympathy. Of course, we had all worked harder than he to get the oil, still he had a larger interest in it than all we foremast hands together. Means were soon taken to remedy the trouble, though those first tried were ineffectual. It was owing to shrinkage of the casks that the oil was escaping, and it was thought that a thorough wetting down, every day, might help the matter.

Our ship was provided with a pump on the topgallant forecastle, called the head-pump, which drew up water from outside and forced it, by means of hose, to any part of the ship. So we began to "wet down the hold," keeping the head-pump going for an hour or two every day, till all the casks in the hold had been thoroughly drenched. Then we had all that water to pump out again, and, pumping in and pumping out, we did all the pumping we cared to do. It was a dirty job, crawling round with the hose on top of the gummy oil casks, but we all had to take our turns at it. For my own part, I never liked it much; I would much rather go behind the Falls of Niagara in the warm season than do it again. But after all, our labor was ineffectual; the casks were too bad to be cured by any such hydropathic treatment, and we had to resort to other means. The water may have kept them from getting worse, but they got no better, and when we had pumped till we were tired of it, the captain told Mr. Grant to keep all hands up and begin to "break out."

Now, it must not be supposed that the captain thought the casks would feel any better after they were broken out, as one does when he has the measles. To break them out, was simply to hoist them on deck, in order that the hoops might be driven down, to make the casks tighter, which is called coopering. There is a great deal of hard work in breaking out and coopering at sea, and I should be sorry to help do that again, either. But it was the only way we could save our oil, and we had to endure it. For two weeks all hands were kept on deck during the day, hoisting out, driving hoops, and stowing below again.

But all troubles have an end, I hope,—at least, ours had that time, though we soon found new ones. The oil was all coopered,—at least, the casks were, but we called it coopering oil,—and we had just got the last cask under hatches again, when it came on to blow. We seemed to have been especially favored with good weather while coopering, but now old Æolus piped up, whistling through the rigging as though he were bound to have a jolly good time after waiting so long.

"Blow away, old fellow!" said Mr. Goff; "we 're ready for you now!" And so we all thought we could well afford a day or two of rough weather, now that we had our oil all right again.

"Clew up the topgallant sails!" was one of the first orders given in taking in sail. And when the yards had been lowered, and the clews drawn close up beneath them, "Up, boys, and stow them lively!" was the word from Mr. Grant.

Three of the lightest hands to each topgallant sail was the usual number that went up to furl them, and with two others, one of whom was rollicking Dave Burr, from Providence, and the other a fine young fellow named Black, from Philadelphia, I sprang up the fore-rigging, and was soon on the weather fore-topgallant yard-arm. Dave was to leeward, and Black had taken the bunt. We were all in a hurry, as we always were when all the topgallant sails came in together, each doing his best to get his sail rolled up and made snug first. We were bothered a little with ours, as it got away from us once after we had it nearly rolled up, and flew out again with a crack like that of a great whip, jerking the yard in such a way that one who had never been up there before would naturally think that himself and the yard and the sail would all go on ahead of the ship together. But we went at it again, and, in a moment, had it once more gathered into the bunt, ready to roll into the yard. Black then showed his impatience by seizing the buntlines with both hands and springing upon the top of the yard, where he stood erect, that he might haul up

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with better effect. It was a piece of recklessness, to be sure; though, if Dave or I had been in his place, I suppose we might have done the same. He stood square upon the yard, hauling on the sail, with nothing to steady him at all when the ship pitched forward between the seas. Up came the heavy bunt, and we had it all safe, as we thought, when the ship pitched suddenly and violently, and in an instant, Black went headlong down into the sea.

He was gone, and not one in all the ship but Dave and I knew it; the forward sails had hidden him from all who were aft. I was so shocked that I almost fell from the yard myself, and neither of us could utter a word for an instant.

"Man overboard!" was the thrilling cry that was heard as soon as we could give the alarm. The ship was at once hove to, buoys thrown overboard, and a boat lowered, although it was so rough; and every eye searched the waters for the missing man. But in vain. Poor Black had gone from our sight with the swiftness of a meteor's fall, and was seen no more.

"THE SHIP ROSE AND FELL IN THE SURGING SEAS."

And now the gale increased, the howling winds seeming wild with delight at what they had done, and still might do, shrieking gleefully, or moaning as if in mockery at our loss, as the ship rose and fell in the surging seas.

But the storm passed, and the sun shone bright once more, and our spirits became again buoyant.

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A few pleasant days, and poor Black was almost forgotten. So it is, and so it may well be, for we cannot live long upon sorrows.

One pleasant night, not long after this gale, we happened to be running before the wind, and as it was blowing fresh, the ship rolled quite heavily at times. It was in my watch on deck, and I was sitting on the main-hatch with the boat-steerers, Tom and Ed, who were my particular friends, when we heard something below, that caused us to listen, and to feel just a little queer. It sounded very much like a groan, coming from the hold below. We listened for a moment, without speaking; but heard nothing more.

"What was that?" said Tom.

"'T was just like a groan," was Ed's response; "but who in the world can be down there?"

As if in reply, the doleful sound was again heard, following close upon Ed's words. It seemed more decided than at first, and we just got off the hatch and took two or three steps from it, then turned round and looked at it.

"If that was n't a groan, it was mighty like one," said Tom; "but it can't be that there is anybody down there."

"It must be there *is*," said Ed. "It was a groan, sure enough."

Mr. Bosworth—the second mate, and a very matter-of-fact man—was walking on the quarter-deck, and as he came near to us, Tom spoke to him.

"There 's something in the hold, sir," said Tom, without any explanation.

"I reckon I ought to know that as well as anyone," was Mr. Bosworth's reply, as he stopped in his walk and looked hard at Tom, "and I hope it will stay there now, without making us any more trouble."

"Aye, aye, sir, but there 's something else; perhaps, if you sit down on the main-hatch, you 'll hear it."

"Hear what?" asked Mr. Bosworth, stepping towards the hatch, and reaching it just in time to hear another of those doleful notes, fully as strong as the last.

"Hum. Who 's down there?"

"That 's more 'n I know, sir. If it 's anybody, it must be some one from for'ard."

"Are our men all on deck?"

"I reckon they are, sir."

To make sure, however, the men were called into the waist. All who belonged to the starboard watch were there, except the man on the look-out and the one at the wheel. No doubt they all wondered at being called aft, but they understood the reason when they heard those doleful sounds coming from the hold, as they stood around the hatchway.

"Go forward, Tanner, and see if the other watch are all snug," was Mr. Bosworth's order to the oldest sea-dog amongst us; and Tanner went forward and descended into the forecastle. It was evident that he made no haste, and Mr. Bosworth was getting a little impatient when he returned. "Who 's missing?" was his prompt inquiry.

"They 're all there but Black, sir. Most likely it 's his ghost ye hear."

"Ghost! Ghost, is it? I 'm mighty glad of that, for I 've never seen one yet! Just rouse round lively now, and we 'll have him. Mighty lucky he 's in the hold! He can't get out without coming through the hatches, and we 'll have him, sure! But just look in the steerage, first, Tom, and see if Bungs or Chips aint playing a trick on us."

Tom darted down into the steerage, but returned in a moment and said that the four men who had a right to be there were all asleep, and, moreover, Chips was snoring at such a rate that no ghost would be likely to disturb him, or come very near him; and Tom said it would n't be strange if what we heard was an echo to Chip's snore, after all.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bosworth's confident manner, he hesitated a little what to do, seeming half inclined, I thought, to call the captain. We all knew that Tanner was a firm believer in ghosts, and probably the greater part of the crew were inclined to the same belief. I had heard Tom relate some interesting ghost stories, in such a way as to show that he believed them to be substantially true, and a ghost story was always entertaining matter to all of us. Now, therefore, that there was a fair prospect of having a ghost of our own, we felt unusually interested, though no one seemed to be in a hurry to make the ghostly acquaintance. No doubt we all felt that the thing "would keep," and that there was no need of being in a hurry. But an unusually loud groan decided Mr. Bosworth. He told Mr. Blake, the fourth mate, to go into the cabin and bring a lantern; and while Mr. Blake was gone he ordered the men to take off the hatches.

"I don't think, sir, it 's any use to hunt for it," suggested Tanner, in response to this order. "Such things aint easy to come at, and I reckon we 'll have our trouble for our pains."

"Be quiet, Tanner, or you 'll frighten him away. Just obey orders, and keep quiet. If there 's a ghost down there, we 're bound to have him."

"Aye, aye, sir, of course, it 's just as you say; but it 's my candid opinion you wont be able to find him."

The hatches were removed, and we were favored with two or three groans of better quality than any before, and, of course our interest was heightened.

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The lantern was brought, and lowered by a lanyard down upon the lower hatchway, where it shed its light upon all objects between decks that were near to it. No one supposed the ghost was there, for the sounds plainly came from the lower hold, but it was well enough to get a look between decks before going down. Then Mr. Bosworth and a few of the most resolute went down to look further. After taking another precautionary look between decks, the coverings of the lower hatch being removed, the light shone down upon the closely-stowed casks in the lower hold. After that, we heard but two or three faint groans, or rather long-drawn sighs, with long intervals between, which led Mr. Bosworth to remark at last that the ghost was probably frightened, and would not allow himself to be overhauled.

"It's no use to go for him in that way, sir," suggested Tanner. "Ghosts are awerse to light, 'specially light as comes from whale-ile, and they don't like crowds. I reckon, sir, you wont find him unless you go down alone, without a lantern."

"I reckon you're right, Tanner, and as you know all about them, and just how to take them, I'll set you to hunt him up. We'll pass up the light and get on deck, the rest of us, and you just stay down and interview the ghost." And, as if he really meant it, Mr. Bosworth told the others to get back on deck, and, passing up the light, at once left the hold. No one was long behind him, not even Tanner, and when Mr. Bosworth expressed surprise that he had not remained below, Tanner suggested that it would be of no use *now* to hunt for the ghost in *any* way. If the ghost wanted to be seen, he would n't put them to the trouble of looking for him; it was plain enough he did n't wish to be seen. Mr. Bosworth did not insist on his going down again, or seem to think it worth while to search any more for the ghost at that time, especially as the shaking sails showed that the wind was hauling and that the yards must be attended to.

We were all called away from the hatch to assist in hauling in the braces, trimming aft the sheets, &c.; and by the time everything was in trim again, the watch was out and it was our turn to go below. Of course, we stopped for a few moments around the main-hatch, to listen for those sounds; but not so much as the softest sigh was heard, and Tanner said that most likely the ghost had left the ship, though he had no doubt we would hear from it again in due time.

"The fact is," said Tanner, after we had got below and had turned in, "there's no telling how to take a ghost, anyway. They seem mighty unreasonable sometimes; but what I know about 'em makes it plain enough to me that they know what's what, as well as live folks. I never knew a ghost yet that was n't mighty well able to take care of itself."

"I reckon you've known a good many in your time, have n't you?" asks a voice from the other side of the forecastle.

"Aye, aye, matey! At least, I've known *about* 'em, and that's pretty much the same thing. They aint a talking set, anyway; and, in course, not so easy to get acquainted with as they might be, as you've had a chance to see for yourselves."

No one could equal Tanner in discoursing of ghosts, nor of anything else that interested him; and he kept our attention till we fell asleep, when, for the few hours we had below, it would have been almost impossible for even a ghost to have disturbed our repose. When we went again on deck, we were running on the wind with the yards braced sharp up. No more sounds had been heard, and no more were heard for some days. Of course, there was a good deal of talk about them, and speculation—among those who were not ghost-believers—as to what had caused them; but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. As they were no more heard, the officers doubtless thought it would be a waste of labor and time to search for the cause, and they were fast becoming forgotten.

But it happened that the sounds were again heard,—this time also in the night, and the ship running with the wind, as before. A heavy, long-drawn sigh, ending in a very decided groan, was what first drew attention to the fact that the ghost was again on board. Then we all gathered around the hatchway to hear the groans. The captain had ordered that he should be called if the ghost should come again, and he soon joined our circle.

"He's at it again, sir," said Mr. Bosworth to the captain, as he came near, "and he seems to feel as bad as ever."

"Where is he?" asked the captain. "Has he been here long?"

"In the lower hold, sir; just come; and how in the world he could get there, unless he came in at the stern windows and went down through the run, is more than I can tell!"

"You don't pretend to say he has been in the cabin, do you?"

"I don't see any other way that he could have got where he is now, sir."

"He seems to be in pain," said the captain, as another very fair sample of the groans was heard.

"It's a queer sort of a ghost, sir; he always groans like that. If we could be sure of finding him, I would be willing to help break out to get at him, sir; but Tanner here knows all about ghosts, and says it would be of no use."

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It was plain enough that both the captain and Mr. Bosworth were inclined to make light of the ghost, and Tanner now ventured a word in its behalf.

"I reckon," said he, "that we wont find the ghost any quicker for hunting for it. Of course you have n't forgotten poor Black yet. There would n't be anything strange in hearing from him again in some way."

"No, I suppose not," answered the captain, reflectively. "A man who has had as much experience with ghosts as you have, Tanner, ought to know about that. I don't think we will begin to hunt for him to-night, Mr. Bosworth; but if we hear him in the morning, we will hoist out a few of the casks and take a look by daylight. The casks are empty under the main-hatch, and it will not be a heavy job."

This time the sounds continued to be heard for hours, and when day dawned the ghost showed no intention of leaving, but groaned and moaned just the same. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, all hands were set to breaking out. The light, empty casks came up fast, and, to Tanner's surprise, as well as to the surprise of some others, the ghost was soon come at. And, now, what do you think it was? An empty cask, with the *bung out!* The air rushing in and out through the bung-hole, caused by the roll of the ship when running before the wind, produced the doleful sounds we had heard.

Tanner said there was nothing strange about that, after all; though, unless it could be shown how the bung got out, he should still believe that somebody's ghost had a hand in it.

"I say, old blower!" cried Dave Burr, interrupting him, "*the bung never was in!*"

"Bother it, so it was n't! I never thought of that. But I say, mates, if the bung had only been in, I would n't give up the ghost yet, you bet!"

A GARDEN PARTY OF WILD ANIMALS.

By Elizabeth Lawrence.

In the June number of St. Nicholas, an account was given of a home for wild animals in Paris; and you shall now hear of a very celebrated place of the kind in London.

In the beautiful gardens in the Regent's Park, the Royal Zoological Society entertains a crowd of distinguished guests, trying, with true hospitality, to make them all feel at their ease, and to give each one, as nearly as possible, what he has been used to at home.

All the world is represented here. Hot countries and cold; the arctic regions and the tropics; African deserts and polar snows; Indian jungles and South American forests, and our own Temperate Zone, all send their strange inhabitants to the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society.

A flight of steps at the end of the broad walk leads up to a wide stone terrace, and at the top of the steps you look down on your right into a square, paved court, with a high pole in the middle and little sleeping-rooms on each side. Three or four fat, clumsy bears are tumbling about on the pavement in rough, good-natured play, keeping each an eye on the parapet above to see if there is any chance for buns; and the minute they spy a visitor, it is a race which shall get to the pole first, and then the lucky one climbs up, and, drawing his four feet together, plants himself on the ball at the top, and stretches his head out as far as possible with wide-open mouth, ready to catch the bun or cake, which somebody on the parapet holds out temptingly over the railing. It looks as if he could jump off the pole into the midst of the visitors and gobble them up, buns and all, if he chose; but this kind of bear can't jump; he can only climb, so it is really quite safe, and he is obliged to wait till the bun is thrown to him, and if the aim is n't good the coveted morsel falls down and is eagerly snatched up by the bears who sit on their hind legs round the foot of the pole, casting comical, imploring glances at the people above. And then how disappointed the poor fellow on the top looks; but he waits patiently for better luck, and presently somebody puts a cake on the end of a long stick, which is always at hand, and pokes it safely across into his great red cavern of a mouth. Bears are excessively fond of sweets of all sorts, and in their native woods like to steal the honey the wild bees have stored up in hollow trees, though sometimes they get well stung for their pains.

A pretty, winding path through the shrubbery at the left of the terrace brings us down a slope to

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the place where the pair of white bears live. They have a beautiful stone house, covered with flowering vines, and in front a pond with a flagged path round it, on which, as we approach, the huge creatures are pacing up and down, waiting for dinner, growling savagely every now and then at the visitors who stand in tantalizing nearness, just out of their reach. Their whole domain,—house, garden and pond,—is not only fenced in, but roofed over with the thickest iron bars. Once, they say, it was only fenced; but though the top of the fence was made of pointed spikes, turned inward, one of the bears got out early one morning and nearly killed a blacksmith who happened to cross his path; and after that they were roofed in. The white bear and his wife once had two little ones,—soft, pinky creatures,—but the unnatural mother actually killed her own children, much to everybody's disappointment. The mother bear's fur is a purer, softer white than the father's, whose hair looks rather yellowish when he stands close to his great snow-ball of a wife, and she seems to be generally in a fit of the sulks, while he tramps about in a chronic state of active fury. They suffer terribly from the heat of an English summer, and great blocks of ice are constantly kept in the pond, to make the water cool enough for their bath.

Further down the row we come to the lions and lionesses and the hyenas and a queer-looking yellow Syrian bear, and, backing against all these, on the other side of the terrace, are the cages of the tigers and leopards, and some more lions. Each beast has a parlor, with a bed-room behind it.

If it happens to be just before four o'clock, they are all in the wildest state of excitement. The lions are roaring and shaking their manes; the lionesses bounding wildly from side to side; the tigers and leopards uttering yells of anger, and every minute or two jumping up on their hind legs and tearing at the gratings with fore-paws and teeth until you almost fancy no bars can stand against such ferocious strength; and in the midst of it all you hear wild bursts of insane laughter from the hyenas, who run ceaselessly up and down their cages, seeming quite mad with rage.

THE SYRIAN BEAR.

And what do you think is the reason of all this behavior?

Why, it is just because four o'clock is dinner

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time, and they can't bear to wait till it comes. Punctually at four, a keeper is seen approaching with a wheel-barrow full of joints of meat, and as they smell it, the beasts concentrate their excitement into a stupendous roar, which is most curiously lessened by the silencing of each voice as the owner thereof gets his meat and settles down to it with tooth and claw.

Such tearing and gobbling you never saw; and presently, the mighty appetites being appeased, the beasts seem like altered creatures, and sleepy serenity settles over the whole party.

Beyond the dens of these fierce beasts, some gentle deer and gazelles are quietly cropping the grass in their paddocks, enclosed only by light fences; and near them the swans and ducks swim and dive, and come gladly to be fed with crumbs.

The eagles inhabit a row of houses, with court-yards in front, in which they sit on huge perches, gloomily eyeing the people outside and turning their heads entirely round in their strange, uncanny way, while their bodies remain motionless. It is very odd, and it makes them look as if they had taken their heads off and put them on again hind side foremost by mistake.

Some camels are walking about in the yard outside their stable; and if you show them a biscuit, they will come with great strides on their soft, spongy feet to take it from your hand, which, rather to your dismay, they almost cover with their long upper lip, as if they meant not only to swallow the biscuit, but your hand and arm as well. These animals seem contented and happy, and pleased with the attentions they receive.

A little further on, we come to the flamingoes, who are very queer objects, indeed, standing on one leg, with the other tucked up out of sight and looking just like bundles of scarlet feathers stuck on poles. When the bird flies, its long legs stream behind it, rattling together like knitting-needles.

The pelicans' house is one of the nicest in the gardens,—grey stone, with ivy over it, and a shady front-yard. They are ugly birds; very strong and large, with great hanging double chins, which they use as bags, to carry provisions in; and they look stolid and stupid, as if they had eaten too much and were just about to go to sleep.

Before leaving this part of the gardens, we must go to see the wolf and the American bison.

The wolf is a thin, meagre, uncomfortable-

THE GAZELLE

looking beast, always going violently up and down his garden, never stopping to rest or take notice of anybody, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground. His ceaseless activity is not at all like play or agreeable exercise, but the wild unrest of one in such trouble of mind or pain of body that he cannot be still. You watch him with a sort of fascination, waiting long to see him stop, sure that he *must* be tired out and sit down to rest; but you always have to come away at last, leaving him as you found him, pacing up and down, up and down the railed garden, which he probably thinks a poor exchange for his native woods.

The bison, very ugly and fierce-looking, tramps about in a senseless sort of way, bellowing every now and then, and throwing dust over his huge head and shoulders, as if that rough, tangled mane were not dirty enough already.

Poor old fellow! It may be that he remembers with longing regret the boundless freedom of the great American plains, where he roamed about with his brothers. Perhaps he and the bald eagle —whose houses are not far apart—manage to ex-

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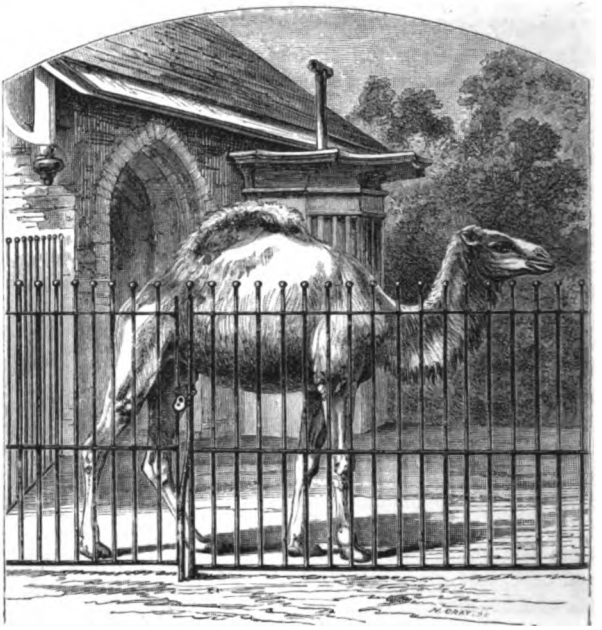
change reminiscences of their old home across the Atlantic.

We now leave this part of the gardens, and go through a tunnel under the park road, which brings us out into a shady avenue on the banks of the canal. The elephant's house is in this avenue, and here he takes his daily walks, accompanied by his keeper, sometimes with a large howdah on his back, filled with giggling, half-frightened children. When the elephant is going to take people to ride, the keeper brings him out into the avenue just in front of his house, with crimson trappings and howdah on; and then the obedient beast kneels down, and a ladder is put against his broad sides, by which people climb up to their seats. The howdah has two benches, which run lengthwise on the elephant's back; these have iron rails at both ends, and each accommodates about four. When all are seated safely, the ladder is taken away and the word given to the elephant to rise. This, of course, he does with his fore-feet first, and so slowly that the children in the howdah are tipped down sidewise and dreadfully frightened, for what seems a very long minute, before the great kind-legs are drawn up too, and the elephant's back is level again. Then he starts off at a slow, majestic walk, with an undulating motion of his huge body, which is not altogether pleasant at first to the passengers in the howdah. He goes the length of the avenue and back to his house, and then he kneels down again, and the ladder is put up and the passengers dismount, very much delighted with having actually ridden on an elephant in the way people do in India. Once there was an elephant in the gardens named Chunee, an uncommonly large one, and so docile and sweet-tempered that nothing ever made her angry, and she was greatly beloved by everybody who was in the habit of going there often. But Chunee died of fright in a thunder-storm; and a great loss she was, for the son she left, Tippoo Saib by name, was so cross that nobody was ever allowed to ride him, and it was not thought safe even to take him out of his own yard into the avenue. So, for a little while, there were no more rides till they got another amiable elephant in Chunee's place, for I believe young Tippoo Saib's temper always continued to be vicious.



THE DROMEDARY, OR ARABIAN CAMEL.

THE BRAHMIN BULL.

It is strange to see the elephants bathe in the tank in the yard outside their house. They plunge into the water with such a noise and

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splash, that it seems as if they would go right through the bottom of the tank; and then they snort and tumble, and, finally, settle down to a good swim, varied with an occasional shower-bath from that ever-serviceable trunk, which can be put to more uses than even a human hand. It seems able to do anything you could mention, from tearing down a tree to picking up a sixpence, and can be converted into a hose or a teaspoon with equal ease, as its owner chooses.

THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.

The rhinoceros is a stupid-looking animal, but apparently not fierce, though one would not care to meet him outside the stout paling that surrounds his dwelling. He and the hippopotami are provided with huge baths of warm water inside their houses, for winter use, as well as the tanks in their yards, and the hippopotami spend as much time in the water as out of it. Besides the two old ones, there is a baby hippopotamus, named Guy Fawkes, because he was born on the fifth of November. Little Guy, being smaller and more active, is not quite so ugly as his huge father and mother, though all are hideous enough, with their pig-like bodies and horrid faces, with mouths that stretch literally from ear to ear, showing, when open, the whole roof of the mouth, the top of the head seeming to fold back like the lid of a box on hinges. These creatures are as vicious as they are ugly, and apparently entirely incapable of affection or intelligence.

THE WAPITI DEER.

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Their next-door neighbors, the giraffes, are much more attractive; awkward, it is true, but playful and not unamiable, and glad to be fed by visitors. When the weather is warm, the whole giraffe family, young and old, roam about in their paddock, cropping the leaves from the trees, so tall are they, and ready to come up to the railing to take a biscuit from your hand. The animal bends his neck down to reach the biscuit, which he grasps by twisting a long, black, snaky-looking tongue round it as you hand it up.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND HER BABY.

The remaining houses on the avenue are those of the elands, the largest antelopes in the world; the zebras, and the ostriches, which are very funny-looking birds, and have a queer, bustling way of running about, like gossiping people with bits of news to tell.

Not far from the elephant's house, there is a fine aviary, with brilliantly-feathered macaws sitting on perches at each side of the entrance, like sentinels in gay uniform. Besides all the beasts and birds I have told you about, there are others in the gardens, such as the Brahmin bull from India, the horse-like gnu, the Wapiti deer, and the Markhoor goat, with its curious horns. But it would take too long to describe them all. So, we must now say good-bye to the distinguished foreigners with whom we have spent the day.

THE MARKHOOR GOAT.

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in June Number.)

THE corner stone of St. Peter's Church at Rome, a representation of which is given below, was laid in the year 1506 by Pope Julius II. The work, with many interruptions, under many architects, was continued through the reigns of twenty successive Popes, for a period of one hundred and fifty years. Among the earlier architects was Michel Angelo, famous in military engineering, more famous in sculpture, most famous in painting, and destined to stand out for these many hundred years as the master mind in the construction of this master-piece. He was an old man when he entered upon this work, begun by others forty years before, and yet he pursued it with zeal and energy. Refusing to receive any compensation himself, he did such honorable work and exacted such honest work from others, that among the greedy and corrupt people of his day he soon acquired many bitter enemies, not a few of whom were leading men of the State, and friends and near-of-kin to Pope Julius III., who, by their machinations, was at length persuaded to order an investigation into the character of the work. The brave and eminent old man was summoned before a council of architects. Pope Julius was present. The chief charge was that the church wanted light, that the architect had walled up a recess for three chapels, and made three windows which were too small. Upon which charge, the Pope asked Michel Angelo his reasons for having done so?

He replied, "I should wish first to hear the deputies."

Forth stepped two most potent cardinals, and said, "We ourselves are the deputies."

"Then, indeed," said he, "in the part of the church alluded to, over those windows, are to be placed three others."

"You never said that before," said one of the princes; to which he answered, with some warmth:

"I am not, neither will I ever be obliged to tell your Eminence, or anyone else, what I ought or am disposed to do. It is your office to see that money be provided for carrying on the work, to take care of the thieves, and to leave the building of St. Peter's to me." Turning to the Pope, "Holy father," he said, "you see what I gain: if these machinations to which I am exposed are not for my spiritual welfare, I lose both my labor and my time."

The Pope replied, putting his hands upon his shoulders, "Do not doubt, your gain is now and will be hereafter."

WILLIE'S LITTLE BROWN SISTER.

BY JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

ONE bright, sunny morning, Mrs. Howe was clearing away the breakfast things in the kitchen of her pretty home in Colorado, and her three little boys were prospecting for silver mines in the yard, when an old squaw came in, and stood bolt upright, looking at her and seeming quite as much at home as if she were a part of the furniture and had been there ever since the house was built. She was quite as tall as a man, and had no clothing but a grey blanket. It was wrapped around her just as the warriors wear their blankets, and Mrs. Howe would not have known, at first, that she was a squaw and not a warrior, if it had not been for the bundle she carried on her back.

This bundle was nothing more than a papoose, —that is, an Indian baby,—tied down upon a piece of board. Its arms were laid along its sides, and, from head to foot, it was bandaged fast against the board, so that it could not move any part of its poor little body; and then it was hung on the squaw's back by a broad band of buffalo skin. It had no clothing but a few rags, and seemed very hungry and miserable. When Mrs. Howe took notice of it, the old squaw unfastened the band and stood it up in a corner, as one would put away a cane.

The three boys came running in to see it, and gathered around while their mother warmed some

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milk and gave it a drink. It was so curious to see it drink without putting both hands into the cup, as babies usually do; but it seemed to enjoy its milk almost as much as other babies. It could not look glad, for it was too wretched; but it did look grateful, and Mrs. Howe felt like crying as she looked at the poor patient little creature, standing like a broom-handle, so stiff that one could not caress without hurting it.

The old squaw sat on the floor and took some food that Mrs. Howe gave her, and made the oldest boy understand that the papoose was not hers, but her daughter's; that its mother was dead, and that she would like to give it away. He told his mother, and begged her to take it. It was a little girl, and Willie, the youngest, said it would be their little sister—a little brown sister.

They all laughed and danced and shouted with delight at the thought of having a little brown sister, and begged their mother to take it immediately and unfasten it, so that they could hold it on their knees.

Willie ran and got his little rocking-chair, and insisted on having the baby to rock, right away; but Mrs. Howe knew that her husband would not like to have her take an Indian baby to raise. Indeed, he quite hated Indians, and did not allow one to come near the house when he was at home. So she told the boys it would not do—their father would be very angry; but they all three cried and begged. They had no little sister, and this one had such bright black eyes!

The old squaw lifted it, and stood it up against Mrs. Howe's knee, so that it would fall if she moved without holding it. Then, without saying a word, the old squaw went away.

Mrs. Howe gave it a warm bath, made it sweet and clean, and dressed it in some of the clothes Willie had worn when he was a baby. They had a nice time all day, and at night she put the boys to bed, and the little brown sister, after being tenderly rocked to sleep, was laid in Willie's baby-crib. It was the first time it had ever been in a crib, and its little brown face looked so pretty on the white pillow, that she thought her husband could not find it in his heart to send it away.

When he came home, she took him to see it, when he stood straight up and whistled, thrust his hands down into his pockets, and said:

"Whew! What next? Going to raising Indians, are you? That's a tall contract; but you can't fill it on this ranch. Keep that thing here and you'll have the whole tribe to support. They'd hang round like a pack of wolves. Oh no, Lizzie! You've been a good wife, and I like to please you; but I can't stand this!"

She pleaded that it was so wretched; but he told her that it took something more than food and clothes to make people happy; that children were happiest with their own folks; that God knew what he was about when he sent a baby into this world, and always put it just where it belonged; that an Indian was happier, hungry and cold among Indians, than well-fed and warm among white people; and that the boys only wanted it for a plaything, and had better have a young grizzly. So the little brown sister must go home in the morning.

Bright and early next morning they all had breakfast, and the boys cried for their pet; but their father rolled her up in a nice warm shawl, with all her pretty clothes on; took some more in a bundle; took the board and straps with which her old grandmother had made her so straight and stiff,—for, he said, she would want them again,—walked off two miles, and gave the little papoose back to the old squaw, where she was encamped with her tribe. When he started, Mrs. Howe noticed that there were tears in his eyes, and that he held the baby as tenderly as if it had been a white child, and concluded that, after all, he did not hate Indians as much as he thought he did.

The boys fretted after their little brown sister a good while, and did not like the young bear their father got for them half so well. But they never saw her again, and I think she was happier with her own people than she would have been with them.

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LE SINGE FAVORI.

PAR H. D. FIELD.

MES enfants, voici Jack,—le plus joli petit singe qui se puisse voir; mais comme son portrait ne donne qu'une bien faible idée de ce qu'il est, j'y veux ajouter quelques mots pour vous.

Jack vient d'Afrique, d'un bon missionnaire, de nos amis, qui nous l'envoya à travers les mers. Grande fut notre joie, comme bien vous pensez, quand un jour un grand matelot se présenta chez nous avec cette petite créature noire dans ses bras. Tout d'abord Jack se montra apprivoisé, affectueux même, des qu'il se vit bourré de bonbons et de gâteaux.

Il n'est pas beaucoup plus gros qu'un de ces écureuils gris que vous voyez souvent courir dans les bois, et a une petite tête brune avec un collier et des grands favoris de poils blancs; ce que lui donnerait l'air d'un petit vieillard, avec une calotte de velours, si ses grands yeux noirs, si vifs et brillants, ne changeaient bien vite cette vénerable apparence; et comme à cause du froid auquel il est trés sensiblé, on a été obligé de le vetir d'une petite robe de flanelle rouge, il a, je vous assure, un air tres jeune et sémillant, en dépit de sa barbe blanche. On a placé pour son usage spécial au coin le plus chaud de la cheminée une très petite chaise, et rien n'est plus amusant que de le voir assis gravement se chauffant les pieds au feu; et tenant sur ses genoux une petite poupèe qu'il a en grande affection, et avec laquelle il joue comme le ferait la plus gentille petite fille.

Malheureusement, pas plus qu'un enfant de son âge, Jack ne se tient longtemps tranquille à la même place; il touche à tout, il fouille partout, il tourne les aiguilles de la pendule pour l'entendre sonner, grignotte les livres; et ouvre toutes les boîtes qui lui tombent sous la main en quète de sucre et de bonbons dont il est trés friand. Souvent son pouvoir d'imitation le met en grand embarras, et lui cause quelque peine, comme le jour ou il s'enferma si bien dans un cabinet en tournant la clef, qu'il fallut envoyer chercher un serrurier pour le délivrer de la prison, où il se lamentait avec des cris percants.

Comme tous les enfants gatés, Jack déteste aller se coucher; et quand il voit qu'on se prépare à l'emmener du salon chaud et brillant, il court à sa maîtresse, grimpe sur son épaule, met ses bras autour de son cou, et pleure pour être gardé, comme le ferait un vrai baby. Il se trouve très offensé, et proteste de toute la force de ses poumons, si on l'exclut de la salle à manger pendant les repas. Assis sur sa petite chaise, tenant avec grande adresse une soucoupe sur ses genoux, il suit de ses grands yeux noirs tous les détails du service, avec un interèt qui se manifeste bruyamment à l'apparition du dessert. Tout lui est bon, de la crème

JACK.

glacée, ou simplement une pomme ou une noix. Mais il a ses préfèrences, et les témoigne par un grognement de satisfaction, ou en rejettant de son assiette les morceaux qui ne conviennent point a son gôut.

On nous assure que Jack pourrait apprendre cent tours amusants, et son éducation a probablement été commencée par les matelots pendant son long voyage, car il fait la culbute comme un vrai acrobate. Il faut dirè à sa louange qu'il parait anxieux

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de cultiver cet unique talent, et il s'exerce souvent de son propre accord, se tenant sur la tete, les pieds en l'air, et tournant sur lui même avec une dexterité dont il semble tout fiér; mais nul d'entre nous n'a le courage de lui imposer des études trop sévères.

Sa vie dans notre climat, si rigoureux pour ces pauvres petits êtres accoutumés au soleil d'Afrique, ne saurait être de longue durée. Il va passer l'été à la campagne, au milieu des fleurs et des fruits, et si les premières gelées nous enlevent notre petit favori, nous l'enterrerons sous un rosier, heureux d'avoir joui quelques mois de sa gentillesse, et d'avoir rempli sa courte existence d'autant de bonheur que possible.

WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

PART IV.

BEFORE describing the articles of which I give figures in this paper, I will add a few words to what has been said in a previous article* in regard to tools and appliances.

Two or three additional tools will now be found useful; among them, a plane, by which we can get a flat, smooth surface with less labor than by

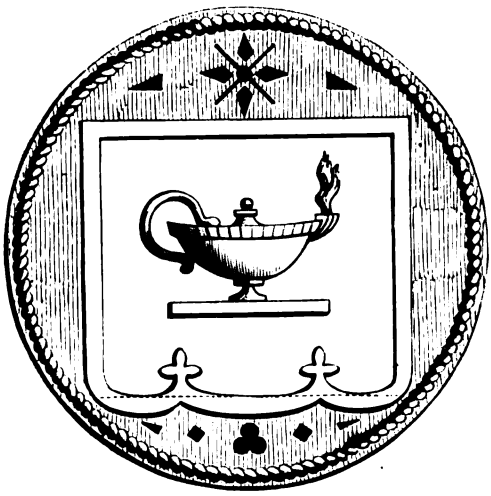

FIG. 1. WORKING-PATTERN FOR MATCH-SAFE. (REDUCED.)

the slower process of rubbing with sandpaper, as I suggested when describing the ruler.

The tool I would recommend for this kind of work is called a smoothing-plane, and is especially made, I believe, for the use of piano-makers. It is about five inches long, with an iron of a little more than one inch in width, and will be found extremely useful. The cost is about a dollar and a-quarter. What is called a jack-plane is the implement used by carpenters in planing rough board, and is very convenient in cases where you cannot readily procure planed boards. The cost is about the same as the smoothing-planes.

Another useful tool is a hand-saw. This should be about twelve inches long; and when you buy one I would advise you to get a carpenter to sharpen it for you. Saw-filing is an art which is rather difficult to acquire, though after seeing it done once or twice, you can learn enough of it to keep your own saws in order. I need hardly mention that the fine saws used for fret-sawing do not need any preparation for use.

Besides these tools, you will need a glue-pot. You can get little glue-pots of tin or cast-iron (the latter are the best) for twenty-five cents, or upwards; but if pocket-money is scarce, you may make glue without buying a regular pot. Get an ounce of the best quality of glue,—the lightest colored, I believe, is the strongest,—and break it in small bits,

FIG. 2. MATCH-SAFE, COMPLETE. (MUCH REDUCED.)

put it in a cup of tin, china or glass, whichever you can most readily procure, and pour in just enough water to cover the glue. Set the glue-cup into a pan of water (an old tin fruit-can will often do very well), and put it on the stove to heat. The glue will melt, and will be in the right condition when of the consistency of thin molasses. Take the whole apparatus off the fire together, and the hot water will keep the glue ready for use for half-an-hour or so. Always use the glue as hot as possible, and put on no more than is barely necessary. If the work is of such a nature as to admit of it, heat it also, but be careful that your thin wood does not

* In the number for December, 1873.

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warp. After applying the glue, the pieces should be held tightly together till the glue has hardened. Sometimes the pieces may be bound together by a string, or they may be laid under a heavy weight. There are little implements called cabinet-makers' clamps, composed of two pieces of hard wood connected by wooden screws, between the jaws of which small articles can be inserted and screwed up tight. These are very useful in holding glued articles together. Clamps such as you will find best adapted to your work are about three inches long, with screws five or six inches in length. They cost about twenty cents. Two of them will be enough.

A convenient varnish for all this sort of work is made by dissolving shellac in alcohol. Get at a drug store a wide-mouthed bottle which will hold one or two ounces. Fill it half full of gum shellac broken in fine bits, and cover it with strong alcohol. In twenty-four hours, or less, it will be dissolved, and may be applied with a brush. It is better to use it thin and apply several coats. If used too thick, it is apt to look streaked and rough. The common colored shellac gives a handsome reddish-brown tinge to most woods, and dries very rapidly. If you want to preserve, as near as may be, the clear white color of white holly, you must use bleached shellac prepared in the same way. Gum shellac costs five or ten cents an ounce; and an ounce will last a long time. Keep tightly corked.

I offer a design for a match-safe, which may be made ornamental as well as useful. The two drawings, figs. 1 and 2, on the preceding page, give a sufficiently clear idea of its appearance. Like most of the other examples of work given, it is to be done in two or more contrasting woods; cigar-box wood and white holly will do excellently; the box and wall-piece of cedar, and the rope edge, Egyptian lamp and box edging of white holly. Nail the box together with small brads, such as the cigar-boxes are fastened with, and glue the holly edge on afterwards, and it will conceal the nail heads. If the wood is brittle and easily split, first bore holes with a brad-awl to insert the points, and drive in the brads with a light hammer. The rope edge is easily made. Saw out a ring of wood of the right width, and with a three-cornered file make notches on both sides opposite each other, at regular distances, and of about the same width and depth, then file diagonally across the top, and round off with sandpaper. Both edgings had better be made of single pieces of wood. The dark apertures in the wall-piece are made by drilling holes, and then filing them into the desired shape. The safe can be hung up by these, A piece of fine sand or emery-paper is to be glued on to the right-hand end of the box, on which to scratch the matches. The ends of the matches should project half-an-inch above the top of the box, and if those you use are too short, put a little block of wood in the bottom to raise them up. The shading of the lamp will sufficiently indicate how it is to be carved.

Figures 3 and 4 are end-pieces for table book-racks—very convenient and useful little articles of furniture. The design of fig. 3 is original. The other is adapted from a pattern for a widely different species of ornamental work,—painting on por-

FIG. 3. DESIGN FOR END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

celain,—and I give it partly to show how readily almost any sort of beautiful pattern may be adapted to our use. The ornamental pieces in these designs are all to be cut out separately, and afterwards glued in their proper position, the end-piece to which they are fastened following in outline the outer edge of the ornamental work. In the flower patterns, wherever a line crosses the figure a break may be made in the wood, but when you glue on the separate pieces, close them up, that the joints may not be too conspicuous. The stems are to be rounded, and the leaves and scrolls slightly carved as indicated by the shading.

Figure 5 will show how the ends of the book-rack are to be fastened to the frame, which is merely a strip of board of the same wood as the end-pieces, and two or three times as long as they are. The end-pieces may be screwed or nailed to this frame before the lowest ornaments are glued on, but it is

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much better to put them on with brass hinges, so that when not in use they may shut down on the frame out of the way. If you use hinges, set them in flush with the wood, as indicated, and see that

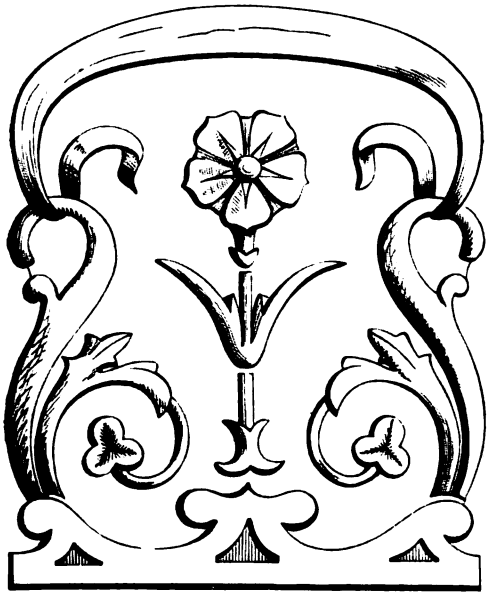

FIG. 4. END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

the heads of the screws are well countersunk, so that there may be no rough points projecting on which the binding of a handsome book may receive a scratch. Hinges of good size should be used, two on each end, and screws so short that the points will not go entirely through the wood. The end-piece should be so fitted that when open it may stand exactly at right angles to the frame, and give a firm and steady support to the books placed upon

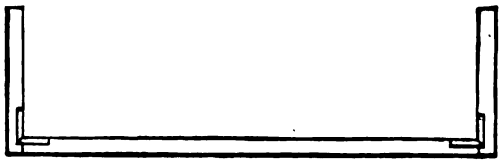

FIG. 5. ATTACHMENT OF ENDS TO FRAME.

it. These points only require care in the workmanship, without which, indeed, no piece of work, of any kind, can be thoroughly satisfactory.

FIG. 6. PATTERN OF HALF OF END-PIECE. (FULL SIZE.)

Figure 6 is one-half of figure 4 enlarged to full size. It may be readily traced on thin tissue paper, and another tracing made from the opposite side of the first one, to complete the figure.

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THE LITTLE DOLL THAT LIED.

By Sarah O. Jewett.

"Why, Polly! What 's the matter, dear?
You look so very sad;
Has your new doll been taken ill?
It cannot be so bad."
Nine of the dolls sit in a row,
But there is one beside,—
See, in the corner, upside down,
The little doll that lied!

Out in the corner, all alone,
The wicked doll must stay;
None of the rest must speak to her,
Or look there while they play.
All her best clothes, except her boots,
Are safely put aside;
The boots are painted on her feet,—
The little doll that lied!

Oh, lying 's such a naughty thing!
Why, she might swear and steal,
Or murder some one, I dare say;
Just think how we should feel
To have her in a prison live,
Or, worse than that, be hung!
What wont she do when she is old,
If she did this so young?

And now the silver mug and spoon
Come into use again,
And down the faces of the dolls
The tears run fast as rain.
Three have tipped over with their grief,
Their tears cannot be dried;
Their handkerchiefs are dripping wet,—
The little doll has lied!

THE AFFAIR OF THE "SANDPIPER."

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Part I.

Aunt John, you know, is always doing something; I mean something for us fellows,—Jill and me. Perhaps you will remember Aunt John. I told about her once in the *Young Folks;* how we went down to her house one vacation and fell through the floor into the cellar and thought the Day of Judgment had come.

Jill thinks that scrape we got into at Gloucester would do to tell; he thinks it would do very well for a story. Aunt John took us to Gloucester.

We went to Eastern Point to one of the big boarding-houses. We had n't been to the beach before for some time. But we 'd always known about boats, and so forth, at home. Could swim, of course. Aunt John taught us to swim in Deep-water Brook, that runs behind her house, when I was a little shaver, only six. Aunt John can swim forwards and backwards and under water, and dive, too; she 's one of the handsomest swimmers I ever saw.

So we went to Gloucester. Gloucester is a very interesting place. At least, I thought so; Jill did n't so much, at first. I like to see them dry the mackerel on the wharves all up and down the road between the town and the Point. I know 'most every mackerel-dryer there is there, and sometimes I help; they lay them out on stretchers in the sun. Then there 's a tin-shop, where they have a boy to stand in a cart and catch tin pails out of a second-story window; he piles them up in a row in a cart to take off. I tried one day myself. You 'd think it would be easy; but I dropped three and banged a notch in one.

Then there 's a sail-boat ferry. The boat goes over and back between the town and the Point, and you pay four cents a trip. Two men make a living out of that ferry, but I don't see how. I spent half my allowance going over, but he would n't let me help at the sails. One day he put off some drunken fellows because they did n't quite tip the boat over. They splashed into the water, and were just as mad! Then, under the wharves I like it. The piers look like trees, long and straight, and in green

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rows. There 's a piece in my reading-book it makes me think of:

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns, measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

But Jill says it is n't very clean (and it is n't). And he says boys have no business to quote poetry; he says girls have. One day we put under the piers in a dory, and got wedged in, and an old fisherman had to come and haul us out with a boat-hook. Then there are the boats on a dark night, with the colored lights, all sailing in, and you try to count 'em. Sometimes there 's an outside steamer in for shelter, if it 's stormy, but she makes out early next morning, before you 're up.

So we went to Gloucester, and one day we got a sail-boat. They don't have a great many sail-boats on the Point; and Jill hired this for a week of a chap in town that had gone home to see his young lady. She was a neat craft, painted black and gold. The gold was inside, and overflowing to the gunwale's edge,—Aunt John said, like an overflowing heart. Aunt John thought it was a pretty boat. Her name was the "Sandpiper." She was finished as neatly as any boat in the harbor. We got her for five dollars a week, and the moorings. We moored her off the rocks in front of the boarding-house with one of those pulley moorings, you know, in a ring, where you set her in and out, hand over hand, and tie the painter too long, and have her bang up against another man's boat, and are called away from dinner to go out and haul her all in and do it over, and find your pudding cold. Of course, you learn to tie a sailor knot. There was one girl at our house who tied a pretty sailor knot. She learned on neckties, but she had a boat. Frank Starkweather went with her. Her name was Tony Guest. But she would n't let Frank tie the boat up.

Now, there was this about having that boat. Aunt John said: "Boys! I've found a boat in town you can have for a week." Then she said: "Now, boys! if I give you leave to come and go in that boat, free from fret and orders and questions (which she knows how boys hate—she 's 'most as good as a boy herself), I shall expect you to act with great prudence," said Aunt John. "I expect you to look out for dangers as carefully as grown men do. If I *treat* you like men, you *act* like them, and whenever you go outside the bar you must take Frank Starkweather."

Aunt John said this, and then she never said any more. She did not bother nor fuss. We just took that boat and did as we pleased, and, I tell you it was fun. But, then, we were careful.

Friday, it came up, somehow, about going to Swampscott. Frank Starkweather said he 'd go. He said he thought it was safe, but he said he thought we might as well mention it to our aunt, or some other good sailor. But, I believe, we did n't mention it at all. I can't say exactly whether we *meant* not to mention it, but, at any rate, we did n't. I wanted to go like sixty the minute it was spoken of. So did Jill. We got up early, you know, and off before anybody was up.

At least, nobody was up but Tony Guest and her older sister; for they row themselves 'most every morning. They stood on the rocks and said, "Bon voyage!" At least, the sister did, but Miss Tony said, "Good luck to you!"

Miss Tony said she 'd tell Aunt John, and we sent our good-by, and that we might n't be home till late, and that the day was just right, and no danger. Miss Tony stood on the rocks and waved her hat—a little jockey sailor hat she wears, with long streamers. And Frank was so taken up with looking at her that he steered us into Black Bess, and gave us one good soft jerk to begin with. Black Bess is a mean, pointed reef off Niles'. But no harm happened, and nothing happened of any account till we got to Swampscott. We had a stiff nor' by nor'-easter part of the way, and plenty of sun, and we made a clear tack, and got in to dinner by twelve o'clock, as hungry as sharks. And Frank knew the way pretty well, or else he thought he did,—I don't know which. Frank Starkweather is seventeen.

So we went ashore for dinner, and ate two chowders apiece, and a horn button that they called a lemon pie as a pleasant exercise of the imagination, and hard cider for Frank. But we did n't. That 's one thing we 've promised our Aunt John,—that we wont take drinks round with boys,—because she says half of 'em you might get drunk on, if you wanted to.

Once, when I was a mite of a chap, Aunt John looked at me with that way she has of snapping her eyes, and said she, "George Zacharias!" (but she generally calls me Jack), "George Zacharias! if you ever should get *drunk*, I should be so ashamed I should n't want to *look* at you!"

It was just like Aunt John. You know, when anybody says anything like that to you, you remember it.

So we did n't take the cider, and Frank did n't laugh at us,—for he 's a gentleman,—and about one o'clock we went down and hauled the "Sandpiper" round to go home.

We meant to get home early, and surprise them if we could. I rather wanted to be home by seven or eight, because we had n't seen Aunt John nor said good-by to her.

There was an old captain down on the rocks when we hauled round, and he had a pipe in his

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mouth. So he took it out when he saw us, and said, "Goin' fur?"

So Frank told him. Then the captain said: "Humph!" At least, that's the way books spell it. *I* should spell it more this way, "Enguhph!"

Now, when an old tar says that,—whichever way you spell it,—you'd better ask him what he means, I think. So Frank did.

"Head-winds," said the captain, "and thick weather!"

But the weather was clear as a bell, and who minds a little head-wind? So we laughed, and laid the "Sandpiper" round, and started off like a bumble-bee. That boat looked more like a bumble-bee than she did like a sandpiper, anyway.

"What did the old cove mean?" asked Frank, after we'd rounded the headland and put bravely out.

"He said them boys' mothers had better have kept 'em at home," spoke up Jill. "I heard him, to another fellow."

"Sea-captains out of business are always scarey as doves," said Frank Starkweather.

"And wise as serpents," said I,—just to say it. I did n't especially mean anything; most people don't, half the time.

It was grand on the water that day. The "Sandpiper" laid to and ran near the wind, as if she'd been running a race with it. Frank took the ropes and I the rudder. We began not to talk much as we got farther out. You had to keep your eyes open pretty sharp, and a great many little craft were about. They all seemed to be making port, at Salem, Beverly, and different places. I wondered why; Frank said, perhaps they looked for a storm *to-morrow*. But he put "to-morrow" in italics.

To tell the truth, we did n't make very good headway after the first. The sea began to rise, and the breeze was stiff as a poker, from the east. I thought Frank looked a little solemn once or twice, when she careened clear over. Sometimes she tipped, so it was really ugly; and we were all drenched by three o'clock, by the waves. By half-past three, Frank told Jill he thought he'd better bail a little, to keep our feet dry. But *I* thought *he* thought it was just as well we should n't carry quite so much water. But, perhaps, he did n't.

I think it was just about four o'clock. I was looking at the water, thinking; Jill was watching for boats and telling Frank their tack and kind. Frank had his sleeves rolled up and his hat off, and his eyes set sharp in his head at everything. I was leaning over the gunwale and counting how many colors I could see in the water,—for we were off shore in a weedy place,—and wondering how many more Aunt John would find than I could.

All at once, I found that I could n't see a great many. What there were were dull and ugly. Then I heard Frank say:

"Ah-h-h-h!" between his teeth.

I looked up. I could see just one color—only one,—the ugliest color I think I ever saw, or expect to see, in my life. Just grey,—cold, crawling grey. You could n't see the shore; you could n't see the boats making harbor. Now we knew why.

We could just see each other's faces and our own rigging, and a little patch of greeny-black water round about.

You could n't realize, unless you'd seen it, how quick a fog comes down. A minute, and there is n't any! A minute, and there is n't anything else! We had n't even seen it *crawl*. It *pounced*.

As I said, Frank Starkweather said:

"Ah-h-h-h!"

Jill said, "Ow-w-w!"

I said, "Wh-ew-w-w!"

But when we'd made these three intellectual remarks, we did n't find ourselves talkative. Frank jammed his head into his hat, and took to the ropes with a jerk. I asked him if he thought he could saw a fog in two. But I got an extra hold of the tiller, for I felt more comfortable. Jill buttoned up his coat and brushed out his hair, as if he'd been going to a party. He looked very nervous.

There's no doubt about it, and we may as well own up now. We did n't one of us know enough to take a sail-boat from Gloucester to Swampscott. Not one. And we'd no business to have come without asking advice. But we were n't so green we did n't know that to take a sail-boat from Swampscott to Gloucester, in the teeth of an east wind, and *then* to have the luck to run into a fog-bank, was no joke, anyway you might look at it.

I asked Frank once if he thought Miss Tony would wear mourning; but he looked so black at me, I gave it up, and nobody tried to make a joke after that.

So we set to, and did the best we could.

You don't enjoy it, sailing in a fog like that. I'd have given all I owned, if I had n't kept thinking about Aunt John so often. But I did. So did Jill, I guess.

We began to hear the boat-horns soon—here and there and everywhere, up and down. And whistles; such screeching whistles from steamers and tugs! We passed the "Stamford" once, on her way to Boston. I knew *her* whistle well as I knew Jill's. But I could n't see her. It gave you a funny feeling, to hear so many things that you could n't see.

Pretty soon, Frank turned slowly around and looked at me. He looked white, I thought.

"I thought so!" said he.

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"Thought what?" said I.

"Thought we were n't, and we aint! We aint making an inch in this confounded fog! Not one!"

"I should like to know what we *are* making?" said I, half mad.

"A circle," said Frank; "that 's all. Just going round and round. I think we 're off the Manchester Rocks, but I can't say sure. But I know that red buoy with the piece of kelp on it. We left that buoy half-an-hour ago. We 've turned a circle and come back to it. If you can manage this boat, Jack, you may, for I can't!"

I 'd never seen Frank Starkweather act so. He just gave up, and pulled his hat over his eyes, and I had to take his place till he felt better; I suppose, from being so much older and from Aunt John's trusting him, he felt badly.

First we knew after that, it began to grow dark. It was the last of August, and darkened early. But we knew how late it must be, and that we must have been going round and round for a long time. I don't think Frank could steer by the wind very well, or else the wind had changed. At any rate, he did n't know what to do.

Well, sir, we were sitting in that boat, three of the solemnest-looking boys *you* ever saw, when, all at once, Frank Starkweather just gave one jump and grabbed me around the throat, as if he 'd been getting up a first-class murder, and pulled my watch-guard off,—it was my old rubber one,—and it broke. Something rattled on the bottom of the boat, and Frank gave another leap, and at it.

"*Why in the name of mercy did n't you tell a fellow that you 'd got a compass with you?*" roared Frank.

And, sure enough, he meant the little compass that Jill gave me for a charm last Christmas. It was a neat little thing—truer than most such arrangements.

You ought to have seen Frank holding on to that silly little brittle thing to see if it was true—head bent over this way, and one hand on the tiller. The hand that held the little compass shook like a rabbit.

If it had n't been for that compass, I wont pretend to say what would have happened. It was bad enough as it was. But Frank stuck to the tiny thing, and kept our bearings pretty well.

Only, there was the bother of the fog. The fog was thick as mud, and the wind had shifted to the sou'-east, and it was growing very dark.

We guessed now that we must be nearing Norman's Woe. Norman's Woe is an awful reef. It's the one Longfellow's poetry tells of, about the skipper's daughter. I felt as if I could have written a poem myself about it, if I had n't been so frightened as we went by,—creeping that way,—feeling out into the fog, you know, to find it. The wind just *hammered* us towards the reef.

For I *was* frightened. So were we all. We huddled together. It was a dreadful feeling to go sailing on and not know but any minute you 'd strike one of the worst reefs on all the Massachusetts coast (for it 's an awful lonesome rock, and thick pine woods around, and no houses to speak of, and all the passing craft so shy of it), and you three boys in a sail-boat by yourselves in thick weather, after dark!

I suppose it 's the way with a good many other dreadful things; but we never knew it till it was over. Frank had just said, "There 's a lift in the fog, boys," and I had said, "How dark it is!" when Jill screeched out, "We 've hit! O, we 've hit!" and there was a horrid scraping noise and a great push of the wind, and I gave such a crunch to the tiller I heard it crack, and then we sailed off in a spurt, and all looked back.

There it lay. Black, long, ugly—the ugliest thing! It ran out, like a monster's long tongue, to sea, as if it would lap up poor fellows, I could n't but think. And the lonesome pine woods were so black above, and there was such a noise of the water all about!

We had cleared it—just.

I don't know what the other fellows did, but *I* said my prayers.

There was need of it, too, may be, for we were n't home yet, by any means. And there are places I 'd rather be in than Gloucester harbor on a dark night.

You see, the fog was getting off, but the *blow* was awful, and it just beat against that western shore and its solid cliffs, there, for miles. And there is the island and half a dozen little reefs to think of; and the harbor was full of craft in for the blow, which made you steer as if you were all eyes.

The fog-bell was tolling, too, for it was still thick outside. I hate to hear it ever since that night. I wondered what Aunt John thought of it. That bell sounds like a big funeral-bell, tolled over all the poor fellows that go down on this ugly coast.

So we crawled along in, frightened to death.

Whether we could see the lights in the boarding-house parlor, I don't know. There were a great many lights, and we got confused.

We meant to steer clear east of Ten Pound Island, and then back straight as we could.

"We 're 'most there!" said Frank.

"Time we were," said I. "It must be 'most eleven o'clock."

That instant there was a horrible crunching, grinding noise.

The "Sandpiper" leaped and leaped again. Then she grated up roughly, and stuck fast.

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We were on the rocks. Where?

We looked up, and a great light blazed over our heads, like a great eye.

It was the light on Ten Pound Island. We had hit the little, long, narrow reef that juts out into the channel towards the sea.

The "Sandpiper" struggled as if she had been hurt, and began to settle over on her side slowly.

PART II.

"HELP! Oh, he-*elp!*"

Our voices rang out all together. First we knew, another one rang into them. He'd been shouting, nobody knew how long, at us.

"Hold on! There in a minute! Keep up! Where are you? Keep up! Keep up!"

THE FOG-BELL.

We lifted up our voices high and strong as we knew how, over the noise the water made.

"Help! Help!"

You can't think what a sound it has—your own voice calling that word out for the first time in your life.

We caught hold of each other,—knee-deep in the water, that came up cold as ice over the "Sandpiper's" pretty colors,—and called, and called:

"Help! *Help!* HELP! Oh, HELP!"

We knew the voice as soon as we heard it. It was the light-keeper at Ten Pound Island. It was just the jolliest, cheeriest, *helpingist* voice that ever was, we boys thought; and he was as used to the water as a duck. The minute we heard him we felt safe.

The water was washing over us pretty strongly by that time, where the "Sandpiper" lay over on the reef. She did not move very much, but lay just pinioned there, and so kept us out of the

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trough of the waves. It would have been a tough swim in the dark and such a sea. May be Frank Starkweather could have made it. *Perhaps* I might myself; but I don't know about Jill. The water was so cold, and you 'd get dashed so.

The light-keeper came down on the reef with a lantern. He stood and swung it to and fro. He has grey hair and a long, grey beard, and they blew about in the wind. For all I was in such a fix, I remember thinking how his grey hair looked, and how the light overhead in the light-house tower seemed to wink over his head at us, as much as to say:

"What fools you were! Oh, what fools you were!"

The light-keeper swung his lantern twice, and put his hands to his mouth trumpetwise, and hollered out:

"What foo-oo-ools you were!" At least, it sounded like that at first, but we found it was more like this:

"Can't—do—anything without—the—boats! You 're—too far—out—the reef! Can—you—keep—up—till I can—get—around?"

We hollered back that we guessed so, and he just ran! It 's some little job to get to the boat-house; that 's the other side of the island. He just put into it, I guess, for, before we knew it, the sound of oars came splashing around. Not the little, easy, quite-at-home, no-hurry kind of strokes he generally takes, but quick and sharp, like knives.

He hauled alongside, and we got in. We all shivered. Nobody said anything at first. The light-keeper rowed around, and looked the "Sandpiper" over.

We boys looked at each other. I don't think we 'd thought about the "Sandpiper" before.

"Is she much hurt?" asked Frank.

"Oh, I hope not—hope not!" said the light-keeper, cheerily. "At any rate, you can't do much for her to-night. She 'll stay where she is till next tide, I think. I 'll just take you home, and when I come over I 'll find her anchor, and drop it till morning. You 'd better get home and see your friends quick as you can."

Now, Frank told him he was very kind, but we 'd take the other boat and row ourselves home. We would n't trouble him. But he said, "Oh, no," he 'd rather like to go, and see what the folks said.

He did n't *say* he knew we were all too scared to want to touch another boat that night, even that distance,—because we were boys,—but I suppose he thought so. And, as far as I 'm concerned, I was mighty glad to be treated like a little boy for a few minutes, and to get down in the stern and be still, and feel myself rowed through the dark by a pair of arms that knew that harbor well enough to cut it up into patchwork and sew it together again.

He and Frank talked, and Jill, some; but I did n't. I did n't feel like it.

First place, I 'd been too near drowning, I suppose. I 'd rather die 'most any way than drown, I think.

Then there was Aunt John. Then there was another thing,—*somebody* had got to be responsible for the "Sandpiper."

They were all out, when we got there, looking for us. It seemed to me as if all the Point were out—all our house, and everybody from the pretty little brown cottage, where the two hammocks are, and the tent.

Tony Guest was there, Frank said, 'way out on a slippery rock, looking and looking, in her little sailor hat. I did n't see her for some time. I did n't notice anybody in particular. I don't think I could see very clearly. I could n't see Aunt John anywhere.

When we got out we found we were used up, and staggered along on the rocks. Frank was white as chowder. I saw spots on Jill's face, as if he 'd rubbed it, and his hands were dirty. But I could n't see Aunt John.

So they all crowded round, and we did n't know what to say; and then I saw her. She was coming over the rocks with great shawls. She put one on me and one on Jill, and led us up to the house away from everybody. When she got us into her own room she kissed us—but not before.

She was very pale. I thought she 'd cry; I thought she 'd scold. But she did n't do either one. She only flew around and got us to bed, and got blankets and bottles and hot coffee and things. She did n't even ask a question till she saw *me* choke; then she just said, "Oh, boys, how *could* you?" That was all. Now, she never scolded nor crowed; upon my word, she did n't. The more frightened some people are about you, the more they abuse you. But Aunt John is different. She knew we felt badly enough; and when I spoke up about the "Sandpiper," though she looked troubled, she only told me to go to sleep, and we 'd see to-morrow.

So the next day we felt pretty tired, and we all went over to see the "Sandpiper." We could see her from the boarding-house window. She lay on the rock much as we had left her, only the tide was lower. She looked like the cow that the cars ran over—very much "discouraged." So we got the light-keeper and another man that knew about boats, and Aunt John, and rowed over to the island. The "Sandpiper" lay between her anchor and a rope the light-keeper 'd set to the rock. Her mast was snapped in two. We thought there

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seemed to be a bad leak, but could n't tell very well at first.

A lot of men had collected around,—men always go to wrecks in Gloucester just as you 'd go to fires anywhere else,—and some of 'em set to work and tried to haul her off the rocks. But they tried an hour, and gave it up. They said she looked to them pretty badly jammed.

The fellow that owned her had got back for some reason, and he came over. He looked very black. He said she was worth two hundred dollars.

Frank and Jill and I looked at each other. I don't think I ever felt so in my life.

"She 's a bad smash," said the fellow that owned her, "and somebody will be out of pocket on her. It can't be expected to be me, I suppose."

"She 'll come off when the tide serves," said the light-keeper. "We 'll see then how much she 's damaged. Perhaps it is n't such a bad job, after all."

But it was a bad job—very bad.

When the "Sandpiper" got off the reef at last, she looked like a sandpiper that had been shot on the wing—ruffled and struggling and half dead. Her mast was broken all to nothing, and there was a great gouge in her bows. The fellow that owned her had her towed into town, and said he 'd have the damages estimated and let us know. In the afternoon he came over and said it would take about seventy-five or eighty dollars to set her trim again.

Now, our people are n't very well off. They could n't afford eighty dollars to pay for a sail-boat, any way, in the world. I did n't know what on earth to do or say. I just walked around and thought of things. I had an awful headache. I could n't go to dinner. I wondered if I should have to go into a store and earn the money. I wondered if the fellow that owned her would arrest us, if we did n't pay. I thought what father and mother would think, and how disgraced we were. I was the most miserable boy you ever knew, unless it was Jill.

I was out on the rocks in a cubby there is there, where nobody sees you, when I heard a step behind.

You 'd know Aunt John's step in a regiment, if you 'd ever heard it. It springs along, and strikes down broad. She wears great low boot-heels, like a man's, and her dresses don't drag.

"Coming in to supper?" asked Aunt John.

She bent over to look at me. She had a white shawl over her head, and she was smiling. She 's very gentle for a smart woman, my Aunt John.

I said no. I did n't want any supper.

"I 'm up such a tree about that boat!" said I.

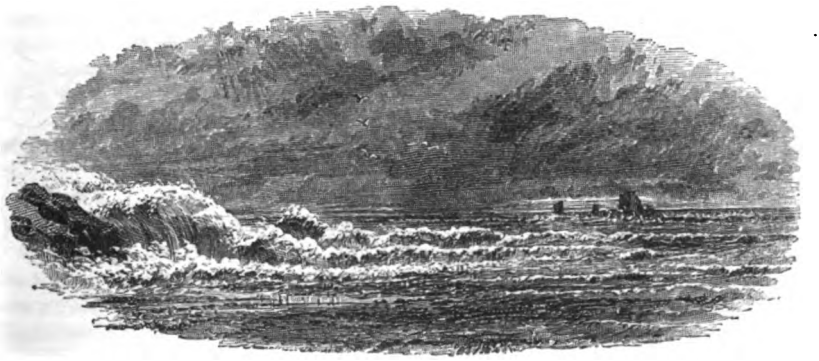
"The boat," said Aunt John, quietly, "is paid for. You 'd better come to supper."

"Paid for? The 'Sandpiper?'" said I. "Who paid for her?"

But I knew. I knew when she shook her head and said, "No matter!" smiling. I knew she could n't afford it, and how it came out of what she'd laid up. I felt so ashamed that I could n't speak, and I made up my mind we 'd pay her back, if it took ten years to do it. But I felt as if all Eastern Point had jumped up and rolled away off my heart. And still she never scolded nor crowed at us. Never!

And Frank Starkweather and Tony Guest said there were n't many like her, and they said if we did n't behave ourselves to pay her for it, we 'd be poor stuff, and I think so, too.

There is n't any moral to this story, that I know of,—I hate stories with morals tacked on. But I think *this*: I think a good sail-boat is something like a good friend. If you know much of anything, you wont abuse 'em—either of 'em; and if you *don't* know enough to know how to treat 'em, you 'd better go without.



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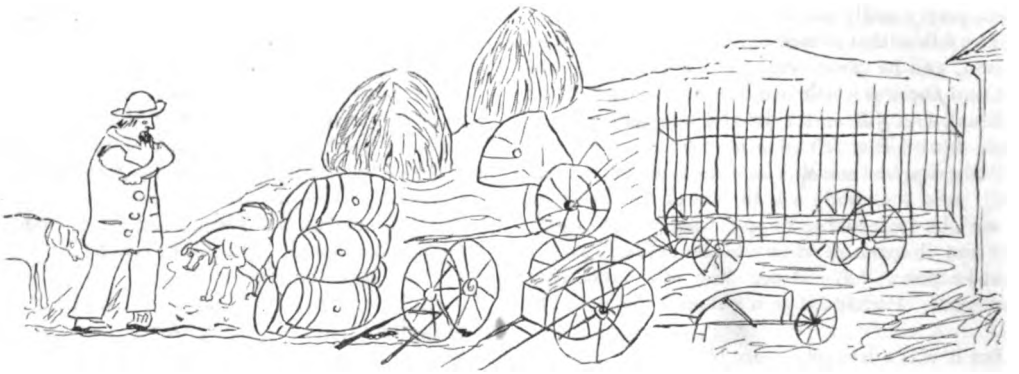
THE MOVING OF THE BARN

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



THE BARRELMAN LOOKING AT HIS POSSESSIONS. (FROM A SKETCH BY THE BARRELMAN HIMSELF.)

ONE morning, the barrelman went forth from his house, and stood, with folded arms, looking at his possessions. Carts, carriages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things stood around. And he said, "Behold! I have numbers of carts, carriages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things, but have no roof whereunder to shelter them." And he said, "Behold! in North Braintree there stands a barn,—a brown barn, a right goodly barn,—that will shelter my carts, carriages,

DRAWING THE BROWN BARN FROM NORTH BRAINTREE.

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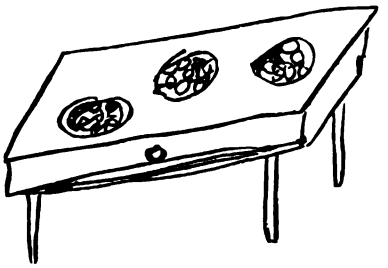
wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things. This barn will I buy. And I will get oxen,—oxen with their drivers, and moving-men with their stout

THE BARRELMAN CUTS THE BRANCHES AND THE OWNER COMPLAINS.

wheels and timbers and iron chains; and the barn shall be raised upon the stout wheels, and the oxen shall draw it hither; and there will I shelter my carts and carriages and wheel-barrows and barrels and many other things."

And twenty oxen came, with their drivers, from Quincy and Bridgewater and Randolph and Hingham; also horses and men. And the drivers shouted and cracked their whips, and the horses pulled and the oxen pulled; and so, in this way, the barn was dragged along.



THE DISHES OF PEELED POTATOES.

The barn was so high that the telegraph wires had to be cut. And soon they came to a railroad crossing. "Look out for the engine when the bell rings" had to be taken down; also the two posts that held it up. Great trees stood by the roadside, and their branches must be cut that the barn might pass by. So the barrelman climbed up the trees with his hatchet, and began to hack away. Then the man that owned the trees came out, and cried up to the barrelman, "What are you cutting off the branches of my trees for?"

And Jerusha stood by the window at home, with her dish of peeled potatoes, watching; for the barrelman had said, "When the barn comes in sight, put the potatoes in the pot, for all the men from Quincy and Bridgewater and Hingham and Randolph will be hungry, and must have their dinners." So three great kettles were set a-boiling upon the stove, and in them were put meat and cabbages and turnips and potatoes and beets and carrots and many other things. Many hours passed; and after long watching, the great brown barn came in sight, with the oxen and the horses and the drivers with whips. Then ran Jerusha with her peeled potatoes, and dropped them in the pot; and Abigail ran with dishes and knives and forks, to set the table.

Pretty soon, the great brown barn came rolling past the windows on its stout wheels, with all the twenty oxen (twenty horned oxen), and horses

THE KETTLES ON THE STOVE.

(horses with tails), and crowds of men, and troops of boys, and drivers cracking their whips, and

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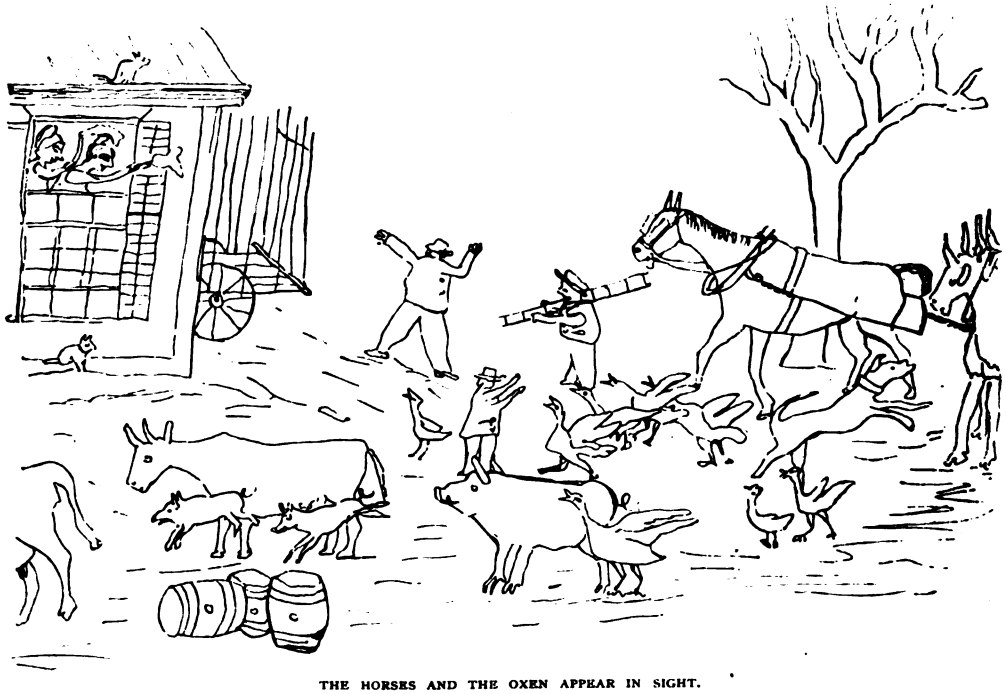
dogs barking and children shouting, and a great "hurrah!" all around. The geese squawked and ran; the hens cackled and ran; the pig squeaked and ran; the cow turned and scampered away, and the two cats did the same; while Jerusha and Abigail, with their long necks out of the window, waved white handkerchiefs.

And, afterwards, the men came in to dinner. Tall men and short men, and lean men and fat men; men with big coats and men with butcher-frocks, and men without any coats at all.

They all sat round the table, fourteen hungry men, almost half-starved; for it was dark by this time, and they had eaten nothing since early morning, and had walked all the way from Quincy and Bridgewater and Randolph and Hingham. Jerusha carried to the table plates heaped with meat and potatoes and cabbages and turnips and beets and carrots and many other things, while a big plum-pudding stood in one corner. And Abigail stood by, with a coffee-pot in one hand and a teapot in the other hand, saying, "Tea or coffee, sir?"



THE HORSES AND THE OXEN APPEAR IN SIGHT.

THE FOURTEEN HUNGRY MEN SIT AROUND THE TABLE, AND ABIGAIL SAYS, "TEA OR COFFEE, SIR?"

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HOW MY HERO FOUND A NAME.

By E. A. E.

My story is a true one, and when you have read it, I think you will agree with me that my hero, though small, was not to be despised. He lived in the midst of an old wood, where the tops of the tall trees met, keeping out the sun's light and warmth. Moss-covered stumps and logs lay upon the ground; between them grew the tall ferns and brightly-colored toadstools. Now and then, little scarlet lizards would dart out from under the stones, and scamper off out of sight again at the least noise. My hero was not able to run as fast as they, but he plodded along quietly, doing the best he could, which is all that should be expected of anybody. His home was not in any one place, for he traveled about all day, looking for his dinner, and, when he found it, he generally spent the night near by; this was the most convenient way, for, like a soldier, he carried his tent with him. In fact, it was always on his back, ready for him to run into when an enemy appeared. The dinner he liked best was a kind of toadstool, up the thick stem of which he would creep, and, holding fast to the firm, smooth edge, make a delightful meal. Once he had been shut up in a tiny white egg, no bigger than a partridge-berry, and lay with many others carefully tucked away under a soft, mossy blanket; and when he was ready to come out, he ate up his own egg-shell, after which he set off at once to look for something more to eat.

At the time of which I am telling, the house on his back was nearly an inch across, and beautifully striped and spotted with brown and gold. This house, strange to say, grew all the time as he grew, and he was fastened so tightly to it that he could not have left it if he would. His body was flat on the lower side, and, instead of feet, there were a great many little suckers, with which he could hold very fast to a stone or piece of wood, or could walk at his pleasure. By this time you will have found out that he was a snail. I dare say you have often met his brothers and cousins when you have been walking in the woods in summer.

One day, whilst he was carefully climbing up the side of a fallen tree, he heard such a queer noise just above him, that he came very near losing his hold and tumbling back to the ground; but, remembering in time that in that case he might fall against a stone and crack his beautiful shell, he stood still, and listened instead. Two squirrels were talking very hard, while a bird sat near by on a twig, joining in now and then.

"You are nobody," said the biggest squirrel, in a loud, angry tone; "only a little striped thing. What business have you stealing my nuts?"

A timid voice replied: "I am sure I did not think of stealing from anyone."

"You had better not try it again," said the first. "My name is Lord Gray; but you have no name."

"O, dear, yes," sang the bird, merrily; "his name is Chippy, and my name is Robin Redbreast; we are just as good as you, Lord Gray, any day." And away he flew.

"How much they talk about names," thought our little friend, the snail. "Now, I would not tell Lord Gray, but I have no name that I ever heard of. How could I get one, I wonder?"

HELIX AND THE TOADSTOOLS.

Then, as the two squirrels scampered away, he continued his walk, and was soon over the log. All day long, he thought over this new idea—how he should find a name,—till he forgot all about the fat white toadstools he usually loved, and passed at least a dozen in his walk. He could hardly sleep a wink that night; but, when morning came, feeling hungry, he set off, as usual, in search of a breakfast. On his way, he came to a big rock, and as he never went around anything, no matter how hard it was to climb over, he was just starting up its steep side when, O, horror! something big and white pounced on him, and lifted him quite off his feet. The surprise was so great he forgot to run into his house, and finding himself on a firm standing-place, he ventured to take a few steps, coming to the edge of the hand he was on, and

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looking over. This made him dizzy, though; he was so very far from the ground. A young girl had picked him up, and now looked at him admiringly.

"What a beauty!" she said. "I will take him home, and keep him for a pet."

Our hero now retired into his house, refusing to come out till he thought he felt himself on firm ground again. It was not the ground, however,

A PORTRAIT OF HELIX.

but a broad window-seat, and three pairs of eyes were staring at him.

"What shall I call him?" asked his young mistress.

"How would Helix do?" said one of her companions.

"Beautifully, thank you. Now, he must have a place to live in."

So a large pan was brought, and filled with moss. In the middle they planted a bunch of pure white plants called "Indian pipes," and around the edge, little vines and ferns. This was to be Helix's home.

When he heard himself called by this pretty name, his little heart beat joyfully; he had found what he sought, and was a happy fellow. For dinner, instead of a toadstool diet, of which, on the whole, he was rather tired, something new, and very delicious, was put before him. He did not know what it was, but I will tell you. It was sponge-cake, moistened with water. Oh! what a happy time he had now. Plenty of dinners, without the trouble of going in search of them; soft moss to walk over; and, after a time, several other snails came to share his quarters. They had names, too, such as "Sewell," named for the mountain on which they were living, "Fayette," for the county, &c. None, however, was so dear to his mistress' heart as Helix. She watched him growing every day fatter and prettier, and often let him walk all over her hand, holding on so tightly with his soft little feet—or what served the purpose of feet to him. When he wanted to go anywhere, he put out a pair of short horns to feel with; and his eyes were on the ends of a pair of longer horns. All these horns he could draw in close to his head, when he liked.

One unlucky day his mistress was going out to ride on horseback. She was not to return for several hours, and fearing that her precious Helix might wander too far in her absence, she put him under a tumbler on the sill. She never thought about the hot sun, which would by-and-by reach her window; but, after taking a loving look at him, went gaily away. At first, Helix was pretty comfortable, but it began to grow hotter and hotter. He came out of his shell as far as he could for a breath of air, but he could get none. When, after several hours, his mistress returning hastened to let out the captive, she found him stretched out under the burning sun stiff and dead. She took him up tenderly, and sprinkled cold water on him; but when she found it was all of no use, and that help had come too late, she sat down with him in her hand and had a good cry. For besides the fact that she had lost a dear little pet, she blamed herself for forgetting that snails love cool, damp places, and cannot bear the heat of the sun. A picture she had drawn of him was carefully put away with his empty shell, no longer brown and golden, but white and homely; for the little Helix had left his house, and gone where the good snails go.

WEE little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:
"And pray, is the mistress here?"
"In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She 's busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?"

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POPSEY'S POSIES.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

THERE were just five of them, ranged in little pots on a shelf in front of Popsey's window, which let the sunshine into a quaint little room, in a quaint old house, in the quaint old town of ——, on the river Rhine, where Popsey's parents lived. Five flowering plants; for Popsey was just five years old, and these were the presents received on each of her birthdays. Popsey was quite a traveler, for a small child, and the flowers recalled different places. The orange-tree meant Rome; the fuschia,

POPSEY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

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Paris; the carnation, the Isle of Wight; the rose geranium brought up Brussels; and to-day, being her fifth birthday, her mamma had just cut a slip from the ivy that tried its best to cover the time-battered walls of the old house, and had placed it in the centre of Popsey's conservatory. It was the only present she would have this year, for they were very poor now. Her papa was only just recovering from a wound received two years before; his last picture had been sold, so very, very low; their money was all gone, and there was nothing to live upon till he could paint more. But Popsey did not know this, and she was the jolliest little roly-poly that ever brought sunshine into clouded hearts.

This particular morning, as she crooned her merriest song, threw open the window with its old patchwork panes, and climbed up to see her posies, her mamma was saying, "Do not worry, Charlie—*you* are my treasure;" and her papa replied, impatiently, for the long illness had tried him sorely, "Yes, and you have followed me for the last six years as if I were the pot of gold under the rainbow, and I am just as worthless, and liable to vanish away any moment. No, dear, I do not believe that there is any kind Father who cares for us all. I 'm a practical man, and if He wants me to believe any such thing as that, let Him send one of His 'bright-winged messengers' to show us a hidden treasure more available than your poor wreck of a husband."

"Boofle as a bufferfly," sang Popsey, as a brightly-tinted butterfly flashed from the fuschia bloom, dazzled her eyes, twinkled through her chubby fingers, settled a moment on a leaf of the carnation, slipped safely away, and quivered off into the bright sunlight as Popsey pounced after it, sending the carnation reeling off the narrow shelf, crashing down upon the tile-paved court below.

Now, look back at the picture, and then I 'll commence my story, for I 've started five years ahead of it.

I.—The Orange-Tree.

Popsey's mamma was a very beautiful young lady once,—an orphan, traveling with a very rich, very thin, very cross old aunty. They were spending the winter in Rome, and it was here she met Popsey's papa, who was a young artist, talented but poor, like the rest of them. He had rooms opposite their own, and between them lay a little park, where an orange-tree grew over a fountain, and here they often walked and talked together, for they loved each other; but when the cross aunty,—who, by the way, was the

> Old lady all dressed in silk,
> Who lived upon lemons and butter-milk,

that you have all read about,—found this out, she packed up her trunks and went back to America, intending to take Popsey's mamma with her. But instead of that, the young lady wreathed her beautiful head with a spray of blossoms from the orange-tree, married the poor artist, and stayed with him in Rome for two years.

When they went to Paris, Popsey was just a year old, and as a birthday gift, and for the sake of the associations that clustered about it, they carried with them a cutting from the orange-tree in the park.

II.—The Fuschia.

The young artist and his little wife took rooms in a cheap quarter of Paris, on the third floor. They were back rooms, too, for Honorine had the front one for her costumes, which she let for fancy-dress balls. Popsey liked the gay colors, and Honorine was fond of children, so the little one was often there. Honorine lent her papa costumes too, in which he would dress up his models for the great historical picture he was painting, and he paid Honorine for their use as much as he could afford, so that they helped one another. Popsey liked to sit at Honorine's window and look out at the street. She had a stand of flowers here, and Popsey liked the fuschia best, because the blossoms looked like little opera-dancers in fancy costumes of purple petticoats and scarlet over-skirts; and Honorine would kindly pick off a number of them for Popsey to play with. There was a pleasant, round-faced, pink-cheeked, little doctor who went by the house every day, on his way to and from the hospital. He liked children as much as Honorine, and the sight of this little tot, gravely dancing her flower-dolls on the window-seat, amused him; and his amusement attracted Popsey's attention, so that every time he went by she would drop him one of her little posies, and he would tuck the wee thing in his button-hole, smile, kiss his hand to her, and pass on. Sometimes he saw Honorine's pale, sad face in the background, and it interested him quite as much as Popsey's had. Honorine's face was sad because she knew now, that do what she might, she could not make her living out of the costumes, and she did not know what was to come next.

One day the doctor missed Popsey at the window, and he ran up the stairs to inquire for her. Honorine gave him his fuschia instead, and made it into such a pretty little button-hole knot, and fastened it in so neatly that, after that, the doctor ran up stairs for it every day before Popsey could drop it out of the window to him.

On Popsey's next birthday, she found things in a strange commotion in Honorine's room. An old

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Jew, with a hooked nose, came and bought her costumes. Her own small trunk was packed, too, and the little doctor was on his knees before it, tacking one of his own cards on the end—only, there was a "Madame" written before his name. All the flower-pots were wrapped up in papers, and Popsey, in her great astonishment at such proceedings as these, sat down on what she supposed was an ottoman, but which proved to be the fuschia. It was broken off near the ground, and Honorine gave the pot to Popsey as a good-by birthday gift. After a time, the fuschia sent up another stalk, and it and the orange-cutting grew very lovingly on together.

III.—The Carnation-Pink.

When Popsey was almost three years old, the war between France and Prussia broke out, and foreigners were obliged to leave Paris. Popsey and her parents went to the Isle of Wight. Here she had grand times walking with her mamma on the beach, and digging in the wet sand with her little shovel. A fussy, eccentric old gentleman, who used to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, asked her name one day. "Blessed Baby," replied Popsey; and from that moment he took a great fancy to her, and they had many merry hours together. He had hosts of curiosities, among them quite a number of snuff-boxes. Each of them had a story connected with it, and all of these stories he told her. Popsey, in return, told him all she could about her posies, and her mamma gave their histories in a more definite manner.

The old gentleman was so much interested that, on Popsey's next birthday, he presented her with a flower-pot, in which the earth was tightly packed, telling her that it contained the seed of a very wonderful plant, but that she must not be impatient for it to grow, though, if it did not come up by the time she was old enough to study botany, she might dig down to see what was the matter. His eyes twinkled as he said this, and he looked very merry, and Popsey's mamma thought him a very peculiar old gentleman. He was as kind as odd, however, for he introduced her papa to the editor of a London paper, who engaged him, on liberal terms, to follow the German army, and make sketches for him. Popsey and her mamma staid at the Isle of Wight, and shortly after, the strange old gentleman went away to his own home, and they never saw him again. They could not quite make out what he meant, for, after awhile, a carnation-pink sprang up from his flower-pot, and that was not such a strange plant, for they were very common in all the gardens that season, so that a stray seed might have been sown there by the wind, even.

IV.—The Rose Geranium.

In the next summer, bad news came from Popsey's papa. He had been wounded in one of the battles, and her mamma set out at once with Popsey and the posies to go and nurse him. So, from Dover, they went to Ostend, and thence to Brussels; but on the way her mamma was taken sick, and when the poor lady arrived in Brussels she was too ill to go farther, and might have died in the streets, had she not been taken to the hospital, where she was nursed back to health by the good Sisters of Mercy. When she recovered she found that the state of the country was such that it would be impossible for her to take Popsey with her, so she was "left until called for" with the sisters. Her posies stood inside a grated window, with one little sprig of rose geranium, which belonged to the dear sweet Sœur Clotilde, and had a story of its own, too, for it had been sent from her lover's grave. She died while Popsey was there, and was laid away to sleep in the convent-yard, with geranium blossoms clasped with her rosary in her pale fingers; and when Popsey and her posies were sent for, the geranium went, too.

V.—The Ivy

Had been given Popsey this very morning, which, you will remember, was her fifth birthday; and she had made her father's heart glad with her joyous prattle, but she could not make him quite forget that the money was all gone, and though he was well enough now to work, there was nothing left to keep them till he could realize something from his work, and this was why he spoke so bitterly and distrustfully. And Popsey, at the window, crooned away her mixture of all songs:

> Darling Popsey Wopsey Chickabiddy Chum,
> Boofle as a bufferfly, O, my dacious!
> Her knocked her 'nation-pink yight off 'e winny-sill!

Popsey and her mamma went down to gather up the fragments. The poor carnation was ruined, so was the flower-pot; but from the earth rolled one of the queer old gentleman's snuff-boxes, and from the snuff-box they took a crumpled yellow paper, and on the paper was written:

> Bank of England.
> Pay to Miss Popsey Palmer, One Hundred Pounds.
> Nelson Dedham, M.P.

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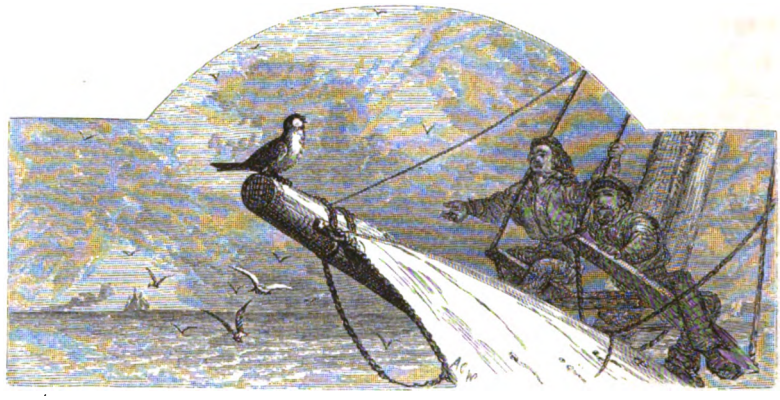
HOW THE LITTLE BIRD WENT TO SEA.

By F. V. W.



Two little birds sat in a nest,
All on a summer's day.
Said one, "I think it's far too warm,
You'd better fly away.
Away, away, away,
You'd better fly away!

"This tiny nest, it is so snug
There's only room for me;
And as for you, I really think
You'd better go to sea.
To sea, to sea, to sea,
You'd better go to sea!"

Off flew the other in a miff,—
At least so runs the tale,—
And coming to a tender ship,
He lit upon the sail.
The sail, the sail, the sail,
He lit upon the sail.

Now, sailors of a tender ship
Are always very kind;
They said, "You little bird, stay there,
So be't you have a mind.
A mind, a mind, a mind,
So be't you have a mind."

Said he, "Full thankful swells my heart
To hear such friendly tones;
This ship I'll ne'er forsake until
It goes to Davy Jones.
D. Jones, D. Jones, D. Jones,
It goes to Davy Jones!"

"Good-bye, good-bye, my faithless friend!"
Then sang he loud and long;
And folded both his little wings—
The ship sailed on and on.
And on, and on, and on,
The ship sailed on and on!

And that it may be sailing yet,
Nobody can deny;
The sailors singing with the bird:
"My faithless friend, good-bye!
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
My faithless friend, good-bye!"

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXIV.

THE FIRST BUSINESS TELEGRAMS.

When Harry jumped from the tree, he came down on his feet, in water not quite up to his waist; and then he pushed in towards dry land as fast as he could go. In a few minutes, he stood in the midst of the colored family, his trousers and coat-tails dripping, and his shoes feeling like a pair of wet sponges.

"Ye ought to have rolled up yer pants and tooked off yer shoes and stockin's afore ye jumped, Mah'sr Harry," said the woman.

"I wish I had taken off my shoes," said Harry.

The woman at whose cabin Harry found himself was Charity Allen, and a good, sensible woman she was. She made Harry hurry into the house, and she got him her husband's Sunday trousers, which she had just washed and ironed, and insisted on his putting them on, while she dried his own. She hung his stockings and his coat before the fire, and made one of the boys rub his shoes with a cloth so as to dry them as much as possible before putting them near the fire.

Harry was very impatient to be off, but Charity was so certain that he would catch his death of cold if he started before his clothes were dry that he allowed himself to be persuaded to wait.

And then she fried some salt pork, on which, with a great piece of corn bread, he made a hearty meal, for he was very hungry.

"Have you had your dinner, Charity?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Mah'sr Harry; long time ago," she said.

"Then it must be pretty late," said Harry, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said she; "'t aint late. I reckon it can't be much mor' 'n four o'clock."

"Four o'clock!" shouted Harry, jumping up in such a hurry that he like to have tripped himself in Uncle Oscar's trousers, which were much too long for him. "Why, that's dreadfully late. Where can the day have gone? I must be off, right away!"

So much had happened since morning, that it was no wonder that Harry had not noticed how the hours had flown.

The ride to the creek, the discussions there, the delay in getting the boat, the passage down the stream, which was much longer than Harry had imagined, and the time he had spent in the tree and in the cabin, had, indeed, occupied the greater part of the day.

And even now he was not able to start. Though he urged her as much as he could, he could not make Charity understand that it was absolutely necessary that he must have his clothes, wet or dry; and he did not get them until they were fit to put on. And then his shoes were not dry, but, as he intended to run all the way to Aunt Judy's cabin, that did not matter so much.

"How far is it to Aunt Judy's?" he asked, when at last he was ready to start.

"Well, I reckons it's 'bout six or seben miles, Mah'sr Harry," said Charity.

"Six or seven miles!" exclaimed Harry. "When shall I get there!"

"Now don't hurry and git yese'f all in a heat," said Charity. "Jist keep along dis path fru de woods till ye strike de road, and that 'll take ye straight to de bridge. Wish I had a mule to len' ye."

"Good-by, Charity," cried Harry. "I 'm ever so much obliged." And hurriedly searching his vest pockets, he found a ten cent note and a few pennies, which he gave to the children, who grinned in silent delight, and then he started off on a run.

But he did not run all the way.

Before long he began to tire a little, and then he settled down into a fast walk. He felt that he must hurry along as fast as he was able. The fortunes of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company depended upon him. If the company failed in this, its first opportunity, there was no hope for it.

So on he walked, and before very long he struck the main road. Here he thought he should be able to get along faster, but there was no particular reason for it. In fact, the open road was rather rougher than that through the woods. But it was cooler here than under the heavy, overhanging trees.

And now Harry first noticed that the sun was not shining. At least, it was behind the western hills. It must be growing very late, he thought.

On he went, for a mile or two, and then it began to grow dusky. Night was surely coming on.

At a turn in the wood, he met a negro boy with a tin bucket on his head. Harry knew him. It was Tom Haskins.

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"Hello, Tom!" said Harry, stopping for a moment, "I want you."

"What you want, Mah'sr Harry?" asked Tom.

"I want you to come to Aunt Judy's cabin and carry some messages over to Hetertown for me."

"When you want me?" said Tom; "to-morrer mornin'?"

"No; I want you to-night. Right away. I'll pay you."

"To-night!" cried the astonished Tom. "Go ober dar in de dark! Can't do dat, Mah'sr Harry. Ise 'fraid to go fru de woods in de dark."

"Nonsense," cried Harry. "Nothing's going to hurt you. Come on over."

"Can't do it, Mah'sr Harry, no how," said Tom. "Ise got ter tote dis hyar buttermilk home; dey's a-waitin' fur it now. But p'r'aps Jim'll go fur you. He kin borrer a mule and go fur you, Mah'sr Harry, I spects."

"Well, tell Jim to get a mule and come to Aunt Judy's just as quick as he can. I'll pay him right well."

"Dat's so, Mah'sr Harry; Jim'll go 'long fur ye. I'll tell him."

"Now be quick about it," cried Harry. "I'm in a great hurry." And off he started again.

But as he hurried along, his legs began to feel stiff and his feet were sore. He had walked very fast, so far, but now he was obliged to slacken his pace.

And it grew darker and darker. Harry thought he had never seen night come on so fast. It was certainly a long distance from Charity's cabin to Aunt Judy's.

At last he reached the well-known woods near the bridge, and off in a little opening, he saw Aunt Judy's cabin. It was so dark now that he would not have known it was a cabin, had he not been so familiar with it.

Curiously enough, there was no light to be seen in the house. Harry hurried to the door and found it shut. He tried to open it, and it was locked. Had Aunt Judy gone away? She never went away; it was foolish to suppose such a thing.

He knocked upon the door, and receiving no answer, he knocked louder, and then he kicked. In a minute or two, during which he kept up a continual banging and calling on the old woman, he heard a slight movement inside. Then he knocked and shouted, "Aunt Judy!"

"Who dar?" said a voice within.

"It's me! Harry Loudon!" cried Harry. "Let me in!"

"What ye want dar?" said Aunt Judy. "Go 'way from dar."

"I want to come in. Open the door."

"Can't come in hyar. Ise gone to bed."

"But I must come in," cried Harry, in desperation; "I've got to work the line. They're waiting for me. Open the door, do you hear, Aunt Judy?"

"Go 'way wid yer line," said Aunt Judy, crossly. "Ise abed. Come in der mornin'. Time enough in de day time to work lines."

Harry now began to get angry. He found a stone and he banged the door. He threatened Aunt Judy with the law. He told her she had no right to go to bed and keep the company out of their station, when the creek was up; but, from her testy answers, his threats seemed to have made but little impression upon her. She did n't care if they stopped her pay, or fined her, or sent her to prison. She never heard of "sich bisness, a-wakin' people out of their beds in the middle o' the night fur dem foolin' merchines."

But Harry's racket had a good effect, after all. It woke up Aunt Judy, and, after a time, she got out of bed, uncovered the fire, blew up a little blaze, lighted a candle, and putting on some clothes, came and opened the door, grumbling all the time.

"Now den," said she, holding the candle over her head, and looking like a black Witch of Endor, just out of the ground, "What you want?"

"I want to come in," said Harry.

"Well, den, come in," said she.

Harry was not slow to enter, and having made Aunt Judy bring him two candles, which he told her the company would pay for, he set to work to get his end of the line in working order.

When all was ready, he sat down to the instrument and "called" Harvey.

He felt very anxious as he did this. How could he be sure that Harvey was there? What a long time for that poor fellow to wait, without having any assurance that Harry would get across the creek at all, much less reach his post, and go to work.

"He may suppose I'm drowned," thought Harry, "and he may have gone home to tell the folks."

But there was such a sterling quality about Harvey that Harry could not help feeling that he would find him in his place when he telegraphed to him, no matter how great the delay or how doubtful the passage of the creek.

But when he called there was no answer.

Still he kept the machine steadily ticking. He would not give up hoping that Harvey was there, although his heart beat fast with nervous anxiety. So far, he had not thought that his family might be frightened about him. *He* knew he was safe, and that had been enough. He had not thought about other people.

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But as these ideas were running through his head and troubling him greatly, there came a "tick, tick" from the other side, then more of them, but they meant nothing. Some one was there who could not work the instrument.

Then suddenly came a message:

Is that you, Harry?

Joyfully, Harry answered:

Yes. Who wants to know?

The answer was:

Your father. He has just waked me up.—HARVEY.

With a light heart, Harry telegraphed, as briefly as possible, an account of his adventures; and then his father sent a message, telling him that the family had heard that he had been carried away, and had been greatly troubled about him, and that men had ridden down the stream after him, and had not returned, and that he, Mr. Loudon, had just come to Lewston's cabin, hoping for news by telegraph. Harvey had been there all day. Mr. Loudon said he would now hurry home with the good news, but before bidding his son good night, he told him that he must not think of returning until the creek had fallen. He must stay at Aunt Judy's, or go over to Hetertown.

When this had been promised, and a message sent to his mother and Kate, Harry hastened to business. He telegraphed to Harvey to transmit the company's messages as fast as he could; a boy would soon be there to take them over to Hetertown. The answer came:

What messages?

Then Harry suddenly remembered that he had had the messages in the breast-pocket of his coat all the time!

He dived at his pocket. Yes, there they were!

Was there ever such a piece of absurdity? He had actually carried those despatches across the creek! After all the labor and expense of building the telegraph, this had been the way that the first business messages had crossed Crooked Creek!

When Harry made this discovery he burst out laughing. Why, he might as well have carried them to Hetertown from Charity's cabin. It would really have been better, for the distance was not so great.

Although he laughed, he felt a little humiliated. How Tom Selden, and indeed everybody, would laugh if they knew it!

But there was no need to tell everybody, and so when he telegraphed the fact to Harvey, he enjoined secrecy. He knew he could trust Harvey.

And now he became anxious about Jim. Would he be able to borrow a mule, and would he come?

Every few minutes he went to the door and listened for the sound of approaching hoofs, but nothing was to be heard but the low snoring of Aunt Judy, who was fast asleep in a chair by the fireplace.

While thus waiting, a happy thought came into Harry's head. He opened the messages,—he had a right to do that, of course, as he was an operator and had undertaken to transmit them,—and he telegraphed them, one by one, to Harvey, with instructions to him to send them back to him.

"They shall come over the creek on our line, anyway," said Harry to himself.

It did not take long to send them and to receive them again, for there were only three of them. Then Harvey sent a message, congratulating Harry on this happy idea, and also suggested that he, Harvey, should now ride home, as it was getting late, and it was not likely that there would be any more business that night.

Harry agreed to this, urging Harvey to return early in the morning, and then he set to work to write out the messages. The company had not yet provided itself with regular forms, but Harry copied the telegrams carefully on note-paper, with which, with pen and ink, each station was furnished, writing them, as far as possible, in the regular form and style of the ordinary telegraphic dispatch. Then he put them in an envelope and directed them to Mr. Lyons, at Hetertown, endorsing them "In haste. To be transmitted to destination immediately."

"Now then," thought he, "nobody need know how these came over in the first place, until we choose to tell them, and we wont do that until we've sent over some messages in the regular way, and have proved that our line is really of some use. And we wont charge the Mica Company anything for these dispatches. But yet, I don't know about that. I certainly brought them over, and trouble enough I had to do it. I'll see about charging, after I've talked it over with somebody. I reckon I'll ask father about that. And I have n't delayed the messages, either; for I've been waiting for Jim. I wonder where that boy can be!" And again Harry went out of doors to listen.

Had he known that Jim was at that moment fast asleep in his bed at home, Harry need not have gone to the door so often.

At last our operator began to be very sleepy, and having made up his mind that if Jim arrived he would certainly wake him up, he aroused Aunt Judy, who was now too sleepy to scold, and having succeeded in getting her to lend him a blanket (it was her very best blanket, which she kept for high days and holidays, and if she had been thoroughly awake she would not have lent it for the purpose), and having spread it on the floor, he lay down on it and was soon asleep.

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Aunt Judy blew out one of the candles and set the other on the hearth. Then she stumbled drowsily into the next room and shut the door after her. In a few minutes every living creature in and about the place was fast asleep, excepting some tree-frogs and Katy-dids outside, who seemed to have made up their minds to stay up all night.

Chapter XXV.

PROFITS AND PROJECTS.

The next morning, Harry was up quite early, and after having eaten a very plain breakfast, which Aunt Judy prepared for him, he ran down to the creek to see what chance there was for business.

There seemed to be a very good chance, for the creek had not fallen, that was certain. If there was any change at all, the water seemed a little higher than it was before.

Before long, Harvey arrived on the other side, accompanied by Tom Selden and Wilson Ogden, who were very anxious to see how matters would progress, now that there was some real work to do.

The boys sent messages and greetings backward and forward to each other for about an hour, and then old Miles arrived with his mail-bag, which contained quite a number of telegrams, this time.

Not only were there those on the business of the Mica Company, but Mr. Darby, the storekeeper at Akeville, thought it necessary to send a message to Hetertown by the new line, and there were two or three other private telegrams, that would probably never have been sent had it not been for the novelty of the thing.

But that rascal, Jim Haskins, did not make his appearance, and when Harry found that it was not likely that he would come at all, he induced Aunt Judy to go out and look for some one to carry the telegrams to Hetertown. Harry had just finished copying the messages,—and this took some time, for he wrote each one of them in official form,—when Aunt Judy returned, bringing with her a telegraphic messenger.

It was Uncle Braddock.

"Here 's a man to take yer letters," said Aunt Judy, as she ushered in the old man.

Harry looked up from his table in surprise.

"Why, Uncle Braddock," said he, "you can't carry these telegrams. I want a boy, on a mule or a horse, to go as fast as he can."

"Lor' bress ye, Mah'sr Harry," said the old negro, "I kin git along fas' enough. Aunt Judy said ye wanted Jim an' Nobleses mule; but dat dar mule he back hindwards jist about as much as he walks frontwards. I jist keep right straight along, an' I kin beat dat dar ole mule, all holler. Jist gim me yer letters, an' I 'll tote 'em ober dar fur ten cents. Ye see I wuz cotched on dis side de creek, an' wuz jist comin ober to see Aunt Judy when she telled me ob dis job. I 'll tote yer letters, Mah'sr Harry, fur ten cents fur de bag-full."

"I have n't a bag-full," said Harry; "but I reckon you 'll have to take them. There 's nobody else about, it seems, and I can't leave the station."

So Uncle Braddock was engaged as telegraph-boy, and Harry having promised him twenty cents to go to Hetertown and to return with any telegrams that were there awaiting transmission to the other side of the creek, the old man set off with his little package, in high good humor with the idea of earning money by no harder work than walking a few miles.

Shortly after noon, he returned with a few messages from Hetertown, and by that time there were some for him to carry back. So he made two trips and forty cents that day,—quite an income for Uncle Braddock.

In the evening, Jim Haskins made his appearance with his mule. He said his brother had n't told him anything about Harry's wanting him until that afternoon. Notwithstanding Uncle Braddock's discouraging account of the mule, Jim was engaged as messenger during the time that the creek should be up, and Uncle Braddock was promised a job whenever an important message should come during Jim's absence.

The next day it rained, and the creek was up, altogether, for five days. During this time the telegraph company did a good deal of paying business. Harry remained at his station, and boarded and lodged with Aunt Judy. He frequently sent messages to his father and mother and Kate, and never failed, from an early hour in the morning until dark, to find the faithful Harvey at his post.

At last the creek "fell," and the bridge became again passable to Miles and his waddling horse. The operators disconnected their wires, put their apparatus in order, locked the wooden cases over their instruments, and rode in triumph (Mr. Loudon had come in the buggy for Harry) to Akeville.

Harry was received with open arms by his mother and Kate; and Mrs. Loudon declared that this should be the last time that he should go on such an expedition.

She was right.

The next afternoon there was a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and the Secretary, having been hard at work all the morning, with the assistance of the Treasurer and the President, made a report of the financial results of the recent five days' working of the company's line.

It is not necessary to go into particulars, but

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when the sums due the company from the Mica Company and sundry private individuals had been set down on the one side, and the amounts due from the telegraph company to Aunt Judy for candles and board and lodging for one operator; to Uncle Braddock and Jim Haskins for services as messengers; to Hiram Anderson for damages to boat (found near the river, stuck fast among some fallen timber, with one end badly battered by floating logs), and for certain extras in the way of additional stationery, etc., which it had become necessary to procure from Hetertown, had been set down on the other side, and the difference between the sums total had been calculated, it was found, and duly reported, that the company had made six dollars and fifty-three cents.

This was not very encouraging. It was seldom that the creek was up more than five days at a time, and so this was a very favorable opportunity of testing the value of the line as a money-making concern.

It was urged, however, by the more sanguine members of the board that this was not a fair trial. There had been many expenses which probably would not have to be incurred again.

"But they did n't amount to so very much," said Kate, who, as Treasurer, was present at the meeting. "Aunt Judy only charged a dollar and a-half for Harry's board, and the boat was only a dollar. And all the other expenses would have to be expected any time."

After some further conversation on the subject, it was thought best to attend to present business rather than future prospects, and to appoint committees to collect the money due the company.

Harry and Tom Selden were delegated to visit the mica-mine people, while Harvey, Wilson Ogden and Brandeth Price composed the committee to collect what was due from private individuals.

THE "AUNT JUDY" TELEGRAPH STATION.

Before Harry started for the mica mine, he consulted his father in regard to charging full price for the telegrams which he carried across the creek in his pocket.

Mr. Loudon laughed a good deal at the transaction, but he told Harry that there was no reason why he should not charge for those telegrams. He had certainly carried them over in the first place, and the subsequent double transmission over the wire was his own affair.

When Harry and Tom rode over to the mica

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mine the next morning, and explained their business and presented their bill, their account was found to be correct, and the amount of the bill was promptly handed to them.

When this little business had been transacted, Mr. Martin, the manager of the mine, invited them to sit down in his office and have a talk.

"This line of yours," said he, "is not going to pay you."

"Why not?" asked Harry, somewhat disturbed in mind by this sudden statement of what he had already begun to fear was an unpleasant truth.

"It *has* paid us," said Tom Selden. "Why, we 've only been working it five days, on regular business, and we 've cleared—well, we 've cleared considerable."

"That may be," said the manager, smiling, "but you can't have made very much, for you must have had a good many expenses. The principal reason why I think it wont pay you is that you have to keep up two stations, and you all live on this side of the creek. I 've heard that one of you had a hard time getting over the creek last week."

"That was Harry," said Tom.

"So I supposed," said Mr. Martin; "and it must have been a pretty dangerous trip. Now it wont do to do that sort of thing often; and you can't tell when the creek 's going to rise, so as to be over before the bridge is flooded."

"That 's true," said Harry. "Crooked Creek does n't give much notice when it 's going to rise."

"No, it don't," continued Mr. Martin. "And it wont do, either, for any one of you to live on the other side, just to be ready to work the line in time of freshets. The creek is n't up often enough to make that pay."

"But what can we do?" asked Harry. "You surely don't think we 're going to give up this telegraph line just as it begins to work, and after all the money that 's been spent on it, and the trouble we 've had?"

"No, I don't think you are the kind of fellows to give up a thing so soon, and we don't want you to give it up, for it 's been a great deal of use to us already. What I think you ought to do is to run your line from the other side of the creek to Hetertown. Then you'd have no trouble at all. When the creek was up you could go down and work this end, and an arrangement could easily be made to have the operator at Hetertown work the other end, and then it would be all plain sailing. He could send the telegrams right on, on the regular line, and there would be no trouble or expense with messengers from the creek over to Hetertown."

"That would be a splendid plan," said Harry, "but it would cost like everything to have a long line like that."

"It would n't cost very much," said Mr. Martin. "There are pine woods nearly all the way, by the side of the road, and so it would n't cost much for poles. And you 've got the instruments for that end of the line. All you 'll have to do would be to take them over to Hetertown. You would n't have to spend any money except for wire and for trimming off the trees and putting up the wire."

"But that would be more than we could afford," said Tom Selden. "You ought just to try to make the people about here subscribe to anything, and you 'd see what trouble it is to raise money out of them."

"O, I don't think you need let the want of money enough to buy a few miles of wire prevent your putting up a really useful line," said Mr. Martin; "our company would be willing to help you about that, I 'm sure."

"If you 'd help, that would make it altogether another thing," said Harry; "but you 'd have to help a good deal."

"Well, we would help a good deal," said Mr. Martin. "It would be to our benefit, you know, to have a good line. That 's what we want, and we 're willing to put some money in it. I suppose there 'd be no difficulty in getting permission to put up the line on the land between the creek and Hetertown?"

"O no!" said Harry. "A good part of the woods along the road belong to father, and none of the people along there would object to us boys putting up our line on their land."

"I thought they would n't," said Mr. Martin. "I 'll talk to our people about this, and see what they think of it."

As Harry and Tom rode home, Harry remarked: "Mr. Martin 's a trump, is n't he? I hope the rest of the mica mine people will agree with him."

"I don't believe they will," said Tom. "Why, you see they 'd have to pay for the whole thing, and I reckon they wont be in a hurry to do that. But would n't we have a splendid line if they were to do it?"

"I should say so," said Harry. "It 's almost too good a thing to expect. I 'm afraid Mr. Martin wont feel quite so generous when he calculates what it will cost."

(To be continued.)

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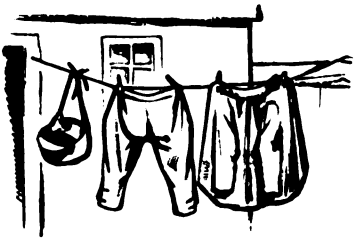

Here are some pictures that illustrate a story. But the story has yet to be told, and we want our young readers to tell it. Who will try? Every one of you? Good! We shall be glad to hear from all,—from the youngest as well as from boys and girls in their teens; and the very best of all the stories that come to us before August 15th, shall be printed in the magazine. We must request that it shall be neatly written, on one side of the paper only, and contain not over one thousand words. The pictures may be brought in the story in any order the writer may desire.

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DOCTOR WILLIE.

ONE rainy day, Susie was singing her doll to sleep.

"There, darling!" she said, putting dolly in her cradle; "now you are asleep, and your poor mamma can rest."

Just then her brother Willie came into the room. He wanted to play with somebody, and so he said:

"Oh, Susie! Let us play that Dolly is sick, and that you are the mother and I am the doctor."

Susie was all smiles and delight in a minute. She patted

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her doll, saying tenderly, "Don't cry, darling; the doctor is coming to make you well."

Willie put on his papa's coat, took out his toy-watch, and making his boots creak, walked up to Susie with:

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Susie.

"How is the baby to-day?" asked Doctor Willie.

"Very sick," said its mother.

"Does she sleep at night?" said the doctor.

"No, never! And she has only one arm."

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "Then it must be measles. Let me feel her pulse."

"Would you like to feel her pulse in her other arm, too?" asked Susie. "May be I can find it."

"No," this will do," said the doctor. "You must give her some peppermint and put her in a warm bath."

Susie jumped up to put some water on the stove to get warm, when just then the golden sunshine flashed out, and a great piece of blue sky appeared through a rift in the clouds.

Dolly did not get the warm bath, but was put to sleep instead, while her little mamma and the doctor ran joyfully out, to play in the garden.

Froggy boggy
Tried to jump
On a stone,
And got a bump.

It made his eyes
Wink and frown
And turned his nose
Upside down.

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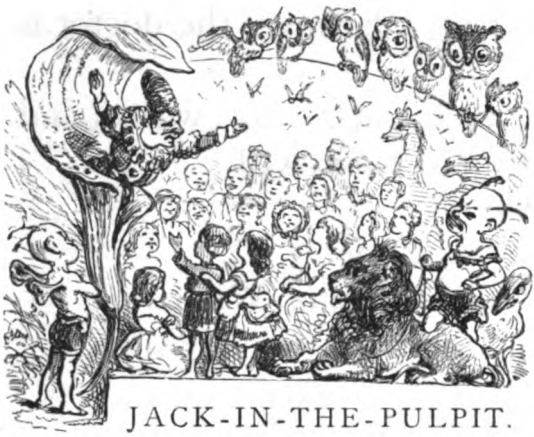

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How are you, my dears? Very warm, you say? That is because you don't stand out in the dew all night and cool off, as Jack does. I've several things to tell you about this time. First of all, we'll have

WATER ON FIRE.

Can water be set on fire? If not, then how is it and why is it that the ocean sometimes looks as if it were all in flames? A macaw, a great friend of the robins who come to see me, says that the ship that brought him from South America passed through water that sometimes looked like a mass of fire, but that nothing was burned by it. The macaw tells me that the people on the ship said the flame was a kind of phos—phos—something; phos—phos—O dear! I can't remember now what sort of light it was! Can't some of you find out and tell me?

GEESE AND LIGHTNING.

During a thunderstorm in Yuba County, Cal., a large number of wild geese were killed. The storm came up late in the afternoon. First a little snow, then hail and rain and thunder and lightning. The birds rose from the marsh when the hail began to fall; then it was dark; but the next morning the country about was strewn with dead geese, some with their heads badly torn and their beaks split, and others with the feathers on their backs crisp and singed.

I felt very sorry for the poor geese when I heard a bright little chap read this paragraph the other day from a New York paper, but I could n't help having a little laugh all to myself at remembering the conversation of two girls I had heard the day before.

"O!" said one, "lightning just scares me to death. Mother nor nobody else can do anything with me when it lightens. I always tie a silk handkerchief on my head, and run as hard as I can to throw myself on a feather bed."

"That 's the only way, dear; I don't blame you one bit," said the other. "Feathers and silk are perfect non-conductors of electricity, pa says; so ma and I always go and sit on the spare-room feather bed, with a silk quilt on it, till the lightning is over. We 're perfectly safe there, of course."

"Ah, well," says I to myself, remembering these two girls, and thinking of those poor birds on the Yuba plains, "lightning is pretty much the same everywhere, and so are feathers, whether they are on a goose's back or stuffed in a bed-tick; the difference in safety must be in the position of the goose, whether it is inside of the feathers or outside of them."

Hold! if those other geese had only known enough to tie silk handkerchiefs around their heads all might have been well!

BUILT OF SEA-SHELLS.

I 've just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *sea-shells!*

This is how it happened:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago, never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city! Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, *we* will remember them, and that will be something.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be as well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells and fresh-water shells in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

ANTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A humming-bird has been telling me about some of her neighbors away down South, where she spends the winter.

The thriftiest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange and lemon-trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hotbeds for their dainty plants, in chambers under ground.

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A beetle who was born in one of their cellar chambers told the humming-bird about them.

One colony of leaf-cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels, for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts; for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony: the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in, and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise, When they have n't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but they do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in,—as you might climb up on a load of hay,—and so enjoys a nice ride home.

WHY PENKNIVES?

IS N'T it about time that people stopped talking about *pen*knives? In my opinion, pencil-knife would be a far more fitting term. Now, in old times, the house-canaries used to tell us Jack-in-the-Pulpits how human folk wrote altogether with the quills of the grey-goose family, and that as it was a necessary accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen to know how to make a pen, everyone wished to have a very sharp knife for the purpose. Hence it was quite a recommendation to any knife to call it a penknife. But who uses penknives now-a-days? Very few, if the birds know anything about it. Gold pens, steel pens, and even India-rubber pens have left the goose question nowhere, as far as people in general are concerned; and the few folk who use "quills" rarely take a so-called penknife to them. They use patent quill-cutters, —that is, when they don't buy the quill-pens ready made,—yes, patent quill-cutters, that open their brass mouths with a click and bite the quills into pens before you can say Jack Robinson.

So, my boys and girls, let 's put an end to this small sham, and abolish the word penknife. Call the useful article with which you do so much damage a pocket-knife, a furniture-scratcher, a chestnut-peeler, a chip-maker, anything but what it is n't—a penknife.

A FUNNY ENCAMPMENT.

ALL the birds that I personally know, build their nests upon, or hanging from, the branches of trees, or in hollow stumps, or in the banks of brooks, or in the grass, or in bushes, or about houses and barns. But a few days ago a wild goose, on his way North, stopped to rest a little while and gossip with me. He told me of a sort of bird, named the gorfou, which does not build nests, but lays out big encampments in squares, with streets between. Each pair of gorfous owns a square, on which its eggs are laid. Thus the square becomes the gorfou's house, and when he and his mate walk out they must keep strictly in the streets and not step into the houses of the other birds, or they would cause a great disturbance in the gorfous' camp.

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.

DID any of you ever see water run up hill? I 've always kept my eyes open (at least, when I was awake), but as long as I 've looked at the brook that flows near my pulpit, I 've never yet seen it try to run up hill. But a bird who heard a naval officer talking about it, told this to me:

There is, in the big Atlantic ocean, a warm-water river or current, called the Gulf Stream, that really, of its own accord, flows up an inclined plane from South to North. He said that, according to scientific men, this warm stream starts at three thousand feet below the surface off Hatteras, and in the course of about one hundred and thirty miles rises, or runs up hill, with an ascent of five or six feet to the mile.

What makes it? Ah! that is more than Jack knows. More than the bird knew. More than the officer knew, either, I guess.

Shall anyone ever know? Why not? Wise people are learning new things all the time, and why may they not find out the why and wherefore of this queer thing?

OCEAN GARDENS.

IT seems to me that I 'm learning faster than ever I learned before. Perhaps it 's on account of being helped by so many girls and boys. One of the latest things I 've found out is that there are gardens in the ocean.

The paths are made of smooth, white sand, winding about among beds of rock. The plants are delicate waving things of every graceful shape, and of beautiful colors,—red, yellow, pink, purple, green, brown and grey. Among them the coral branches wave, while out and in, around and between them all, silently swim the glittering forms of fishes as wonderful as the flowers.

A solemn sort of gardens must these be, with never a voice to be heard in them. I think I like best the gardens of the land, made glad by the voices of children and birds. On the land, at least, one would not be likely to mistake an animal for a plant.

In the ocean gardens, many of the things that look like plants are really animals, and we (if we could get at them) might try to pluck a pretty orange-colored or purple blossom, and find out that we were breaking a piece from an animal, which would be unpleasant to both parties.

"IT 'S VACATION."

HURRAH! Jack knows it. Enjoy yourselves all you can, my dears.

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THE LETTER BOX.

ROBBIE N.—You write that you would like to see in the Letter Box a good piece for a little boy to recite,—something that can be read with expression; for, though you are quite young, still you like to study out the meaning of what you learn. Very well. Here is a fine opportunity for you and scores of other young folks, in this quaint and touching poem by William Blake. William Blake once lived in a dingy court in London, and no doubt saw many a sooty little chimney-sweep go in and out. If ever a man could see a chance for anything hopeful and bright in the life of these poor, hard-worked little fellows, that man was William Blake, for his soul was full of tender sympathy for all. You will notice, Robbie and the rest, that almost every line of this poem is peculiarly capable of being given with expression; in fact, you will need all the tones of your voice, and nearly every power of your bright young faces, to recite it properly.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep, weep! Weep, weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There 's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved. So I said:
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head 's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight:
That thousands of sweepers,—Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,—
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he 'd be a good boy,
He 'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got, with our bags and our brushes, to work:
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

GRACE HUNTER writes: "I would like to tell the girls something. It is about a good use for the frames of old umbrellas, sunshades or parasols. You just open them, strip off the silk, sharpen the handles to a point, and thrusting them, open, into the ground, let them serve as trellises for vines. Last summer, we girls had a lovely sweet-pea vine growing over mother's old parasol-frame, and a balloon vine trained over father's castaway umbrella. They were lovely. The frames were old-fashioned whalebone ones. Iron ones will answer the same purpose; but they ought not to stand in very sunny places, as they easily become heated, and so injure the vines."

S. T. CARLISLE.—See "Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?" page 42 of the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE WILHELM'S WEEK.—Here is a letter from Germany, which, I think, will interest our young friends:

Kaiserworth ein Rhein, Prussia.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Would you like to hear about the Kaiser's (or Emperor's) birthday, and, as they call it here, a Wilhelm's Week?

No doubt, all of you young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have been trained to believe that it is the happiest of all lots to live in a republic. There is certainly much to be thankful for in our form of government; but an empire has also its special advantages. One of these you may never have heard of; at least, I learned it to-day for the first time.

On President Grant's birthday, I suppose Mr. Grant gives his children a party, and they have unlimited supplies of all sorts of nice things; but I am very sure President Grant does not send a "Grant's week" to every one of you on that day. Now, the Kaiser, on *his* birthday, the 22d of March, always gives a "Wilhelm's week" to every boy and girl in the public schools in his kingdom; and a "Wilhelm's week" is a very nice German cake.

But I will tell you all about it, and in the words of a school-girl from Westphalia who has just been talking with me.

"Oh! it is so charming! liebes Fräulein; you can't think here, in this little village, how much better we celebrate the Kaiser's birthday in the city. There is a fortress there, garrisoned by several regiments of soldiers. So, early in the morning, a beautiful statue of the Kaiser is brought out into the middle of the market-place, and crowned with laurel. All the soldiers, with their shining helmets and waving crests, assemble around it, and hold their parade here. On one side stand all the children from the public schools of the city with their teachers; on the other side stand all the large boys from the *Recal-schule*,—six hundred of them. A large choir, selected from these, stand on the steps of the Rath-haus, and when the chief burgomeister has made a speech to all the people, this choir sings, in four parts, our most beautiful national songs, always including, of course, 'Heil dir in Lieger Kranz!' ('Hail, in thy Laurel Crown, Kaiser, to thee!'). This is nearly the same good old tune which, in England, is 'God Save the Queen,' and in the United States does duty as 'America.'

"Then the school children and their teachers go to the school-houses; the parents and friends come; the children repeat poems and speeches and sing more patriotic songs, and the teacher relates to them the life of the Emperor, and tells them of his brave deeds, of his noble character, and his warm, loving heart for his people and soldiers.

"Then they all go for a long walk, and each child receives his or her 'Wilhelm's week.' They go together, far out of the city, to some pretty little village, beautiful old park, or green meadow. Here tables have been set for them, and coffee is given to each child to drink with his 'Wilhelm's week.' The city pays for the coffee; but the cake is always the private gift of the Emperor."

There! Don't you think there are *some* advantages in living in an empire?—Yours truly, JULIA S. TUTWILER.

We should be very glad if our American children could have a few other of the benefits enjoyed by the young Prussians. Their common-school system is said to be the best in the world; and as the state allows no child to grow up in ignorance, the schools take care that, while the education shall be thorough, there shall be no cruel "cramming." Great discretion is exercised as to what the children need learn and what may be left unlearned. They understand that it is as great injustice to a young brain to overload it as it is to neglect it.

We advise our young readers to take pains to let their parents see the daily lessons they are studying, so as to know their character, their length, and, above all, their quality as to clearness. If you do not *understand* your lessons, and your teachers cannot make them clear to you, let your parents know of it. We do not advise you to complain unnecessarily, nor to try to get rid of doing a fair amount of study; but we do say this: Many present abuses in our schools and text-books would be remedied if young students and their parents had a full and mutual understanding in regard to them. Parents generally pay no attention to the *way* in which their children are being taught; they too often take it for granted that a text-book means instruction, and that to recite means to learn; and, worse than all, that the harder and longer the lesson-tasks are, the better must be the chances of acquiring a fine education. You children may work a reform here.

MASTER B.—The word "hippodrome" is derived from Greek words, signifying a *horse* and a *course*. If you had looked for this word in Worcester's or Webster's big dictionary, you would have been spared the trouble of writing to ST. NICHOLAS. This explanation will help you to comprehend several other words beginning with *hippo* (a horse), as hippopotamus, hippogriff, hippocamp, and hippophagy. When you discover that two syllables in "hippophagy" are derived from a Greek word signifying *to eat*, it may interest you still further to know that the Tartars are known to practice hippophagy. This throws a new light upon that moderate request, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about carpet-making, and though I was not able to find the name of the person who invented carpet, I collected the following few facts about it, which will partially answer H. W. Carroll's question in the June Letter Box:

At a very early period, and long before what we now call carpets were known, coarse materials, such as straw and rushes, were used

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on floors. These were afterwards braided into a sort of matting. Even Queen Mary used rushes as a floor covering, and after carpet was introduced in Europe.

The Egyptians were probably the first who made carpets; and they were manufactured by hand, in Persia, long before they were made in Europe. The Babylonians come next. They wove strange figures of fabulous men and animals in their carpets. The Greeks and Romans imported Babylonish carpets for their own use.

France took the lead among European nations in the art of making carpets. They were first introduced in the reign of Henry IV., in about the year 1600. In 1664, a manufactory was established at Beauvais, a town situated forty-two miles north of Paris; and about the same time, carpets were made in Chaillot, now an important manufacturing town three miles from Paris.

About a century after this (1757), carpet manufacturing had so increased, that a French society of art offered a premium to the best imitation of the Turkey carpet.

For a long time, the ingrain carpet was only made by hand-loom. In Europe their manufacture by power-loom was abandoned as impossible.

And just here the superiority of Yankee ingenuity is apparent. In Boston, a gentleman manufactured a power-loom, which he afterward so perfected as to entirely change the nature of carpet-making.

Respectfully, Z. Z.

MRS. HENRY R. B.—Yes, we can heartily recommend to you, and to all mothers of young children, "Plays for the Kindergarten," by Mrs. Henrietta Noa, with music by John Richter. It is published by J. L. Peters, N. Y.

"JICKS."—Your puzzle is very old.

MAUDIE is six years old, and somebody who loves her, and feels sorry for all little girls who have to wear their hair frizzed, or curled, or "hanging down their backs," in this warm weather, has thus written out poor Maudie's thoughts:

O dear! It is in the paper again,—I heard mamma read it myself. "Little girls still wear their hairs a-flowing."

I've never had any pleasure with my head since I can rec'lect. It's always, "Now, Maudie, you must have your curl-papers in;" or, "Maudie, come, let me fix your hair to crimp." Mamma thinks she does a *wonderful* good act because she wont curl me with a warm iron. I heard her tell Myra Bland's mamma she thought it was *cruel* to heat a child's head and scorch its hair all off. I wish she would scorch mine till it would get as little as Cousin Hal's. He just laughs at me for crying.

"Why, look, sis," he says, every time he comes, "they may comb my hair as much as they please, and I don't mind it!"

"Oh, you must be patient!" nurse says; "everybody has to be dressed. Nobody loves little girls if they are naughty and cry and look untidy! Come! Don't you remember, in your story-books, about

'Little Annie Grace, with her smiling face,
Brushes out her golden hair till she makes it shine!
Lovely Annie Grace!'"

That's the way nurse talks while she's a-combing the hateful tangles. Oh, it's just awful! And when I *have* to cry, "There, then!" mamma says; "you are a naughty child." Then she quits and looks away out at the window. Then I wipe off my face with a wet towel and tell her I'm sorry; and she kisses me and makes up.

"Oh, how sweet you look!" aunty says, when I'm done. "Just look in the glass at aunty's 'snowbird!'" And she turns it so I can see myself.

Uncle Johnnie meets me on the stairs, and holds up his hands and cries, "Whew! What a lovely little fairy! Really, Maudie, you look good enough to eat."

That makes me feel nice. But quick as grandma sees me, she says, "Oh, now! I thought you were a-going to be *my* little girl once; but you've gone and got your hair all frizzled and mussed up. Well! Little girls can't go out to walk with me unless they have their hair nice and smooth!"

Then that awful man that everybody calls "Uncle William" comes in, and I can't get out of the room.

"Who is this?" he asks, looking at me through his spectacles and reaching out his hand.

Then I have to sit on his knee and be smoothed and rubbed down. I can feel the curls going—just as plain! And I know they wont last. To-morrow it 'll all have to be done over again!

Oh, if the fashions would just say, "Little girls must have their hair tied in a bunch or else cut right off!" And, O dear! it's so dreadful hot all down my back, I don't know what to do, *really!*

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—In reply to your inquiry concerning a "really good, very low-priced paper for girls," we cordially commend the *Young Folk's Journal*, issued monthly at Brinton, Pa. It is edited and published by a family of girls, and is excellent in every respect.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The army of Bird-defenders is growing to be very large. Recruits come pouring in every day; and now Mr. Haskins, its founder, sends in a long list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trinler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestellese Wells, jr., Chas. Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Linnon, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Ada Hester, Clara S. Williams, E. Ufastie Kepley, Minnie Seabrook, Annie Dalby, Clara M. Pitt, Anna E. Petery, Mary Genung, Ella M. Garriotte, Katie C. Garriotte, Cassie S. Weir, Jennie S. Cook, Florence A. Pitt, Jennie Ewing, Anna B. Martin, Ella L. Sigmon, Lizzie B. Hester, Florence I. Myers, Fannie Strau, Lelah Decker, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosaltha Kent, Katie Hurrle, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelso, Gertie E. Jackson, Gertie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deeble, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogswell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, of Jacksonville, Florida, sends in her own and four other names: A. A. Fays, Josie Philips, Ida Holmes and Emma Bours. And Minnie Thomas, of Boston, sends a long list of names with the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been much interested in what you say about birds, and would all like to join your army; and so I send you a list of recruits. We have a handsome tortoise-shell cat, named Beauty, whom we think a remarkable animal. She never kills birds, but is a famous mouser. We have two canaries who sometimes leave their cage and alight on Beauty's head and run over her back. She likes it very much. It is quite funny to see her sleeping quietly before the fire, and those birds dancing up and down on her head or back, singing with all their might. Once Beauty came in where we were at tea, and ran eagerly from one to another, uttering strange cries. First she went to the door, then came back, then went to the door again, looking back as if asking us to follow her. So Bertie went with her, and she led him outdoors to where there lay a young robin, which had fallen out of a nest near by. Bertie called uncle, who put Master Robin back; and when Beauty saw he was safe, she gave a glad "m-e-e-ow," and went back to her place by the fire, where she slept in peace. Don't you think she deserves to have her name among the bird-defenders?

Since our last issue, the boys and girls named below have sent us their names to be enrolled as Bird-defenders: Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin, Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Thoma[illegible] Minnie Merwin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Will[illegible] Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, Ge[illegible] E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Bessie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollie Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jeralds, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Peirce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Here is another long list of signers just received from Lulie M. French, of Hamilton Co., Ohio: Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Lulie M. French, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lilly Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delila Moore.

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"MAX AND MAURICE" wish to know of "some reliable work on the treatment of caged birds." They will probably find what they want in any of the following books, for sale by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.:

Bird-Keeping. A Practical Guide. By the author of "Home Pets." Price, 50c.

Cage Birds; their Management, Diseases, Food, &c. By J. M. Bechstein, M. D. Price, $1.75.

The Canary; its Varieties, Management, and Breeding. By Rev. F. Smith. Price, $1.75.

WILL "Aunt Libbie," of New Brunswick, please send us her post-office address?

ANSWERS TO "SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS," from Agnes Coburn, Maria L. Stebbins, Ada A. Hodges, Edward H. Conner, Lillie and Mamie F., Julia Smith, and Laura A. Shotwell, were received too late for acknowledgment with others in the July Riddle Box; as was also Carrie B. Northrop's translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge."

ANSWERS TO "CHARL'S PUZZLE" have been received from Addie S. Church, W. B. Crawford, Sallie Peabody, M. A. White, Julia Smith, Laura A. Shotwell, and C. A. Miller.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Fontaine's Fables, published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York, is a magnificent edition of these famous fables, superbly illustrated by Gustave Doré. Our frontispiece which, in a reduced form, is taken from this book—is an example of the beauty of its engravings.

The Sportsman's Club Afloat. By Harry Castlemon. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

From the American Tract Society, N. Y.: *The Swallow Stories*, by Sallie Chester; *Alfred Warriner*, by O. A. K.; *From Four to Fourteen*, by Jennie Harrison; *Ethel's Gift, Maysie's Star, Joe Blake's Temptation, Rachel's Lilies, Benny, Bought with a Price*, and *The Rescued Lamb*.

Bryant's Book-Keeping. By J. C. Bryant, M. D. Published by the author, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 6, 14, 8, 9, 10, 2 was the wife of Cupid. My 13, 7, 13, 12 was an Egyptian goddess. My 3, 10, 4, 3, 13, 7 was the mother of Achilles. My 1, 4, 3, 13, 12 was the Goddess of Prudence. My 4, 9, 10, 11 was a beautiful nymph. My 3, 10, 2, 5, 13, 14 was the goddess of Law. My 13, 11 was the daughter of Inachus. My whole is what the ancients called the transmigration of souls. PANSY.

CHARADE.

(First.)

A VESSEL which a voyage made,
When other craft all failed;
It floated o'er the tops of trees,
And over mountains sailed.

(Second.)

A workman, one who works with skill
At good and useful trade;
Some use a mallet and a drill,
Some are of higher grade.

(Whole.)

My whole, among inventors, stood
In foremost rank of all;
By his inventions did much good;
Please now his name recall. HENRY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a strait of Australia, and leave a slow domestic animal. Behead a town of Georgia, and leave an instrument of music. Behead a cape on the Atlantic coast, and leave a part of the head. Behead a cape of Alaska, and leave a weapon. Behead a river of Mississippi, and leave a man of title. Behead a bay of Louisiana, and leave a word that means wanting. Behead a river of South Carolina, and leave a highway. Behead a town in New Hampshire, and leave a word that means above. Behead a river of Georgia, and leave something useful in dressing wounds.

A. M. B.

TWISTED TREES.

(Fill the first blank in the sentence with the name of some tree, and the second with the same name transposed.)

1. The —— affords —— shade. 2. The wax-wing utters —— —— in the —— tree. 3. The leaf of —— is a ——. 4. The —— —— red berries. 5. Children fresh and —— —— and sat beneath the ——. 6. Good —— trees are not ——. 7. Don't —— —— the —— tree. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A kitchen utensil. 3. A writer of hymns. 4. A part. 5. Extended. 6. Corrupted. 7. A town in France. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. A consonant. FAN-FAN.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. THE two boys played dominoes together. 2. Charles, did you see the large dromedary at the circus? 3. I bought two fat hens at the market. 4. The girl who borrowed my rubber never returned it. 5. I hope kind words will not be ineffectual with him. 6. He loaded the meal on donkeys, and brought it to the city. 7. Last April I made many April-fools. 8. His wounds bleed so profusely that he must die from loss of blood. 9. Why did you not bring the chart for David? 10. During the ravages of the mob, I left the city. 11. The boys who stole dogs were arrested to-day. 12. You will find your hat below, Ella. C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY first is a blossom, but *once* a fair youth;
My second a delicate fruit;
My third is a part of a building well known;
My fourth has a voice like a lute;
My fifth is a plant ancient warriors held dear;
My sixth interrupts but to please;
My seventh is a cluster of stars, and my eighth
A bird, which live prey loves to seize.
The *initials* of these give a warrior's name,
And the *finals* the prison to which he gave fame.

J. B. P.

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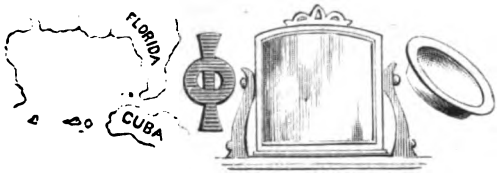
ENIGMA.

My first is in battle, but not in fight;
My second is in eve, but not in night;
My third is in hearing but not in sight;
My fourth is in darkness, but not in light;
My fifth is in wrong, and also in right;
My sixth is in red, but not in white;
My seventh is in flee, but not in flight;
My eighth is in read, and also in write;
My ninth is in danger, but not in fright.
My whole is a beautiful tree. E. R.

REBUS, No. 1.



A BACKWARD STORY.

(In the following story, thirty-eight of the one hundred and forty-three words are spelled backwards. When they are corrected, the narrative becomes clear.)

A beautiful girl had a new close to the very pot trap of her head.

"Tub," said she, "it does not ram it much. at least ton when I nod my ten."

When she was her mother and lover ward near, she was glad the ten saw a good tif. Besides, as the sag was ton lit, the moor was mid. Once, being startled out of a pan by thunder, she bumped the new tub she went where there saw a wolf of cold water and held it under.

"Trips, water!" said she, faint as a wounded reed, and then she went for den. Den was a orgen doctor. He put no rat, which was teem, but her am saw dam, because it was not trap water. However, it cured her, and won she yam wear her ten or ton, as she pleases.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

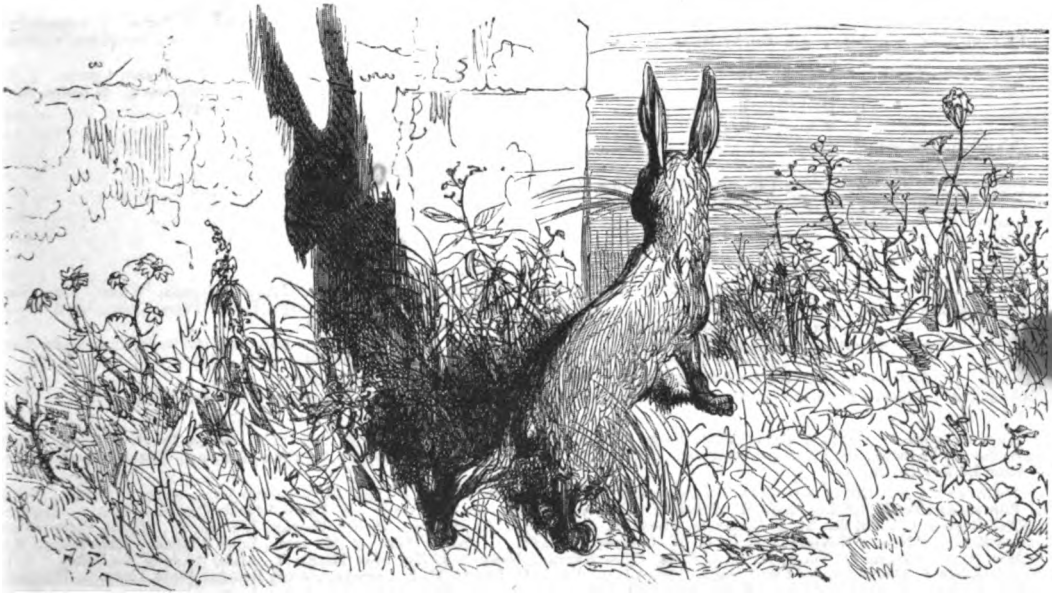
A BIRD ENIGMA.

A gorgeous bird, whose plumage bright,
Makes tropic forests gay;
A bright-winged thing, whose hanging nest
The passing breezes sway;
A warbler sweet of sunny isles,
Too oft a prisoner here;
A bird, whose wing scarce seems to move
While sailing through the air;
A pretty little warbling finch,
Familiar, gay and bright;
A songster rare, whose mellow notes
Are sweetly sung at night;
A bird with breast of golden dye,
And wings of darker hue;
A favorite nestling of our woods,
All clothed in feathers blue;
An idol, once to Egypt dear,
And named in ancient lore;
An English pet, that comes in spring,
And chirps about the door;
A gentle, tender, meek-eyed bird,
Oft seen upon the wing,
Whose note is plaintive, soft and pure,
Whose praises poets sing.

These songsters sweet, from every land,
Who form a fluttering, bright-hued band,
Have here in kindness flown;
For each one now an offering brings,
To form the name of one who sings,
And makes their songs his own:
The bird, to Southern woods most dear,
With voice sweet, mellow, rich and clear.

K. L.

PICTURE QUOTATION.



What passage in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" does this picture illustrate?

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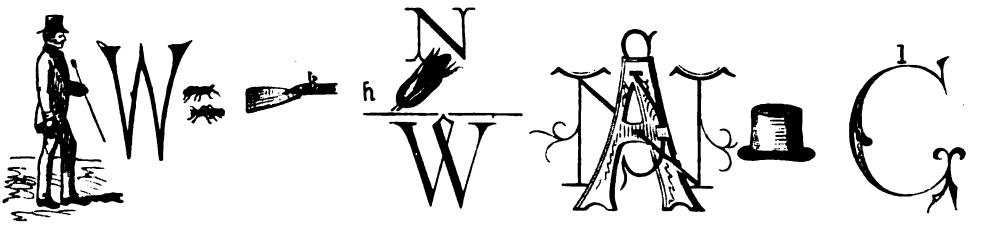
REBUS, No. 2.



RHYMING DECAPITATION.

(Fill the second, third and fourth blanks by successive beheading of a word which should be in the first blank.)

GREEN willows on the banks are ——;
Upon the stream blithe boatmen ——,
Their speed to favoring breezes ——,
Is swift as birds upon the ——.

With lily-pads their oars are ——;
With eager hands the blossoms ——
They shout, "Dull care far from me ——"
And echo answers, "——!" J. P. B.

PUZZLE.

(The following puzzle was first published in 1628, and was reprinted in "Hone's Every-Day Book" for 1826; but it is very ingenious, and perhaps new to many of our readers.)

A vessel sailed from a port in the Mediterranean with thirty passengers, consisting of fifteen Jews and fifteen Christians. During the voyage a heavy storm arose, and it was found necessary to throw overboard half the passengers in order to lighten the ship. After consultation, they agreed to a proposal from the captain that he should place them all in a circle and throw overboard every ninth man, until only fifteen should be left. He then arranged them in such a way that all the Jews were thrown overboard, and all the Christians saved. How did he do it?

SYNCOPATIONS.

SYNCOPATE a weapon, and get a way. Syncopate not new, and get a disposal. Syncopate a shelter, and get an article of clothing. Syncopate a weapon, and get a law or rule. Syncopate a heathen god, and get an exclamation. NIP.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

MY first is in Leeds, but not in Erne;
My second is in Liege, but not in Berne;
My third is in Dover, but not in Hull;
My fourth is in Derg, but not in Mull;
My fifth is in Pearl, but not in Save;
My sixth is in Perth, but not in Drave;
My seventh is in Rome, but not in Rhine;
My eighth is in Toulon, but not in Tyne;
My ninth is in Darling, but not in Dee.
My whole is a city across the sea. R. S. T.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

A TRAGEDY.—Pledges, ledges, edges. Glover, lover, over.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Hobby-Horse.

H —eart— H
O —ntari—O
B —ea— R
B —oiler— S
Y —ok— E

CHARADE.—Sanhedrim.

PUZZLE.—Matrimony.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: The letter P. Place, Prose, Prime, Pin, Plead, Poke, Plash, Pear, Plover, Prest, Park, Pant.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.—

V E S T
E C H O
S H O P
T O P S

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!"
"So I do, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it and roll it, and mark it with B,
And toss in the oven for baby and me."

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—1. Orcus. 2. Pæan. 3. Teleon. 4. Ruteni. 5. Nænia. 6. Elatus. 7. Canace. 8 Æolus. 9. Urania. 10. Serapis. 11. Issoria. 12. Lupercus. Whole: Noctiluca, Calliope, Narcissus.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Seldom, models. 2. Praise, I parse. 3. We do best, bestowed. 4. Laid, dial. 5. Result, lustre. 6. Scare, races, acres, cares. 7. Palest, petals, plates, staple.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

B
V A N
M A L T A
M O N T A N A
B A L T I M O R E
D O R M A N T
S T O O L
I R K
E

RIDDLE.—Georgie.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.—Oneida, Wener, Ree, Van, Ilmen, Leon, Constance, Onega, Rainy, Patos, Como, Utah, Thun, Erie, Tchad, Tchany, Ness.

REBUS.—The Feejee Islands number one hundred and fifty-four; sixty-five only are inhabited.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Ararat.

LETTER PUZZLE.—"A burnt child dreads the fire."

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA" were received, previous to June 16, from W. F. Bridge, Frank E. Camp, Harry Beveridge, "Plymouth Rock," Alice Whittlesey, Daisy Lee, Charles H. Brickenstein, E. Augustus Douglass, Ella M. Truesdell and William Le Roy Brown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 16, from M. Winthrop Jones, Addie S. Church, Mamie F. Buttre, Guerdon H. Cooke, Frank M. Wakefield, E. D. K., "Shelby, Ohio," "Frank and Laure," Bessie Cornelius, Ellen G. Hodges, George English, C. A. Miller, M. E. Carpenter, Mamie L. Leithead, C. S. Patteson, Minnie Thomas, J. B. C., Jr., Minnie Potter, Ansel James McCall, "Neno and Nimpo," E. G. B., W. Campbell Langfitt, "Typo," "Flos," S. M. Artey, Lillie Whitman, Julia Bacon, Roy Wright, Annie Augusta De Vinne, Jennie C. Gale, Edith Ryerson, Nellie S. Colby, Miss Minnie T. Allen, "Lily of the Valley," F. L. A——y, Chas. F. Olmsted, John Lyle Clough, "Snowdrop," Carrie H. Barker, M. E. Carpenter, Willie Boucher Jones, Carrie L. Hastings, "Jicks," Charlie W. Balestier, Arthur E. Smith, Anna W. Olcott, Willie M. K. Olcott, Charles A. Berry, Mattie Thompson, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Willie R. Buck, Louise F. Olmstead, Ernest G. Dumas, Edward R. Kellogg and Hattie P. Woodruff.

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THE GENTLE ANGLER.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1874. NO. 11.

THE GENTLE ANGLER.

BY PAUL FORT.

A LITTLE girl was once asked if she had ever heard of the famous Isaac Walton.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I know all about him. He was the man who invented fishing."

Although this statement was far from being correct, we cannot wonder very much at the mistake of the little girl.

For more than two hundred years, good old Isaac has been so much talked of and written about in connection with fishing, that it is not very strange that he should sometimes get the credit of being the first one to find out how to catch fish with a hook and line.

He has been called "The Common Father of all Anglers;" and this is a very good title for him. He was a sort of Washington among anglers: first by the stream, first to get a bite, and first in the hearts of all good fishermen.

Isaac Walton was born in England in 1593, in the month of August, when there is generally pretty good fishing. We are not told much about his early days, but I suppose he toddled down to the brook with his little hook and line at a very early age, just as Mozart played on the piano when he could scarcely reach the keys. He grew up to be a great fisherman and a very good man. He loved to wander through the green fields and by the streams, in the beautiful country where he lived, and there he used to sit and fish and think how lovely the blue skies and the green trees were, and what a delightful thing it was to sit in the shade by the river-side and read, or fish, or muse thankfully on the bounties of Nature.

Although he fished so much, he was always very gentle and kind, even to his bait. He never caused needless suffering to a worm or a fly. He wrote a book about angling, and when he tells how to use a little frog for bait, he says to the fisherman, "Use him as though you loved him," by which he meant that the little frog was not to be hurt, if it was possible to prevent it. There is a good deal that might be said on this bait subject, but we will not say it now, because we don't want to think about anything else but old Isaac's simple-hearted tenderness and gentle ways. Everybody seemed to love him and to like to read the books he wrote, because there was so much quaint and wholesome philosophy in them.

The very fish, if they knew enough in those days, could not have helped loving him; for, although he caught them, he did it as tenderly as he could, and that is all that can be expected of a fisherman.

We can imagine how the little fishes would talk about him (if they talked in those days), when they saw him come down to the river-bank early in the morning, with his rod and line and box of bait.

"Ho! ho!" one of them would say. "Here comes the good Isaak" (it was spelt with a k in those days), "and he wants to catch some of us." And so, very naturally, they would all move away from the bank, so as to give the good Isaac plenty of room to throw out his line. And when the co[illegible] had been floating idly for some time, and the [illegible] had dangled on the hook until there was danger that it would be spoiled by the water, one of them would nudge another, and say:

"It's too bad to treat the poor man so. See! he has gone to reading. One of us ought to give him a nibble, at any rate. Don't you want to go, Specklesides, and give his bait a little pull? We ought n't to neglect him this way, and he so kind and good!"

"Don't let me hinder you," Specklesides would

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say. "If you want to take the first bite, Supplefin, I don't mind waiting." And then they would contend in this friendly manner until at last Supplefin would say:

"Well, it's too bad! If none of you will go, I'll take the first bite myself. I'm sure that if we were as good as he is, we would n't like to be treated so."

And he would swim up and take the least little bite, and at that instant all the other fishes would sing out, "There goes Supplefin!" as the good Isaac jerked him out of the water. And as the gentle angler would hold the little fish in his hand and tenderly take the hook from between his teeth, we can almost imagine that the good-natured Supplefin smiled with pleasure to find himself so kindly treated. If one were a fish, and had to be caught, who would not be caught by so good a man?

Isaac lived to be ninety, and he must have caught a great many fish in his time. He knew all about rods and hooks and baits and lines and sinkers, and where to go and when he ought to go there, and how to accommodate himself to the humor of the fish, and how to wait a long time and to be thankful when at last he got fish enough for supper.

And whether it rained or shone, or was cold or warm, or whether the fish bit gaily or never even nibbled, the good Isaac fished, and reflected on moral subjects and the beauties of Nature; and if he sang a song as he walked over the field, it was often such a song as this:

When the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind.
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

If he had not been a very moral fisherman, he never would have thought of singing a song like that.

ROBBIE PLAYS IN THE WATER.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

ONE day, Robbie came running wildly into the house.

"Oh, Mamma!" he exclaimed, "rain's all gone away, 'cept a nice little lake in the back yard, and I feel like playing in it—I do, really."

"Oh, Robbie!" said Mamma, ruefully, looking at his clean linen suit, "you'll get very wet."

"Oh, no, I wont!" he cried. "I'll go 'thout any shoes, and be just as careful."

Rather than bring a cloud on the happy little face, Mamma said she would go and see about it. So she went to a back window and looked out. It had rained all the morning, and one part of the grassy yard that was lower than the rest, held a little pond of clean water. It did look very cool and tempting, so Mamma said:

"Well, I'll put some other clothes on you, and let you go for awhile."

"Oh, goody!" shouted Robbie, dancing around in glee. "What kind of clothes?"

"Oh, you'll see." And Mamma went to a trunk in her closet, and brought out a brown suit that was so faded and shabby that Robbie laughed when he saw it. In about two minutes all his clean clothes lay across a chair, and away ran Robbie dressed in the faded suit, with the trousers rolled up as high as they would go.

Mamma went to the back door to see him. First he put one little white foot in, and paddled a minute, and then the other went in, and, in half a minute, he ran through, laughing aloud in his happiness. But he was very careful not to spatter. So Mamma said:

"Robbie, you need n't be careful about those clothes. You may spatter as much as you like."

Then I wish you could have seen him. The reckless way in which he dashed through the water, splashing it up with his knees at every step, and calling on Mamma to see the "whole crowd of sprinkles." Then the happiness with which he sat down in the very middle, and scattered the water about with his hands till it poured off his shining brown hair in little streams, and he was just dripping from head to foot!

Meanwhile, Mamma, who sat on the steps watching him, enjoyed it as much as he did.

During the fun, Harry—who lived in the next house—chanced to come to the window of his nursery, and was perfectly horrified.

"Why, Robbie!" he called out, "you'll get all wet!"

As he was already soaked, it was highly probable that he would. Robbie looked up indignantly.

"'Course I will. I'm all wet now."

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"You 'll catch it when your mamma sees you," Harry went on comfortingly.

"Catch what?" asked Robbie, innocently, adding immediately, "Come over here, Harry, and let 's play we were gooses taking a baf."

"My mamma don't 'low me to play in the water," said Harry, primly; "it wets my nice clothes, and, 'sides, little gentlemen don't *want* to be all dirty and wet, like street boys."

Robbie had no reply to make to this unanswerable argument, so he went on splashing. In a moment, Harry spoke again:

"Do you like it, Robbie?"

Robbie answered by giving such a tremendous flopping and splashing, that for a few seconds you could hardly tell which was boy and which was water.

"I hate to take a baf!" was Harry's next remark, evidently to persuade himself that he would n't enjoy the frolic himself.

Robbie looked up in surprise, the water trickling down his nose and sparkling on his eyelashes.

"'T aint a reg'lar one,—it 's a play one."

"Now, Robbie," said Mamma from the steps, "you 've been in long enough."

Robbie came slowly out of the water.

"May I come in again, Mamma?"

"Yes, to-morrow—if the water does n't go away," said Mamma.

Then she took him in at the basement door, and bade him stand on the rug while she pulled off his wet clothes, rubbed him all dry with a towel, rinsed off his little soft feet, and dressed him up all clean again.

"Mamma," said he, while she was leaning over to button his shoes, "I 've got some clean kisses for you. Don't you want some clean kisses?"

"Of course I do," said Mamma, leaning over, while two little cool, soft arms went around her neck, and a dozen little cool, soft kisses fell on her lips.

"Mamma, you 're the bestest girl I ever saw," said he at last.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

By Eudora May Stone.

The autumn frost begins to blight,
  But here and there late blossoms linger:
The maple leaves are glowing bright,
  Red-painted all by Autumn's finger.

The birds are gone; the chill wind grieves
  Among the dry and withered grasses,
And showers of gold or scarlet leaves
  It flings from every tree it passes.

But, see, a spark has fallen there
  Among the grasses of the prairie;
And high and higher in the air
  The flames are leaping light and airy.

Now, farmers, guard your hoarded grain;
  The flames are wider, fiercer growing,
And urging on the fiery train,
  The raging wind is wildly blowing.

The sun sinks low, the waning light
  Is fading fast from hills and meadows;
The night, so strangely, grandly bright,
  Mantles the earth in fitful shadows.

Now fiercer still the wild winds blow—
  The sky the fiery color catches;
And brighter yet the red flames glow,
  And wide the blackened prairie stretches.

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THE ANTELOPE, OR PRONG-HORN.

BY OLIVER HOWARD.

A PARTY of my friends were starting down the Platte river to see their herds of cattle.

"Don't you want to go along with us?" said Calvin. "We may get some antelope."

The idea of riding and camping and story-telling and hunting for a week seemed charming just then, so, with blankets and rifle, I joined the party.

In an hour we came in sight of the river, of which some traveler has said, "It is navigable only for a shingle," so sandy is its bed and so changing its currents. All day we followed the river bottom, now near the water, now a mile away from it. In the "ox-bows," or bends of the river, the grass was growing abundantly, and thousands and tens of thousands of sleek kine were feeding there.

Near the high lands, we saw great numbers of prairie dogs and little owls, living in the same holes. The dogs wagged their tails, and, barking with great energy, ran into their houses; the owls, old and young, toddled in, too, when we approached.

Toward evening we saw tall blue cranes alighting on the sand-bars. Flocks of ducks arose from the water and fled from the hawks. Jack-rabbits bounded queerly from our path, and a little way turned to see what we intended to do. We two wolves sneaking among the bluffs, but never an antelope.

The morning after we reached Dana's cattle-camp, we went out early among the sand-hills for antelopes. Just after daybreak they are busy feeding, and then may be more easily approached than at other times of the day.

"Look yonder!" said Calvin. "See what a mat of prickly pear!"

"What of it?" said I. "I have seen many such."

"Nothing of it," said he, "only I was going to say that when a wolf tries to catch a young antelope, the old one takes her young into the middle of one of these great prickly-pear beds. You see, the thorns don't hurt the antelope's hoofs at all: but Mr. Wolf can't set his paw on them, any way he can fix it. So the young antelope stands between the mother's feet till the wolf leaves."

Some three miles from the river, we came to the haunts of the game. We became silent, and peeped carefully over each ridge to see if any antelopes were to be seen. Soon we separated, with the understanding that if a group of antelopes were found, a signal should be given for the whole party to come. In half-an-hour, Dana was seen to wave his hand, and we rejoined him at once. He told us that in the next hollow four antelopes were feeding.

Noiselessly we crept to the little eminence before us, keeping our eyes wide open for thorns and rattlesnakes. Within sixty yards of us stood two old antelopes and two beautiful and graceful little ones, that did not seem larger than cats, only their legs were much longer. The old ones were about three feet high, with bodies about the size of those of sheep. They made a very pretty tableau, but quickly turned and bounded away, the little ones ahead, making no more noise than a cloud passing through the sky. Had not Dana been so polite, one of them might have been secured. But I was glad, after all, that we did not make a break in the happy family.

We now agreed to hunt independently. During the next half-hour we saw plenty of game in the distance. After a time, Dana and I met. Care-

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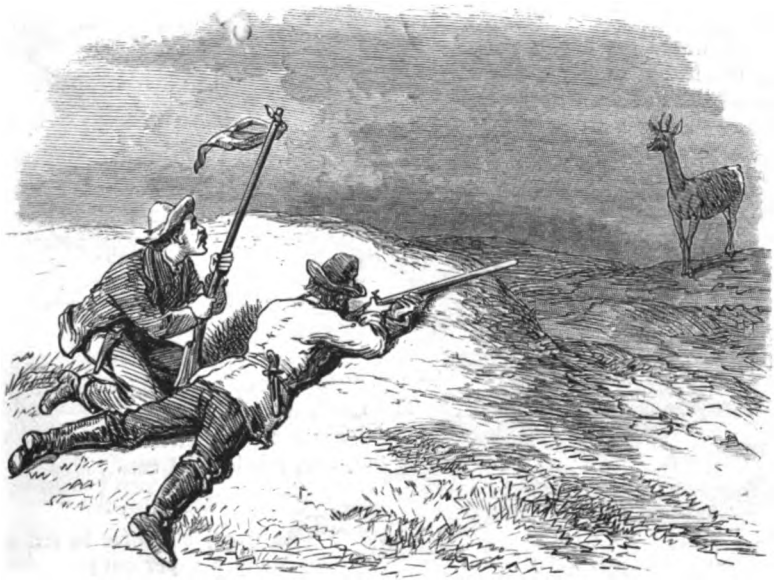
lessly ascending a little sand-hill, we started up a lonely buck. We so quickly sank upon the ground that the animal had only a glimpse of us, and after a sharp run, turned to satisfy its ever-eager curiosity as to what we were. My companion passed his red handkerchief to me.

"Wave that," he whispered, "on the end of your rifle. We'll try the Indian game on him. Easy! Wave it easy."

Slowly I waved the flag to and fro, just in the creature's sight, while Dana settled his body at full length upon the sand, and rested his Winchester rifle on an unoccupied ant-hill.

The antelope now advanced a few steps, retreated, turned and looked again. As we presented the same appearance, he became as curious concerning us as Blue Beard's wife about the forbidden room. Several times we thought he had seen enough of us, and was off. But no; his intense curiosity forced him nearer and nearer. Unused to hunting as I was, I became much excited. Had that antelope been an elephant, I don't believe I could have hit it. I had what old hunters call "buck fever." Suddenly the buck exposed his side to us. Crack! went Dana's rifle and over went the antelope.

We saw a herder on his pony, not far away, and beckoned him to come near. Dana knew him, and asked him to pack our game to camp. But no sooner had we placed it behind the saddle, than the pony reared and plunged until he had dislodged his burden. So we cut off the haunches, and making pack-horses of ourselves, took them to camp.



"THE ANTELOPE NOW ADVANCED A FEW STEPS."

In the month of June it is not a hard matter to capture young antelopes. They are then so frail and tender that a man on horseback soon overtakes them. They are then taught to take milk from a bottle, and soon become very tame. We saw several so tame that they would come at call. We passed a turf cabin where there were five of these pretty pets, all with ribbons about the neck, and one, a graceful doe, with a cherry-colored ribbon tied about the tail. The Indian woman who owned them, probably fearing our dog, opened the door and called them, when they very sedately filed into the cabin.

We have had a number of pet antelopes in the town where I live. Little "Billy" learned to know the milkman's bell, and would run a long way to meet the wagon that brought him his breakfast. It was interesting to see him come bounding round a corner, his large, expressive eyes glancing about, and his ears bent forward to catch the next sound of the bell.

The winter before last was a terrible season for the poor antelopes. The snow lay upon the ground for several months. Thousands of cattle perished. The antelopes congregated in great flocks within a few miles of town. From an eminence, five thousand could be seen at once. There were millions of little holes in the snow where they had put their noses down to get the grass.

At last the poor creatures took refuge in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where feed was more abundant, and their troubles ceased.

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THE LITTLE BOY WHO WENT OUT TO SWIM.

BY HENRY HOWLAND.

A LITTLE boy went out to swim,
One pleasant day in June,
And the fish all came to talk to him,
That summer afternoon.

"Come down, dear little boy," they said,
"And let us show to you
The homes of fish, merman and maid,
Under the waters blue.

"We'll show you where the naiads sleep,
And where the tritons dwell;
The treasures of the unknown deep,
The coral and the shell.

"The siren's song shall charm your ears,
And lull you into rest;
No monsters shall arouse your fears,
Or agitate your breast."

The little boy was glad to go;
And all the company
Of fish escorted him below,
A pageant brave to see.

The pilot-fish swam on ahead,
The shark was at his heels;
The dolphin a procession led
Of porpoise, whale, and eels.

The trout, all brave in red and gold,
Many a caper cut;
And after them, came crowds untold
Of cod and halibut.

The blue-fish with the black-fish swam;
Who knows the joy each felt?
The perch was escort to the clam,
The oyster to the smelt.

The muscalonge, from Northern lake,
That leaps the harbor bar,
Swam close by in the sturgeon's wake,
Famous for caviar!

The haddock floated side by side
With carp, from foreign shore,
And with them, through the seething tide,
Went scollops by the score.

The sword-fish, like a soldier brave,
His sabre flashing bare,

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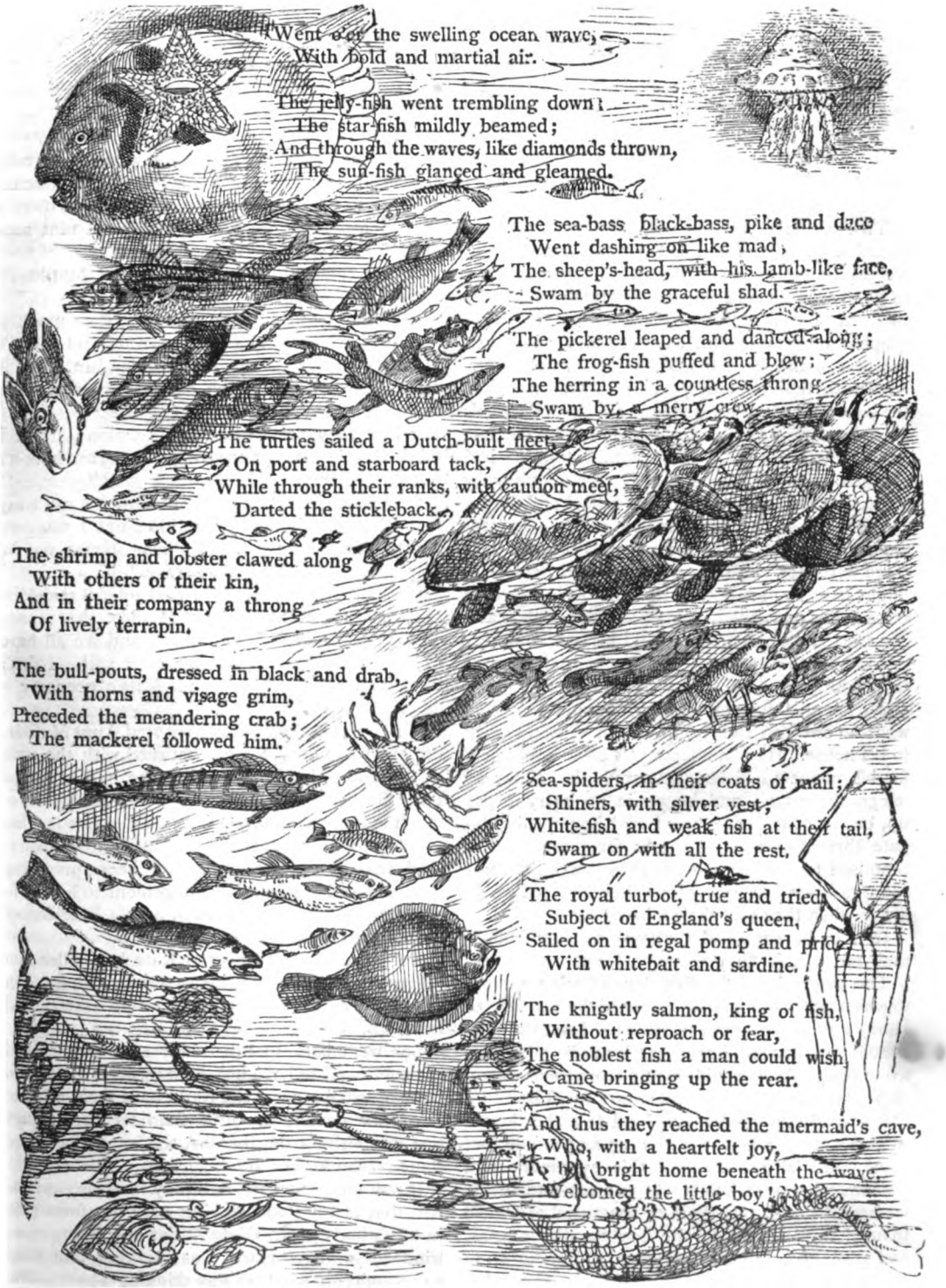

Went o'er the swelling ocean wave,
With bold and martial air.

The jelly-fish went trembling down;
The star-fish mildly beamed;
And through the waves, like diamonds thrown,
The sun-fish glanced and gleamed.

The sea-bass black-bass, pike and dace
Went dashing on like mad,
The sheep's-head, with his lamb-like face,
Swam by the graceful shad.

The pickerel leaped and danced along;
The frog-fish puffed and blew;
The herring in a countless throng
Swam by, a merry crew.

The turtles sailed a Dutch-built fleet,
On port and starboard tack,
While through their ranks, with caution meet,
Darted the stickleback.

The shrimp and lobster clawed along
With others of their kin,
And in their company a throng
Of lively terrapin.

The bull-pouts, dressed in black and drab,
With horns and visage grim,
Preceded the meandering crab;
The mackerel followed him.

Sea-spiders, in their coats of mail;
Shiners, with silver vest,
White-fish and weak fish at their tail,
Swam on with all the rest.

The royal turbot, true and tried,
Subject of England's queen,
Sailed on in regal pomp and pride
With whitebait and sardine.

The knightly salmon, king of fish,
Without reproach or fear,
The noblest fish a man could wish
Came bringing up the rear.

And thus they reached the mermaid's cave,
Who, with a heartfelt joy,
To her bright home beneath the wave
Welcomed the little boy!

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GRAND PROPOSITION.

THE summer vacation was now over, and the Board of Managers of the telegraph company, as well as the other boys of the vicinity, were obliged to go to school again and study something besides the arts of making money and transacting telegraphic business. But as there was not much business of this kind to be done, the school interfered with the company's affairs in little else than the collection of money due from private individuals for telegraphic services rendered during the late "rise" in the creek. The committee which had charge of this collection labored very faithfully for some time, and before and after school and during the noon recess, the members thereof made frequent visits to the houses of the company's debtors. As there were not more than half-a-dozen debtors, it might have been supposed that the business would be speedily performed. But such was not the case. Mr. Darby, the storekeeper, paid his bill promptly; and old Mr. Truly Matthews, who had telegraphed to Washington, to a nephew in the Patent Office Department, "just to see how it would go," paid what he owed on the eighth visit of Wilson Ogden to his house. He had not seen "how it would go," for his nephew had not answered him, either by telegraph or mail, and he was in no hurry to pay up, but he could not stand "that boy opening his gate three times a day." As for the rest, they promised to settle as soon as they could get some spare cash—which happy time they expected would arrive when they sold their tobacco.

It is to be supposed that no one ever bought their tobacco, for they never paid up.

The proceeds of the five days of telegraphing, together with the money obtained by the sale of Harry's gun, were spent by Kate for Aunt Matilda's benefit; and as she knew that it might be a good while before there would be any more money coming, Kate was as economical as she could be.

It was all very proper and kind to make the old woman's income hold out as long as possible, but Aunt Matilda did not like this systematic and economical way of living. It was too late in life for her, she said, "to do more measurin' at a meal than chewin';" and so she became discouraged, and managed, one fine morning, to hobble up to see Mrs. Loudon about it.

"Ise afraid dese chillen aint a-gwine to hold out," said she. "I don know but what I 'd better go 'long to the poorhouse, arter all. And there 's that money I put inter de comp'ny. I aint seen nothin' come o' dat ar money yit."

"How much did you put in, Aunt Matilda?" asked Mrs. Loudon.

"Well, I need n't be a-sayin' jist how much it was; but it was solid silver, anyway, and I don't reckon I 'll ever see any of it back again. But it don't differ much. Ise an old woman, and them chillen is a-doin' their best."

"Yes, they are," said Mrs. Loudon; "and I think they 're doing very well, too. You have n't suffered for anything lately, have you?"

"Well, no," said the old woman, "I can't say that I 've gone hungry or nuthin; but I was only a-gittin 'fraid I might. Dis hyar 'tic'lar way o' doin' things makes a person scary."

"I am glad that Kate is particular," said Mrs. Loudon. "You know, Aunt Matilda, that money is n't very plenty with any of us, and we all have to learn to make it go as far as it will. I don't think you need feel 'scary,' if Kate's economy is all you have to fear."

This interview somewhat reassured Aunt Matilda, but she was not altogether satisfied with the state of things. The fact was that she had supposed that the telegraph company would bring in so much money that she would be able to live in what to her would be a state of comparative luxury. And instead of that, Kate had been preaching economy and systematic management to her. No wonder she was disappointed, and a little out of humor with her young guardians.

But for all that, if Harry or Kate had fallen into a fiery crater, Aunt Matilda would have hurried in after them as fast as her old legs would have carried her.

She went back to her cabin, after awhile, and she continued to have her three meals a day all the same as usual; but if she could have seen, as Kate saw, how steadily the little fund for her support was diminishing day by day, she would have had some reason for her apprehensions.

It was on a pleasant Saturday in early September, that Harry stood looking over the front gate in his father's yard. Kate was at the dining-room window, sewing. Harry was thinking, and Kate was wondering what he was thinking about. She

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thought she knew, and she called out to him: "I expect old Mr. Matthews would lend you a gun, Harry."

"Yes, I suppose he would," said Harry, turning and slowly walking up towards the house; "but father told me not to borrow a gun from Truly Matthews. It's a shame, though, to stay here when the fields are just chock full of partridges. I never knew them so plenty in all my life. It's just the way things go."

"It is a pity about your gun," said Kate. "There's some one at the gate, Harry. Had n't you better go and see what he wants? Father wont be home until after dinner, you can tell him."

Harry turned.

"It's Mr. Martin," said he, and he went down to the gate to meet him.

"How do you do, Mr. President?" said Mr. Martin. "I rode over here this morning, and thought I would come and see you."

Harry shook hands with his visitor, and invited him to walk into the house; but after Mr. Martin had dismounted and fastened his horse, he thought that the seat under the catalpa tree looked so cool and inviting, that he proposed that they should sit down there and have a little chat.

"I have been thinking about the extension of your telegraph line," said the manager of the mica mine, "and have talked it over with our people. They agree with me that it would be a good thing, and we have determined, if it suits you and your company, that we will advance the money necessary to carry out the scheme."

"I 'm glad to hear that," said Harry; "but, as I said before, you 'll have to bear the whole expense, and it will cost a good deal to carry the line from the creek all the way to Hetertown."

"Yes, it will cost some money," said Mr. Martin; "but our idea is that you ought to have a complete line while you are about it, and that it ought to run from our mine to Hetertown."

"SOME ONE AT THE GATE."

"From your mine to Hetertown!" exclaimed Harry, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, smiling. "That is the kind of a line that is really needed. You see, our business is increasing, and we are buying land which we intend to sell out in small farms, and so expect to build up quite a little village out there in time. So you can understand that we would like to be in direct communication with Richmond and the North. And if we can have it by means of your line, we are ready to put the necessary funds into the work."

Harry was so amazed at this statement, that he could hardly find words with which to express himself.

"Why, that would give us a regular, first-class telegraph line!" he exclaimed.

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"Certainly," said Mr. Martin, "and that 's the only kind of a line that is really worth anything."

"I don't know what to think about it," said Harry. "I did n't expect you to propose anything like this."

"Well," said Mr. Martin, rising, "I must be off. I had only a few minutes to spare, but I thought I had better come and make you this proposition. I think you had better lay it before your Board of Managers as soon as possible, and if you will take my advice, as a business man, you 'll accept our offer."

So saying, he bid Harry good-bye, took off his hat to Kate, who was still looking out of the window, mounted his horse and rode away.

There was a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company that afternoon. It was a full meeting, for Harry sent hasty messengers to those he called the "out-lying members."

A more astonished body of officials has seldom been seen than was our Board when Harry laid the proposition of Mr. Martin before it.

But the boys were not so much amazed that they could not jump at this wonderful opportunity, and in a very short time it was unanimously voted to accept the proposition of the Mica Mine people, and to build the great line.

Almost as soon as this important vote had been taken, the meeting adjourned, and the members hurried to their several homes to carry the news.

"We 'll have to change our name," said Tom Selden to Harry. "We ought to call our company 'The United States Mica and Hetertown Lightning Express Line,' or something big like that."

"Yes," replied Harry. "The A 1 double action, back-spring, copper-fastened, broad-gauge telegraph line from here to the moon!"

And away he ran to meet Kate, who was coming down the road.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW SOMETHING CAME TO AN END.

THE Mica Mine management appeared to be thoroughly in earnest about this extension of the telegraph line. As soon as the assent of the Board of Managers to the scheme had been communicated to them, they sent a note to Harry suggesting that he should, in the name of his company, get the written consent of owners of the lands over which the line would pass to the construction of said line on their property. This business was soon settled, for none of the owners of the farms between the mines and Hetertown, all of whom were well acquainted with Mr. Loudon (and no man in that part of the country was held in higher estimation by his neighbors), had the slightest objection to the boys' putting up their telegraph line on their lands.

When Harry had secured the necessary promises, the construction of the line was commenced forthwith. The boys had very little trouble with it. Mr. Martin got together a gang of men, with an experienced man to direct them, and came down with them to Akeville, where Harry hired them; and finding that the foreman understood the business, he told him to go to work and put up the line. When pay-days came around, Harry gave each man an order for his money on the Mica Mine Company, and their wages were paid them by Mr. Martin.

It was not very long before the line was constructed and the instruments were in working order in Hetertown and at the Mica Mines. There was a person at the latter place who understood telegraphy, and he attended to the business at that end of the line, while Mr. Lyons worked the instrument at the Hetertown station, which was in the same building with the regular telegraph line.

It was agreed that the Mica Company should keep an account of all messages sent by them over the line, and should credit the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company with the amount due in payment, after deducting necessary expenses, hire of operators and six per cent. on the capital advanced.

Everything having been arranged on this basis, the extended line went into operation, without regard to the amount of water in the creek, and old Miles carried no more telegrams to Hetertown.

The telegraph business, however, became much less interesting to Kate and the boys. It seemed to them as if it had been taken entirely out of their hands, which was, indeed, the true state of the case. They were the nominal owners and directors of the line, but they had nothing to direct, and very vague ideas about the value of the property they owned.

"I don't know," said Tom Selden, as he sat one afternoon in Mr. Loudon's yard, with Harry and Kate, "whether we 've made much by this business or not. Those Mica people keep all the accounts and do all the charging, and if they want to cheat us, I don't see what 's to hinder them."

"But you know," said Harry, "that we can examine their accounts; and, besides, Mr. Lyons will keep a tally of all the messages sent, and I don't believe that he would cheat us."

"No; I don't suppose he would," said Tom; "but I liked the old way best. There was more fun in it."

"Yes, there was," said Kate; "and then we helped old Lewston and Aunt Judy. I expect they 'll miss the money they got for rent."

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"Certainly," said Harry. "They'll have to deny themselves many a luxury in consequence of the loss of that dollar a month."

"Now you're making fun," said Kate; "but twelve dollars a year is a good deal to those poor people."

"I suppose it is," said Harry. "In fifty years, it would be six hundred dollars, if they saved it all up, and that is a good deal of money, even to us rich folks."

"Rich!" said Kate. "We're so dreadfully rich that I have only forty-two cents left of Aunt Matilda's money, and I must have some more very soon."

The consequence of this conversation was that Harry had to ride over to the mica mines, and get a small advance on the payment due at the end of the month.

The end of the month arrived, and the settlement was made. When the interest on the money advanced to put up the line, hire of operators and other expenses had been deducted from the amount due the Crooked Creek Company, there was only two dollars and a-quarter to be paid to it!

Harry was astounded. He took the money, rode back to Akeville, and hastened to have a consultation with Kate. For the first time since he became a guardian, he was in despair. This money was not enough for Aunt Matilda's needs, and if it had been, there were stockholders who were expecting great things from the recent extension of the line. What was to be said to them?

Harry did n't know, and Kate could suggest nothing. It appeared to be quite plain that they had made a very bad business of this telegraphic affair. A meeting of the Board was called, and when each member had had his say, matters appeared worse than ever.

It was a very blue time for our friends.

As for Kate, she cried a good deal that afternoon.

The time had at last come when she felt they would have to give up Aunt Matilda. She was sure, if they had never started this telegraphic company, they might have struggled through the winter, but now there were stockholders and creditors and she did not know what all. She only knew that it was too much for them.

Three days after this, Harry received a note from Mr. Martin. When he read it, he gave a shout that brought everybody out of the house,—Kate first. When she read the note, which she took from Harry as he was waving it around his head, she stood bewildered. She could not comprehend it.

And yet it simply contained a proposition from the Mica Mine Company to buy the Crooked Creek Telegraph Line, with all its rights and privileges, assuming all debts and liabilities, and to pay therefor the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars in cash!

* * * * * * * *

Two days afterward, the line was formally sold to the Mica Company, and the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company came to an end.

When accounts were settled, Aunt Matilda's share of the proceeds of the sale were found to amount to two hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, which Kate deposited with Mr. Darby for safe keeping.

It was only the sky that now looked blue to Harry and Kate.

The Akeville people were a good deal surprised at this apparently singular transaction on the part of the Mica Company, but before long, their reasons for helping the boys to put up their line and then buying it, became plain enough.

The Mica Company had invested a large capital in mines and lands, and the business required telegraphic communication with the North. The managers knew that they might have a good deal of trouble to get permission to put up their line on the lands between the mines and Hetertown, and so they wisely helped the boys to put up the line, and then bought it of them, with all their rights and privileges.

There was probably some sharp practice in this transaction, but our young friends and Aunt Matilda profited by it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MEETING.

ABOUT a week after the dissolution of the Crooked Creek Company, Harry was riding over from Hetertown, and had nearly reached the creek on his way home, when he met George Purvis.

This was their first meeting since their fight, for George had been away on a visit to some relatives in Richmond.

When Harry saw George riding slowly towards him, he felt very much embarrassed, and very much annoyed because he was embarrassed.

How should he meet George? What should he say; or should he say anything?

He did n't want to appear anxious to "make up" with him, nor did he want to seem as if he bore malice towards him. If he only knew how George felt about it!

As it was, he wished he had stopped somewhere on the road. He had thought of stopping at the mill—why had n't he? That would just have given George time to pass.

Both boys appeared to be riding as slowly as their horses would consent to go, and yet when

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they met, Harry had not half made up his mind what he would say, or how he should say it, or whether it would be better or not to say anything.

"Hello, George!" said he, quite unpremeditatedly.

"Hello!" said George, reining in his horse. "Where are you going?"

"Going home," said Harry, also stopping in the road.

Thus the quarrel came to an end.

"So you've sold the telegraph?" said George.

"Yes," said Harry. "And I think we made a pretty good bargain. I didn't think we'd do so well when we started."

"No, it didn't look like it," said George; "but those Mica men may n't find it such a good bargain for them."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Well, suppose some of the people who own the land that the line's on, don't want these strangers to have a telegraph on their farms. What's to hinder them ordering them off?"

"They would n't do that," said Harry. "None of the people about here would be so mean. They'd know that it might upset our bargain. There is n't a man who would do it."

"All right," said George. "I hope they wont. But how are you going to keep the old woman now?"

"How?" said Harry. "Why, we can keep her easy enough. We got three hundred and fifty dollars from the Mica Company."

"And how much is her share?"

"Over two hundred and sixty," answered Harry.

"Is that all?" said George. "That wont give her much income. The interest on it will only be about fifteen dollars a-year, and she can't live on that."

"But we did n't think of using only the interest," said Harry.

"So you're going to break in on the principal, are you? That's a poor way of doing."

"Oh, we'll get along well enough," said Harry. "Two hundred and sixty dollars is a good deal of money. Good-bye! I must get on. Come up, Selim!"

"Good-bye!" said George; and he spurred up his horse and rode off gaily.

But not so Harry. He was quite depressed in spirits by George's remarks. He wished he had not met him, and he determined that he would not bother his head by looking at the matter as George did. It was ridiculous.

But the more he thought of it, the more sorry he felt that he had met George Purvis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONCE MORE IN THE WOODS.

"HARRY," said Kate, the next day after this meeting, "when are you going to get your gun back?"

"Get my gun back!" exclaimed Harry. "How am I to do that?"

"Why, there's money enough," answered Kate. "You only lent your gun-money to Aunt Matilda's fund. Take out enough, and get your gun back."

"That sounds very well," said Harry; "but we have n't so much money, after all. The interest on what we have wont begin to support Aunt Matilda, and we really ought not to break in on the principal."

Kate did not immediately answer. She thought for awhile and then she said:

"Well, that's what I call talking nonsense. You must have heard some one say something like that. You never got it out of your own head."

"It may not have come out of my own head," said Harry, who had not told Kate of his meeting with George Purvis, "but it is true, for all that. It seems to me that whatever we do seems all right at first, and then fizzles out. This telegraph business has done that, straight along."

"No, it has n't," said Kate, with some warmth. "It's turned out first-rate. I think that interest idea is all stuff. As if we wanted to set up Aunt Matilda with an income that would last forever! Here comes father. I'm going to ask him about the gun."

When Mr. Loudon had had the matter laid before him, he expressed his opinion without any hesitation.

"I think, Harry," said he, "that you certainly ought to go and get your gun."

And Harry went and got it.

The rest of that day, which was Saturday, was delightful, both to Harry and Kate. Harry cleaned and polished up his gun, and Kate sat and watched him. It seemed like old times. During those telegraphic days, when they were all thinking of business and making money, they seemed to have grown old.

But all that was over now, and they were a girl and a boy again. Late in the afternoon, Harry went out and shot half-a-dozen partridges, which were cooked for supper, and Mrs. Loudon said that that seemed like the good old style of things. She had feared that they were never going to have any more game on their table.

On the following Wednesday there was a half-holiday, and Harry was about to start off with his gun, when he proposed that Kate should go with him.

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"But you 're going after birds," said Kate, "and I can't go where you 'll want to go—among the stubble and bushes."

"Oh! I sha' n't go much after birds," said Harry. "I wanted to borrow Captain Caseby's dog, but he 's going to use him himself to-day, and so I don't expect to get much game. But we can have a good walk in the woods."

"All right," said Kate. "I 'll go along." And away she went for her hat.

The walk was charming. It was now September, and the fields were full of bright-colored fall flowers, while here and there a sweet-gum tree began to put on autumn tints. The sun was bright, and there was a strong breeze full of piney odors from the forests to the west.

They saw no game; and when they had rambled about for an hour or so, they sat down under an oak-tree on the edge of the woods, and while they were talking, an idea came into Harry's head. He picked a great big, fat toadstool that was growing near the roots of the tree, and carrying it about sixty feet from the tree, he stuck it up on a bush.

"Now then," said he, taking up his gun, cocking it, and handing it to Kate, "you take a shot at that mark."

"Do you mean that I shall shoot at it?" exclaimed Kate.

"Certainly," said Harry. "You ought to know how to shoot. And it wont be the first time you have fired a gun. Take a shot."

"All right," said Kate. And she took off her hat and threw it on the grass. Then she took the gun and raised it to a level with her eye.

"Be easy now," said Harry. "Hold the butt close against your shoulder. Take your time, and aim right at the middle of the mark."

"I 'm afraid I 'm shutting the wrong eye," said Kate. "I always do."

"Shut your left eye," said Harry. "Get the sight right between your other eye and the mark."

Kate took a good long aim, and then, summoning all her courage, she pulled the trigger.

The gun went off with a tremendous bang! The toadstool trembled for an instant, and then tumbled off the bush.

"Hurra!" shouted Harry. "You 've hit it fair!" And he ran and brought it to her, riddled with shot-holes. Kate was delighted with her success, and would have been glad to have spent the rest of the afternoon firing at a mark. But Harry was not well enough supplied with powder and shot for that. However, he gave her another shot at a piece of paper on the bush. She made three shot-holes in it, and Harry said that would do very well. He then loaded up again, and they started off for home. The path they took led through a corner of the woods.

They had not gone far before they met Gregory Montague.

"O, Mah'sr Harry!" said Gregory, "I done foun' a bee's nes'."

"Where?" cried Harry.

"Down in a big tree in de holler, dar," pointing over towards the thickest part of the woods. "You have to go fru de brush and bushes, but it 's a powerful big nest, Mah'sr Harry, right in de holler ob de tree."

"Are you sure it 's a bee's nest?" said Harry. How do you know?"

"I knows it 's a bee's nest," said Gregory, somewhat reproachfully. "Did n't I see de bees goin' in an' out fru a little hole."

"Kate," said Harry, "you hold this gun a little while. I 'll run down there and see if it is really a bee-tree that he has found. Hold it under your arm, that way, with the muzzle down. That 's it. I 'll be back directly." And away he ran with Gregory.

And now Kate was left alone in the woods with a gun under her arm. It was a new experience for her. She felt proud and pleased to have control of a gun, and it was not long before she began to think that it would be a splendid thing if she could shoot something that would do for supper. How surprised they would all be if she should bring home some game that she had shot, all by herself!

She made up her mind that she would do it, if she could see anything to shoot.

And so she walked quietly along the path, with her thumb on the hammer of the gun, all ready to cock it the instant she should see a good chance for a shot.

(To be concluded next month.)

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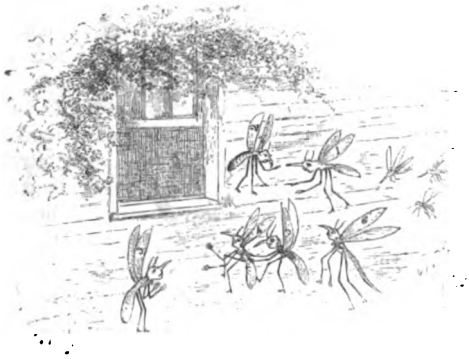
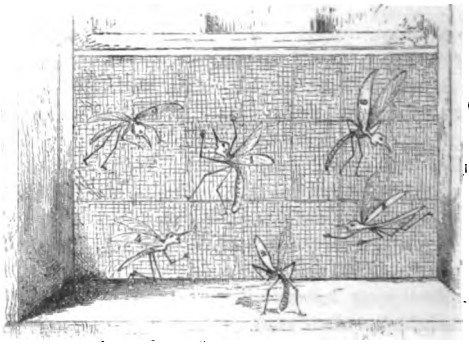
THE CHEATED MOSQUITOES.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

LITTLE GOLD LOCKS has gone to bed,
Kisses are given and prayers are said.
Mamma says, as she turns out the light,
"Mosquitoes wont bite my child to-night.
They will try to come in, but wont know how,
For the nets are in the windows now."





First Mosquito. That is the window where we go in!

Second Mosquito. Is little girl Gold Locks fat or thin?

Third Mosquito. O, plump as the plumpest dairy mouse!

Fourth Mosquito. And the sweetest morsel in the house.

Fifth Mosquito. Hurry, I pray, and lead the way!

Sixth Mosquito. I have n't had a bite to-day!

First Mosquito. What have I flown against now, I wonder?

Second Mosquito. There 's something across here, let 's crawl under!

Third Mosquito. These bars are as large as my body is!

Fourth Mosquito. I 've broken the point of my bill on this!

Fifth Mosquito. I 'm slim, perhaps I can crawl through!

Sixth Mosquito. Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?

Chorus. Oh! what shall we do? Oh! what shall we do?

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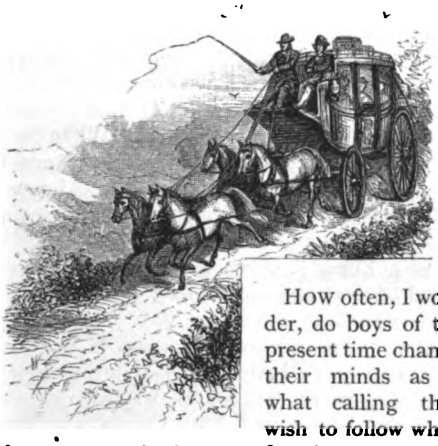
THE PONY EXPRESS.

By Major Traverse.



How often, I wonder, do boys of the present time change their minds as to what calling they wish to follow when they become men? It was a favorite amusement of my youth to discuss with boys of my own age the delights of the various occupations of men, and to confide to them what I had last resolved to be when I grew to man's estate. When I was first taken to a circus, I resolved to be a circus-rider. But a year after that, I had fully determined, having seen the postman ride by in a storm, that I would be a postboy, and, mounted on a hardy and shaggy mustang pony, carry the mail-bag between my native town and the next village. But a year or two later, I made a trip seated on the top of a stage-coach, beside the driver; and after that, I became satisfied that I was born to be a stage coachman. There was no dignity, in my mind, superior to that of the driver of the flaming red, four-in-hand, Concord coach, which carried the mail between my native town and the great city of the State. In anticipation of what I was to be, I looked with contempt on the postboy as he passed by, and wondered how I could have wished to be anything so low.

I think the desire to be a stage-driver was the strongest I had when a boy; for, although I afterwards changed my mind and wanted to be a traveling preacher, a steamboat captain, and a locomotive engineer, I still think I should like to be able, at times, to leave my dusty desk in the library, where I write, and mounting a stage-box at a single leap, drive fifty or sixty miles, down hill all the way, at a break-neck pace, with a full load of live passengers on board. But I can never hope to do it; postboys and stage-coach drivers are already gone out of existence in these parts. They have gone so far "out West," that we seldom see them; and the system of pony expresses has given way to lightning expresses on iron roads.

The old passion is so strong within me, that I was lately tempted, by reading something about post-riders and stage-drivers, to hunt up the history of pony expresses in all ages. I found that all countries had them, but each one a peculiar kind of its own; that they had come down to us from a very remote time, and that they were really the origin of the first system of carrying mails.

There was a time, and that not many years ago, when the pony express rider was thought a very wonderful fellow indeed. And still in the far, far West, his going and coming is watched by many with deep anxiety, and he carries joy or sorrow wherever he goes. It is only forty-five years ago that the stage-coach dared to run races with the locomotive. To be sure, it was beaten and driven off the road, and has been going "out West" ever since; but before the railroads came in, the stage-coach driver was king of the road. It is n't a hundred years since the gruff old philosopher, "Dr. Dictionary Johnson," as he was called, declared that "life had not many better things" than riding in a stage-coach at the rate of five miles an hour! What queer taste he had! He did not know the luxury of traveling by rail in drawing-rooms by day and bed-rooms by night.

Has the young reader of this ever read the story of Marco Polo, the Venetian, who, six hundred years ago, traveled through Tartary and China, and coming back nineteen years later, wrote a book containing accounts of such wonderful sights and strange adventures, that his bosom friends would not believe him, and begged him, even when on his death-bed, to retract the falsehoods he had published? But Marco stuck to them, declaring that every word he had written was true. After many years, other travelers have shown that Marco had really not told half the marvelous things he had seen in the countries which he had visited. Among many other wonderful things which he describes in a most fascinating way, he tells of the first pony express and mail service that probably ever existed in the world.

Wherever he traveled in Tartary, Marco Polo says he saw the "couriers of the kahn," as the

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emperor's swift messengers, who carried letters from city to city, were called. Day and night they flitted by him, on horseback and on foot, over the great highways; "never stopping," he writes, "for an instant, save at the post-stations," where fresh horses or runners were always on hand. These couriers were first employed in the thirteenth century, about one hundred years before Marco Polo made his visit, by the great Asiatic conqueror, Temudjin, who had subdued all the Tartar tribes, and, in consequence, had called himself Genghis, Kahn of the Mongols, which means, "Greatest king, or Monarch of the Bold." Genghis had employed the couriers for carrying his orders from one army to another, and from tribe to tribe; but after his death, they were used by his successors to carry messages from any person in the empire, thus serving almost the same good purpose that our mail-riders and stage-coaches and pony expresses do in this day.

There were both mounted and foot couriers among the Tartars. The stations for horsemen were twenty-five miles apart. Each courier had to ride this distance in two hours on a single horse. At the station, however, both horse and rider had a good long rest, for a fresh horse and fresh courier were ready to take his message and speed onward with it to the next station, where in turn the jaded horse and rider would find rest, while the message would speed onward in the hands of another courier on a fresh, fleet steed. The foot couriers had stations three miles apart. When a message was to be carried, it would be given to a foot messenger, who would instantly start, running with might and main to the next station, where he would deliver the message to the courier in waiting. The trained couriers could go this distance in a very short time, without much injury to themselves, and, indeed, without much fatigue.

Foot couriers of the same kind were in use in England about one hundred and fifty years ago, though not employed by the monarchs of that country, but by private gentlemen and noblemen. It was their duty to run by the side or in the rear of the coaches, when their masters were traveling or riding for pleasure. These attendants were called "footmen," as the attendants on carriages now-a-days are called; but the first footmen did not ride on the box with the drivers, or on the seat behind, as now. And the footmen in past days accompanied the coaches, not to open the door for their masters and mistresses, as in the present time, but for a purpose you will never guess, I am sure. They ran after the carriage to help it out of the mud and mire! In the "good old times,"—which, for all that you may hear said in praise of them, had not half the pleasures and conveniences, nor, indeed, half the virtue and goodness of the present time,—the public roads in England were so poor that it was almost impossible to travel over them; every few miles the footman had to help the coach out of the mire. When "gay Prince Charley from over the water," who was afterwards King Charles II., went to visit another prince, his coach-and-six was six hours in going nine miles! After the roads were improved, the footmen died out, or rather were replaced by what were called "guards." These were strong, stout men, who rode on the stage-coach or followed it on horseback, partly to protect it from robbery, but mainly to help it out of the mud. When the stage-coaches gave way to railway cars, the guards became porters and brakemen. The old time English footmen also ran long errands for their masters. I have read accounts of English footmen who had gone a hundred miles for medicine, and even a hundred and fifty for a doctor; and, according to the stories, they ran all the way.

Slow as this method may seem to us, who have others so much better, the foot messengers were, until very lately, the swiftest which many civilized countries possessed. The system was borrowed from a country which we still look upon as barbarous, chiefly because we know little or nothing about it. Tartary, it seems, had not only the first, but the swiftest couriers which had ever existed except on the plains of America; and at the present time, Russia has the best in existence.

The Russian couriers, or pony expressmen, or mail-carriers, as you may choose to call them, travel neither on foot nor on horseback. You will find that in this matter, as in almost every custom and habit of every people, nature compels man to alter his arrangements to suit her conditions. In Tartary they have fine horses, great wide deserts, and splendid roads, and, naturally, the couriers there are mounted; in England, where the roads are bad, running through bogs and marshes, the old couriers were footmen; in Russia, where snow lies on the ground nearly the whole year, sleighs are used by the couriers. The "Couriers of the Czar," as the mail-carriers are called, travel with great rapidity. Fresh horses and drivers are ready at stations every twenty miles apart; but the couriers themselves sleep in the sleighs, and travel from one end of a mail route to the other. Special messengers of the Czar, on public business, travel by these same routes, and with even greater rapidity than the mail-carriers. During the Crimean war there occurred an incident illustrating the severity of this service. The Russian general, Prince Mentchikoff, who defended Sebastopol, had occasion, during the siege of that city, to send an important message to the Czar at St. Petersburg;

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and ordered a faithful officer to be his messenger, giving him directions not to halt or delay until he stood before the Czar, and above all, not to lose sight of the precious message which he bore. Away went the officer in a sleigh belonging to the Czar's couriers. At the end of each twenty miles, he found fresh horses awaiting him; these were quickly harnessed to his sleigh, in place of the weary animals, and the servants and stable-men would cry out:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

HAULING THE "SLEIGH-BOAT" OVER THE ICE.

"Away then!" the officer would say to the driver; and off he would go again at the most rapid pace of which the horses were capable. Riding in this way for several days and nights, suffering with cold, and pursued by wolves in the forests, the officer, weary with watching his despatches day and night, at length reached the palace of the Czar, and was immediately ushered into his presence. He had no sooner handed the Emperor the letter of the general than the messenger sank into a chair and fell fast asleep in the royal presence,—an offence which, in some ages, would have been punishable with instant death. When he had finished reading the despatch, the Czar wished to ask the officer a question, but found he could not awaken him. The attendants called to him, touched and shook him, all in vain; and at last one declared the poor fellow was dead. The Czar was much grieved thereat, and went to the officer and examined his pulse, put his ear down to his side, and declared he could hear his heart thumping. He was only asleep. But he soon found that the exhausted officer could not be roused by the usual means. At length the Czar, stooping down, cried in his ears:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

At the sound of these words, which he had heard every twenty miles of his journey, and the only ones which he had listened to for days, the faithful officer sprang to his feet and cried:

"Away then!"

Instead of driver and horses, he found the Czar before him, laughing heartily at his confusion and dismay. You may be sure his offence was forgotten; instead of being punished for sleeping when his work was done, the officer was rewarded for his faithfulness.

Nature renders necessary still another kind of express in other latitudes. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, as your geography will doubtless tell you, is full of small islands, delightful in summer but ice-bound, cold and uncomfortable in winter. Still they must have communication with each other and the rest of the world, and the mail-carriers or couriers have built "sleigh-boats" for their special

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use in winter. The sleigh-boat is a boat on water and a sleigh on land. It is a large, long row-boat placed on sleigh runners, and runs equally well in water or on ice or snow. The "ice-boat," as it is generally called,—though "snow-boat," or "sleigh-boat," is certainly a more proper name for it,—carries an officer and eight men, who row it in the water and drag it on the ice or land. Two or three men would be crew enough, if the boat had to go through water all the way, but more are necessary when the gulf is filled with great cakes of floating ice, hardly icebergs, but what might better be called ice-islands, which are too large to sail around and too big to row over. So the boat must be hauled on its runners as a sleigh, across the ice, as shown in the cut on the preceding page. Sometimes, when the ice-cakes or islands are formed in a single night, they are smooth and glassy, and travel across them is easy and pleasant. But when the ice has been some time in forming, its surface becomes jagged and rough, and it has something of the appearance of an iceberg; then a trip across it is dangerous and difficult, and a full crew is required to draw the boat. Thus the extra men of the crew serve, as it were, the same duty as the English footmen did when helping the coach out of the bogs and mire, but the bogs and mire, in the case of the sleigh-boat, are snow-drifts and icebergs.

The "sleigh-boat express" is not only the sole means of mail service in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, during the four or five months of winter there, but the only mode of travel which the islanders have. If you are ever unfortunate enough to be caught on Prince Edward's, or Magdalen, or Coffin, or Deadman's Islands, during the winter, and should want to leave them, you will have no other means but the "sleigh-boat." It is usually large enough to carry two passengers, but no baggage of consequence. There is no covering; no stove; no bed: you would have to trust to your furs for warmth. Ladies sometimes make these trips, which are very dangerous and unpleasant, as you can readily imagine.

Circumstances, as well as nature, sometimes affect even such small affairs as pony expresses,—as, for instance, the circumstance of war. Few soldiers who enlist, do so with any other idea than that of fighting; each thinks he has to carry a musket; shoot at the enemy, or bayonet him every day, and play havoc generally; but before long he finds that it is only about one-half of those who enlist as soldiers who are ever called upon to pull trigger in battle. Very few of them think they are enlisting to be clerks, or drivers, or storekeepers, or doctors' assistants, or stable-boys, or postmen, or blacksmiths, or cooks and house-servants, yet almost half the men of every army serve in these capacities and do no fighting at all. There is still another service for which they may be enlisting—that of pony expressmen, or, as the officers would call them, "Couriers of the Army."

Every great army must have its courier line. It is as necessary to its existence and success as powder itself; for it is through the couriers that the various parts of the army are moved and directed by the general. All orders from the chief general to those under him, and all information from them to him are carried by the couriers with a rapidity and faithfulness which is very wonderful. The couriers are chosen from among the best and truest soldiers; their horses from the swiftest and strongest in the army. The most faithful men, men who have the daring to fight when necessary, and the good sense and discretion to run away when flight is wisest, are carefully selected from among the soldiers in the ranks to be made couriers, and are exempted from other duty. The illustration will explain the way in which the war-couriers did their important duty during our late war, and, indeed, it will serve to show how all pony expresses, even those of Genghis Kahn and the Tartars are run. The officer whom you see in the picture on the next page is the officer of the courier station. His station is simply a rustic tent made of brushwood, affording shelter for one or two sleeping couriers. The officer has seen a courier in the distance approaching, and has ordered another messenger to mount a fresh horse and be in readiness to start with the dispatch, which he knows, from his rapid pace, the other courier bears. As the courier who is coming reaches the station, he will throw his package of messages to the officer, who will look at the direction of it. On it he will find the address of the officer for whom it is intended, and in one corner the direction as to the gait at which the courier must go. "Gallop" used to be a common direction; "run" was another. The courier knew the importance of a dispatch according to the order of gait it bore. When he has read the address and direction, the officer will call both out aloud, throw the package to the fresh courier, and off he will go at a gallop or run, as the direction requires. The new courier will feed his weary horse, and then take the place of one of the sleeping couriers. The one who is awakened will saddle his horse and be ready to make the next trip. Thus the line is kept always well supplied with fresh men and horses. It must not be supposed that this service is not a dangerous one; it was peculiarly dangerous during the late war, for the reason that, in riding through the enemy's country, the couriers were exposed to the shots of disaffected citizens. The enemy's cavalry, in the hope of capturing important dispatches,

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frequently ambushed and captured the couriers, thus securing letters which told of the plans of the generals. Often the information thus gained affected the result of an entire battle or campaign. During a battle, the couriers were employed to carry messages from one part of the field to another, running great risks while doing so.

Sherman's army reached the sea, after being two months lost in Georgia, the first boat which it met was the mail-boat bringing letters, which, though two months old, were welcome enough to the soldiers hungry for news from home.

But the most curious and perfect of all the pony expresses was that which used to run across the

U. S. ARMY COURIERS AND COURIER STATION.

Its courier line was not the only "pony express" which the army possessed. The mail-carriers were also "pony expressmen," but of a different, though equally useful, kind. Each regiment in the army had its postman; the mail-bags were carried in ambulances, and the mail service of the army was almost as perfect as that of any great city like Boston or New York. The soldiers were as regularly supplied with their letters as they would have been if they had remained quietly at home. I have seen the army postman delivering the letters to the soldiers during a battle, and thousands upon thousands have been distributed on the battle-field just after the battle was ended for the day. General Grant tells in one of his letters, written during the war, that "within one hour after the troops began to march into Fort Donelson, the mail was distributed to them from the mail wagons." When

plains. Of course, you know what I mean by the plains. When I was a boy, almost the whole country between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean was called, on the maps, the "great American desert," and in my geography it was described as a wide, sandy plain. In my mind it was not unlike the desert of Sahara, with fiercer tribes inhabiting it. Schoolboys now-a-days have better maps and geographies, and know this country by the names of the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Nevada, which have been formed of it. What was desert to *us*, is prairie to *you*, boys; what we thought barren sand, you know to be rich soil; and you cross it by rail in three days, where we, in stage-coaches, used to make the trip in seventeen. The Pacific Railroad killed the pony express; but in its day the latter was a great institution, which would have put to the blush the pony

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express of the Russians and Tartars, or our own army couriers. It was not a government line, either; private enterprise started and kept it going on a grand scale. It "used up" and "broke down" more than a thousand horses and Indian ponies a year. It employed nine or ten hundred couriers and coach-drivers and station-keepers, and more than one hundred Concord coaches. Every day in the year one of these stages started from the east end and one from the west end of the route, and often as many as fifty were making the trip at the same time. The coach stations were ten miles apart, and there were more than two hundred of them in all. The route led from Atchison, Missouri, across the plains for five days to Denver, Colorado; then five days more up the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, Utah; then seven days more down the mountains to Sacramento City, California. At one station the stage-coach reached a level of five thousand feet above the plains, and in the summer months it was the custom of the drivers to stop there ten minutes, not for refreshments, but to allow the passengers the novel pleasure of snow-balling each other in July. In these dreary mountains few persons were then to be met, other than members of the family of Mr. Grizzly Bear, who, if he happens to be hungry, is a very unpleasant fellow to travel with. On the plains the enemy most dreaded was the red-skinned tribes, whose roving bands almost daily attacked the coaches. To repel such attacks, each passenger was required to carry a rifle as part of his baggage. A "crack driver" was one who could drive four horses at full speed with the reins in his teeth and a rifle in his hands. Every station was a fort, with soldiers to defend it. Often the coaches had to be guarded from station to station by the soldiers, who followed on horseback, and at times the soldiers and passengers were forced to fortify themselves in the coach and fight until help came by the approach of other coaches. Seventeen days of a trip like this would furnish almost enough adventure for a lifetime.

But it was the swift mail-couriers of this line who ran risks and led adventurous lives full of daring and danger. They ran the gauntlet of the Indians all alone,—at night, as well as by day,—and a rough time many of them had of it. Their stations were twenty-five miles apart, and the trips between them had to be made at a full gallop, and in two hours and a-half, winter or summer, day or night, over plain or mountain. The horses were hardy Indian ponies, swift and sure of foot; but the service killed them very rapidly. The riders were old pioneers, who knew the ways of the Indians and how to avoid them. Still many of them fell victims to their daring and their sense of duty. The long trip of two thousand miles occupied the mail-carriers eight days, at the rate of more than ten miles an hour; but important election news was carried at a still more rapid rate. But at length the harnessed lightning and the iron horse distanced the pony on his own track, and he has gone further West to pastures new.

THE KITTIWAKES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LIKE white feathers blown about the rocks,
  Like soft snow-flakes wavering in the air,
Wheel the kittiwakes in scattered flocks,
  Crying, floating, fluttering everywhere.

Shapes of snow and cloud, they soar and whirl:
  Downy breasts that shine like lilies white;
Delicate, vaporous tints of grey and pearl,
  Laid upon their arching wings so light.

Eyes of jet, and beaks and feet of gold,—
  Lovelier creatures never sailed in air;
Innocent, inquisitive and bold,
  Knowing not the dangers that they dare.

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Stooping low above a beckoning hand,
  Following gleams of waving kerchiefs white,
What should they of evil understand,
  Though the gun awaits them full in sight?

Though their blood the quiet wave makes red,
  Though their broken plumes float far and wide,
Still they linger, hovering overhead,
  Still the gun deals death on every side.

O, begone, sweet birds, or higher soar!
  See you not your comrades low are laid?
But they only flit and call the more—
  Ignorant, unconscious, undismayed.

Nay, then, boatman, spare them! Must they bear
  Pangs like these for human vanity?
That their lovely plumage we may wear,
  Must these fair, pathetic creatures die?

Let the tawny squaws themselves admire,
  Decked with feathers—we can wiser be.
Ah! beseech you, boatman, do not fire!
  Stain no more with blood the tranquil sea!

JIM CROW.

BY ANNABEL LEE.

EVER since I read about the Kindergarten crow, in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, I have wanted to tell you young folks about our crow.

He is a real, living crow, and while I am writing this true little story for you, he sits outside the window, tapping against the pane for me to let him in.

Two years ago, our boys found him in a nest with five other baby crows. They left the rest for the mother-bird, and brought him home. He soon began to grow happy and strong, and now he is very large, and his feathers are as glossy as anything can be. In short, we think Jim Crow is a remarkably handsome bird.

We named him Jim Crow, after a colored man, renowned in song. He knows his name, and flies to us when we call him. He is very affectionate, and loves to be petted. He is very mischievous and provoking; but he has so many funny little tricks, and such pretty cunning ways, that we forgive all his bad deeds.

JIM CROW'S FIRST HOME.

I am sorry to say he is a shameless little thief. He steals anything he can carry away. He took

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my thimble one morning, kept it until noon, and then brought it back to me. He stole Nellie's

JIM AND THE KEY.

pocket-knife, kept it a week, and returned it to her covered with rust. He took a fancy to a small oil-can, and hid it under the fence three times; then Will locked it up. He hid Mrs. B's spectacles in the wood-pile, and flew on the barn with the case. He stole the key of the smoke-house. When Mrs. B. went to cut the ham for breakfast, she could not get in until some one pulled out the staple. After they had bought a new key, Jim Crow came gravely back, bringing the old key in his bill.

The men sometimes hang their coats on the fence when at work, and he rifles the pockets. One day he found a pocket-book, took off the elastic band, shook out the pennies, and when they found him, he was examining the greenbacks.

He loves to go into the fields with the men, and to ride on the front of the cart, and scream at the horses.

One day last week, they were burning brush and weeds, and Jim pulled out the burning pieces and nearly set himself on fire.

He follows them when planting corn, but rarely eats any. He prefers food from our table; is fond of cheese, butter and pie-crust. On baking days,

EXAMINING THE POCKET-BOOK.

he coaxes for a lump of dough; and when Mrs. B. goes into the milk-house he follows her to get some curds or cream

When the men are planting potatoes, Jim will walk along the furrows, eating worms and chattering, and when they throw little potatoes at him, he catches them in his bill. He is fond of mice, and can catch them as quickly as a cat.

He visits the neighbors about the time they are feeding their dogs and cats, and runs off with their

TAKING A SHOWER-BATH.

victuals. If there is more than he wants, he buries what is left.

In the winter he hides things under the snow; in summer, under chips and leaves; and when he is in the house, he shoves things under the carpet. I wish you could see him hide his cheese from the cats! He lifts up one edge of the carpet with his bill, holds it back with one claw, puts the cheese under, lets the carpet fall, then pats it down with his feet and bill. If the cats come smelling around, he whips them with his wings.

AMONG THE ONIONS.

He is fond of walnuts, and can pick them as clean as any boy or girl that reads ST. NICHOLAS.

We have an ice-house, and the first time he saw a lump of ice, he made us all laugh. He turned it over, broke it into bits, and tasted it; shook his head and dropped it. Finally he concluded he liked it, and after that, was always about when the water-cooler was filled. He watched us turn the spigot; and all summer, when he wanted a drink, would turn the spigot with his bill. We had to watch him, or he would waste all the water; for he not only took a drink, but stood under the stream and washed himself.

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He likes the rain, and will fly around in it all day, chattering and calling.

He imitates various sounds, such as calling the cows, laughing, etc.

One day, as I was coming up the cellar steps, and he was at the top, he made me jump, by making a sound exactly like the loud blowing of the dinner-horn.

When I go home from school at night with my little band of scholars, he comes to meet me, knowing I will give him some bits from my lunch-basket. In the fall of the year, he goes to the

JIM AND THE WILD CROWS.

chestnut-trees with us, and is especially fond of chestnuts that have those clean, little, white, fat, worms in them. He is a great pest about the garden. One day, Mr. B. planted a large bed of onions, and leaving the garden a few minutes, Jim pulled up every onion. Mr. B. threw dirt at him, and drove him out of the garden, and replanted his onions. Jim watched his chance, and pulled them all up again. Mr. B. whipped him, fastened him in a coop, and he never disturbed onions afterward.

A STRANGE DOG.

He is afraid of wild crows. One day, a neighbor saw a group of them in his yard picking at something. He ran out, and there was Jim Crow on his back, fighting the wild crows with his sharp claws and beak. He was almost tired out, and flew home in a hurry.

He is fond of our dog Prince, but chases all strange dogs off the place. He jumps on their backs, pinches, scratches and bites them, till they are glad to run home.

He agrees pretty well with the chickens. He

JIM WITH INK AND BOOKS.

killed two little downy pets, but we scolded him and smacked him on the wings, and the old hens whipped him, and that cured him.

He goes all over the house, if we let him, and enjoys visiting the bedrooms and turning things upside down. He will take the corks out of bottles, tear the leaves out of books, and throw every article out of our work-baskets, unless we watch him.

He and my pet cat are great friends. They chase each other round the yard, and have many a good play.

One day, old Topsy, the tortoise-shell mamma-cat, brought three cute little grey kittens from the barn. They were new little kits, and she purred over them, and was very proud of them, and then they all laid down in the sun. Jim spied these strange kits, and felt it his duty to drive them off. He walked around them, scolded them, flapped his wings, pulled their ears, pinched them, and finally scared the little things almost to death by jerking them off the ground by their tails.

He became used to them after awhile; but for a long time, those little kittens would scamper and hide as soon as they saw him coming.

No wonder! He swung them around so, that the hair was nearly worn off of their frisky little tails.

Now I will close my story, and let the big black

"COME IN, JIM CROW!"

fellow through the window. He is very anxious to examine my ink-bottle.

"Come in, Jim Crow."

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TWO little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes, on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day—
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
And two little angels guard him in bed,
"One at the foot, and one at the head."

MY FRIEND THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

IT was such a cunning house! People who went up and down the street used to wonder what it could have been built for. It was n't large enough for a family of even two to keep house in. It did not look like an office or a workshop; besides, the house close by which it stood was too nice-looking to have a workshop on its lawn. The brightest strangers guessed that it might be a cozy little study, but they also were wrong. The door was on the side, and instead of a high porch, there was just one stone step before it. There was a window on each side of the door, and in the end toward the street was a little bay-window.

My friend the housekeeper's name is Nelly Ashford. I think I am safe in saying that there never has been a happier housekeeper since the world began; and now I will begin at the very beginning, and tell you all about it. I never knew how Nelly first got the idea; but she says she remembers thinking, when she was very small, that a doll's house ought to be a real little house,—not a room, or part of a room in a large one. Once, when she was ill with scarlet fever,—she was not very ill, it was rather a good time, on the whole,—her aunt Bessie read to her that dear book of Mary Howitt's called "The Children's Year." Perhaps you have read it, and have not forgotten that Herbert and Meggy used to play in a little house in the garden, and make believe that a naughty woman, whom they called Mrs. Gingham, came and upset their playthings. That is a charming book. I read it every little while myself, though I am quite grown-up.

The winter before the house was built, one evening Nelly was very still, sitting in front of the library fire, on the rug. Her mother was writing letters and her father was reading; but, presently, Mr. Ashford heard her laugh a little, and looked up and saw how busily she was thinking. So he said, "What is it, Nelly?"

"Oh, I suppose you will laugh, papa!"

"Well?"

"I was telling myself a story about what I would

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do if I had a cunning little bit of a house, all my own, to play in, day-times. It would have a little parlor, with a table in it large enough to have the girls come to tea-parties; and another room back of the parlor for a kitchen, where there could be a fire in a little stove, with an oven in it to bake cake and make candy. I would n't make candy in the oven, but on the top, you know. And I was thinking about the fun Mrs. Giddigaddi had in her kitchen. It tells about her in 'Little Men.' Do you think, when I get older, I could really have a house out in the garden somewhere? I would be just as careful not to get it on fire. It need n't be near this house, so if it should burn down, or anything, it would n't do harm. I have always thought about having it, ever since I was a little girl."

"Yes," said Mr. Ashford, laughing: "I think I have heard you speak of it before. Should you stay out there altogether, or make us an occasional visit?"

"I would n't dare to stay there after dark," said Nelly; "I should be lonesome. But, you know, I shall be ever so much older next summer; and, papa!"—this very eagerly—"when I am grown-up it would make such a cunning study, and I could learn my lessons there."

"How very sensible!" said mamma. "I don't see how anyone can say no to that; but I shall expect to see it blazing up to the skies the day after you move in." Then Mr. Ashford laughed and took up his book again; while Mrs. Ashford said, "This is a large house for three people, and I think the little girl can find room enough for the dollies."

Now, this was not encouraging; but Nelly went back to her seat on the rug, and went on "telling herself stories," as she calls it. She enjoyed very much an imaginary visit from her cousins. They came at night, and the first thing in the morning after breakfast she carried them out in the garden, and they were so surprised to see the lovely playhouse; and then she was to have a whole ring-full of keys, like her mother's, and take them out of her pocket, choose the right one, and unlock the door.

You see by this that Nelly was very fond of castle-building,—telling herself stories, she called it, and I think that is a very good name. It is a very pleasant thing to do, only we must be careful to build as well as dream. I wish we all dreamed of the right kind of castles, and instead of thinking of useless or selfish things, that we were planning kind things to be done for our friends; that we told ourselves stories about being very good girls and boys always, instead of being lazy and cross and naughty, as we all are once in awhile.

After she went up to bed that winter evening, Mrs. Ashford said, "I wonder why she could n't have a play-house? I know she would enjoy it, for I remember I used to wish for one myself."

"I was thinking about it," said Nelly's father. "I don't think it would be much trouble. I will draw a little plan myself, and go down to see Mr. Jones, the house-builder, to-morrow, and ask him about it."

"We will send Nelly to Boston when he is ready to build it, and surprise her when she comes home," said Mrs. Ashford.

Mr. Jones was consulted not long after, and promised to send some men in May. So, just before the appointed time for laying the foundations, a letter came from grandmamma, who lived in Boston, asking Nelly to come immediately to make her a visit. She often had such invitations as this, and was always willing to accept them. She never suspected that she could be sent away from home for any reason; and do you think, as she drove down the street to the station, she met one of Mr. Jones's men driving a load of timber! Would n't she have jumped out of the carriage and followed him home, if she had known what interesting boards those were!

I can't stop to tell you much about the visit in Boston, for that would make a long story by itself. Nelly's aunt Bessie was much younger than her sister, Mrs. Ashford, and everybody thought her a most charming young lady. She was very fond of Nelly, who was her only niece, and Nelly often said she was just as good as a little girl to play with. You see, she had n't forgotten the way she thought and felt when she was a child, as I am sorry to find a great many people have.

Grandma was always as good as gold, and the house was very pleasant; and Nelly knew several nice girls about her own age, so she never thought of being homesick.

Grandma and Aunt Bessie were very much interested in something Nelly did not know about, and they had a way of talking busily and stopping suddenly when she came near. Aunt Bessie was hemming some small napkins and table-cloths, and her niece was much surprised, for she was n't usually fond of sewing. She said that a friend of hers was going to housekeeping, and Nelly thought it queerer than ever, for Aunt Bessie did not often make that kind of a present.

One morning, grandma came down stairs dressed for a drive, and told Nelly she was going shopping, and she might come, if she liked. This was always a great pleasure, for she could choose between sitting in the carriage or going into the shops; and grandma almost always stopped at a candy shop before she went home.

Just as Nelly was beginning to grow a little tired,

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they stopped before some great windows full of carpets, and grandma said she would like for her to come in at this place, because she was going to choose a carpet for the room of a little friend of hers. If it had been anything else, Nelly would have thought it might be for herself; for grandma and Aunt Bessie often made her choose her own presents in this way; but only a few weeks before she left home a new carpet had been put down in her room. Such a beauty it was, too! They found another almost as pretty, and grandma gave the man a card with the address to which it was to be sent, and they went away. It was such a nice carpet. I saw it myself, and I know; very soft, with light grey for the ground color, and little bunches of wild roses, and dark green leaves for figures, with little blue flowers, and yellow and white field-daisies mixed into the dainty little bouquets.

"Now Nelly," said grandma, "what would you like for a present?" And Nelly thought of a picture she had seen of a child dressed in black, with fair hair, and some lovely dogs. The name of it was "Her only Playmates," and it was in the picture store where they had been that morning. So they drove back again; and grandma liked it as well as Nelly did, and told the man to frame it; then they went to a candy shop and bought so large a box-full of candy, that Aunt Bessie said, when they brought it home, it would last till Christmas.

"Not if you eat it so fast," said Nelly, laughing.

Soon after this, a letter came from Mrs. Ashford, who said Nelly must come home, for they missed her so much, and she had already made a long visit. She wished to see her mother, of course, but she was sorry to leave Boston; and Aunt Bessie saw she looked rather troubled, so she called her to her desk, where she sat writing letters, and pointed to the candy pigeon-hole for consolation, while grandma said:

"Nelly, I think Aunt Bessie and I will go home with you and make a visit. It is so pleasant in the country now."

Nelly reached home the next night after dark, and being very tired, she went to bed soon after supper.

Next morning, at breakfast, she noticed that they were all very smiling, as if something nice was going to happen. Mr. Ashford pushed back his chair from the table without waiting for either his second cup of coffee or his newspaper and cigar, and said:

"I want you all to come out into the garden with me, to see some improvements I have been making."

Just as they went out of the door, Nelly thought there might be a surprise coming, and in another minute she saw the play-house. Oh, my friend the housekeeper! How she half laughed and half cried; and when her father had given her the key, how she ran to put it into the key-hole!

I wish you knew Nelly, so you could go and see that house for yourself. The door opened into a tiny square entry, and right in front of you was the funniest little hat-stand and umbrella-rack, and on either side were the doors which led into the parlor and kitchen. The parlor was just as pretty as it could be. The bay-window was a delight that Nelly never had thought of in all her planning, and there were pretty curtains, and the canary bird's cage hung by a new gilt chain in the middle, just over a small table holding the rustic basket of ferns and vines. In the middle of the room, there was the larger table which Nelly had wished for. It was covered now by a bright cloth; but she found afterward that she could make it larger by putting leaves in, just as they did the one in her mother's dining-room. It was just the thing for tea-parties. Then there were three or four folding chairs with bright carpet seats, and one nice little rocking-chair,—just the thing to get the dolls to sleep in,—and a small lounge covered with dark blue. You will know that the carpet Nelly had chosen was on the floor, and the picture grandma had given her was hanging on the wall, with several others,—one lovely one of Red Riding Hood among the number. Besides these, there were some walnut brackets, with little vases and statuettes, and on the mantelpiece a little black clock was ticking away with all its might. All the big dolls sat round in their chairs, and seemed to feel quite at home. The very small ones were standing on either side of the clock in a long row. There were some book-shelves on the wall, and some of Nelly's books had been brought out to fill them. There was a closet with shelves and drawers, where the dolls' clothes or anything of the kind might be kept.

Nelly said, with shining eyes:

"Oh, I never thought of anything half so nice as this! You are all so good!" And she told them over and over again that there was n't anything she could think of to put in that parlor. They all sat down here a little while, and then Mr. Ashford said it would n't do for young housekeepers to stay in the parlor all the time, and she must give a little attention to her kitchen.

Now, it had flashed through Nelly's mind a few minutes before that this play-house of hers was so daintily furnished that she could n't have any of her favorite "clutters," as Bridget called all such amusements as making candy and washing the dolls' clothes, heading pins with sealing-wax, or "spattering." So you may imagine her satisfaction when she saw the other room.

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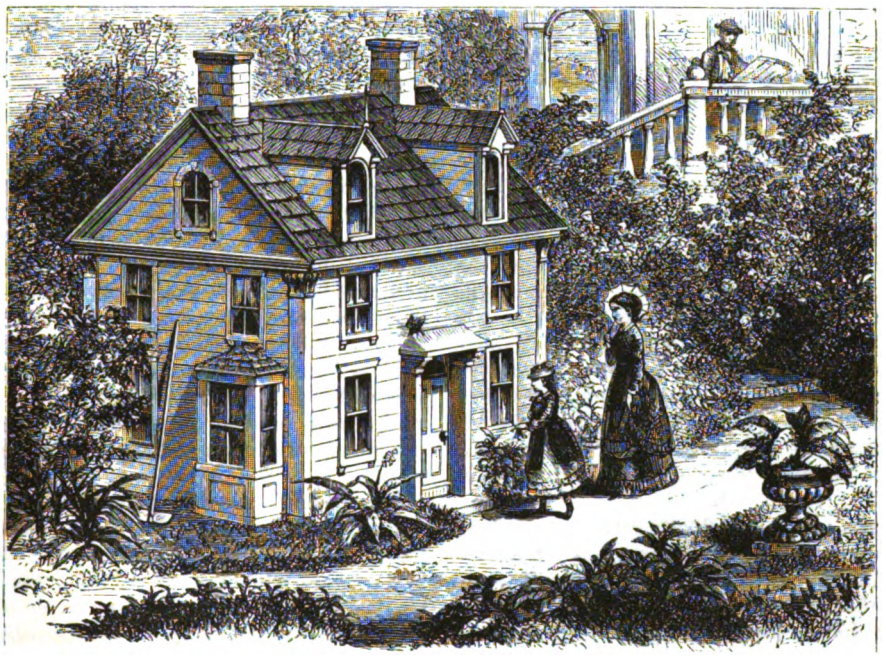
This was the kitchen, as I have told you, and here Nelly found a little stove, with an oven and a tea-kettle, which would hold at least a quart of water. Nelly was very fond of cooking, and here was a chance for her to do all she liked. There was a low table and some chairs, one of which—a little yellow one—had belonged to her grandmother when she was a child. What do you suppose she would have thought of such a play-house as that? If you looked around you would have seen all the things that one needs in such a kitchen; broom and dust-pan and brush, Nelly's little cedar tub, and a new clothes-horse about the size of a saw-horse, that Patrick, the coachman, had made. There were little tin pans, and—oh, dear me!—I can't begin to tell you everything. I think the greatest joy was when some one opened the door of a closet, and our friend found a new tea-set,—such a dear tea-set! with no end of cups and saucers and plates, with a dozen very small tumblers, and some tiny teaspoons. The cream pitcher, and, indeed, all the larger pieces, were such a nice size and shape. On these there were blue and gold flowers, and a blue and gold stripe round everything. I wish every child I know was as lucky as Nelly Ashford, and I wish you had seen what a hugging Aunt Bessie got on account of this tea-set and the tablecloths and napkins, which were recognized immediately, for these were all her presents. In the lower part of the closet Nelly found a store of provisions, and I must not forget to tell you that among them were a jar of raspberry jam and a whole box of those good little English biscuits, from which she instantly filled her pocket.

Don't you think Nelly Ashford ought to have been one of the very best girls in the world? I do, and I think she tried to be. Who could be very cross when they were so fortunate as this?

She asked her friends to stay and spend the day with her, but they were wise enough to refuse; and just now Nelly saw her best friend and crony, Alice Dennis, coming up the avenue, and shouted to her from the door. Alice had seen the play-house; she had been there nearly all the day before, so it was no surprise, but you will be sure that when the older people had gone, and they were left to themselves, there was no trouble in having a good time.



NELLY ASHFORD'S LITTLE HOUSE.

Nelly kept open house for a week or two, and all her friends came to call. Mrs. Ashford said she had to go down the garden herself and make ceremonious calls, if she wished to see Nelly. She was always considerate enough to ring the bell. Sometime I will tell you more of my friend the housekeeper and her experiences. A person could not be mistress of a house like this, without having a great many remarkable things happen.

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LITTLE BEN AND THE SUNSHINE.

BY KATE BLOEDE.

LITTLE BEN was an orphan. His mother left him when he was but a baby, and when, after a few years, his father also died, there was no one left to love and care for him in the wide world but his lame old grandmother and Tom, the grey cat.

His father had been a shoemaker, and when he died the little shop was closed, and the old grandmother sold the few boots and shoes that were left in it, which brought just about money enough to pay for a month's lodging down in the damp, dark little basement, into which they were obliged to move, now that there was no one to earn anything; for little Ben was only five years old, and could, of course, do no work yet that he would have been paid for, and his poor old grandmother, who had grown weak and ill with all her sorrow, lay helpless upon her narrow bed, and sighed when she thought how very, very poor they were, and wondered what should become of little Ben.

"Oh, if I could only get well and strong enough to work!" she said, over and over again; and her heart grew heavier each day as she felt herself grow weaker and saw how little chance there was of her getting better, there in that damp, cellar-like room, into which no ray of warm sunlight ever found its way.

Ben was a merry little fellow, and happy enough in his own way. He loved his good old grandmother dearly, and after buying the loaf of brown bread at the baker's every morning with the pennies she gave him, he would take in from the doorstep the big cracked pitcher into which the milkman always stopped to pour a little milk when he passed at sunrise, and empty it into the yellow bowl, then cut off two great slices from the loaf, as smartly as a little man, and break them up into it, as the old grandmother liked it. When all this was done, and he had given old grey Tom his share upon the broken saucer, he clambered up on the bed, sat down with the bowl between his knees, and began to feed his grandmother with the pewter spoon, giving her a mouthful between each of his, and thus the three would make out quite a nice breakfast.

But the old grandmother knew that a time would come, ere long, when there would be no more pennies in the little wooden box on the shelf to pay for the bread and milk, and then, unless she soon grew better and could earn others, what should become of them?

And she began to worry so much, as the little box became emptier and emptier, that she grew worse and worse.

Often, too, a shiver passed over her, there, in the close, damp basement, though it was summer time. She thought that if she could but climb up the steep stairs to the door-step, like old Tom, and warm herself in the sunshine, where little Ben sat and played by himself all day, she should grow strong and well. She began to long for it more and more each day, and when little Bennie, who did not know how ill she was, came down to see her now and then during the day, she would press him to her and say:

"Warm me, Bennie; I am so cold. Give me a little sunshine—a little sunshine!"

Bennie heard her say this so often that he began to notice, for the first time, that the sun did not shine down here, and wondered why it did not, if his good old grandma wanted it so much. Once, when he heard her say it again as she closed her eyes with a sigh, he opened the door, and called up the stairs as loud as he could, "Come down, sunshine! come down and warm grandma; she is cold!"

But the sunbeams only danced on the doorstep, and did not seem willing to come down the dark stairs into the chilly room below.

"You are naughty!" cried little Ben, holding the door open for a minute or two to see if the sunshine would not make up its mind to come. But it would not, and then he forgot all about it, and was playing in it a few moments after as happy as ever.

One morning, however, he awoke very early. His poor old grandma was tossing about in her sleep, moaning pitifully, and murmuring from time to time the words he had heard so often, "Oh, for a little sunshine!—a little sunshine!"

Little Ben rubbed his eyes, climbed down from the foot of her bed, where he always slept, slipped on his jacket and pinafore and buttoned on his short trowsers, then sat down on a stool, and, resting his flaxen head on both of his chubby hands, commenced thinking, as gravely as a little man. This would never do! His poor grandma must have some sunshine! He frowned when he thought how naughty it was not to come, when she could never climb up to the doorstep for it as Tom and he did. But she *should have some*, anyhow. He

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would get it. Suddenly he clasped his little hands and cried:

"I know! I 'll go out to the meadow papa used to take me to, where it 's warmer, and where there 's more of it than here in the street, and bring some home to grandma in something!" And he began at once to look for something to put it in.

But there was only the yellow bowl, and that would not do because it had no lid, and he might spill all the sunshine before he got home with it; and the tin pail on the shelf was no good, for it had a hole in the bottom, through which it would leak out.

There was nothing but the cracked pitcher out on the door-step,—perhaps the milkman had not come yet, and it was empty. That would have to do. It had a little top, though it was n't a very little pitcher. He could fill it on the meadow and hold it shut with his hand till he got back to his grandma.

And the little fellow climbed up the stairs, and there, sure enough, stood the brown pitcher still empty, for it was but just getting light.

"How lucky!" thought Bennie, running down once more for the yellow bowl to put in its place. Then he started off with his pitcher around the corner and down the street his papa used to take when he went to the meadow; for Ben was a bright little fellow, and remembered the way well.

"I shall be back by the time grandma wakes up," said Bennie, trotting along so fast that he reached the meadow just as the sun was shedding its first rosy light over it.

"How sweet!" said he, holding up his little hand into the pink light. "I must get some of this! That 's a great deal prettier than the yellow kind on the doorstep, and grandma will like it!"

And he held the little brown pitcher towards the sun and let it shine right into it, and when he thought it must be full, quickly pressed his dimpled hand on the top and started off in a run homeward. The dew flew up around him like spray, so fast did his little bare feet dash through the tall grass and wild flowers, which he did not even glance at now in his breathless haste to get home with his pitcher. Perhaps they were displeased at being overlooked in this way by Bennie, who had never passed them thus before, and wanted to stop him, for suddenly some tall grasses tripped his feet, and down went Bennie with all force upon the earth, and smash! went the pitcher in his hand.

Poor little Ben! There he sat on his knees in the wet grass, picking up the pieces of the old brown pitcher and trying to fit them together again.

"All my pretty sunshine spilt!" he cried, almost weeping with sorrow and vexation.

What was to be done? He *would* bring home some of it, and now, what should he put it in?

He threw away the pieces, seeing they were of no use, and took off his little old straw hat to see what that might hold. But, dear me! that was all full of holes, through which the sunshine would have leaked out long before he got home.

BENNIE STARTS OFF IN A RUN HOMEWARD.

So there he sat frowning, his flaxen head resting on both hands again, trying to think what to do next. But no thought would come to him this time, and he got up to go home, with a pout on his red lips.

As he rose he noticed for the first time what lovely flowers were blooming all around him in the tall grass, glistening with dew in the morning light. And, for a moment, forgetting everything else, he ran from one to the other, picking the

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prettiest, and had already gathered a great bunch, when his eyes fell upon a most beautiful white lily, bending towards him on its tall, graceful stem, its snowy cup filled to overflowing with the rosy light of the morning sun.

In an instant little Ben flung down all the flowers he had gathered, and cried, joyfully, "The very thing!" and as fast as his nimble fingers would do it, he closed the white leaves of the lily firmly down upon the cup, and held them there with one hand, while he broke off the flower with the other, and then ran with his treasure, holding it tightly shut all the time, back across the meadow and through the streets as fast as his little feet would carry him, until he reached his grandmother's room.

"Grandma! grandma!" cried little Ben, running up to her, breathlessly, with the flower in his hand, "here is some pretty pink sunshine for you from the meadow!"

The old woman eagerly seized the fresh, dewy flower with her trembling hands, and as little Bennie took his fingers off from its top and the white leaves rose up around it again like a snowy star, he was sure he saw a beautiful rosy light shine from it upon the wrinkled face that bent over it.

"See!" cried Bennie, clapping his dimpled hands with joy, "see the pretty sunshine!"

"What is this, Bennie?" she said, turning towards him. "Where in the world did you get this beautiful gem?"

Bennie did not understand what she meant, and peeped into the lily in her hand to see the sunshine, wondering that it had held so much. There, in the very centre of the cup, sparkled a wonderful shining stone, like a drop of crimson dew, from which the rosy light streamed up, brighter even than the sunlight on the dewy grass in the meadow.

The rosy morning-light in the lily had changed into a brilliant ruby in little Bennie's loving hand.

* * * * * * *

For the first time since her illness, Bennie's grandmother could sit up in bed, and before many more days had passed she was able to get up and walk about. The rich light of the ruby was warmer than the sun on the door-step; and ere long she grew quite strong and well again.

How happy was little Ben when his grandmother, with Tom and himself, climbed up the stairs once more, and sat there on the doorstep bright and joyous in the sunshine.

"Bennie, my darling," she said, looking at the ruby in the sunlight, "I think we are rich now. This is a precious jewel."

And she went out that very morning and staid away for more than an hour. When she returned, she put her arms about him and kissed him many times, with tears of joy, and then she drew a bag from her pocket, filled with shining gold coins the jeweler had given her for the precious stone.

Oh, how very happy they were!

Grandmother bought a very little house with one pleasant room, whose bright windows opened out upon that very meadow where little Ben had found the lily, and the rosy sunlight shone in upon them every morning, and there she and Bennie and old Tom lived happily for the rest of their lives.

Some persons may say this little story is only a legend, and not to be believed; others may think that some very rich lady, plucking lilies in the meadow, dropped her jewel into one of those that she left ungathered. But *I* say to you, dear young friends, that never in this world did anybody go hunting for sunshine to brighten another's life but a jewel came to light, as precious as the beautiful gem that Bennie gave to his grandmother.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

By M. M. D.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are!"
At this, all the kittens sniffed the air,
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

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"Now, what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!

"Very well. 'T is the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of a bone.
Now, what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad?
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother. "That is n't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? No, no, my dear"
(As she took up a paw). "See! they 're hidden here."
Then all the kittens crowded about,
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "*pshaw!*"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now *sptisss!* as hard as you can," she said;
But every kitten hung down its head.
"*Sptisss!* I say," cried the mother cat;
But they said, "O mammy, we can't do that."

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose"—
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

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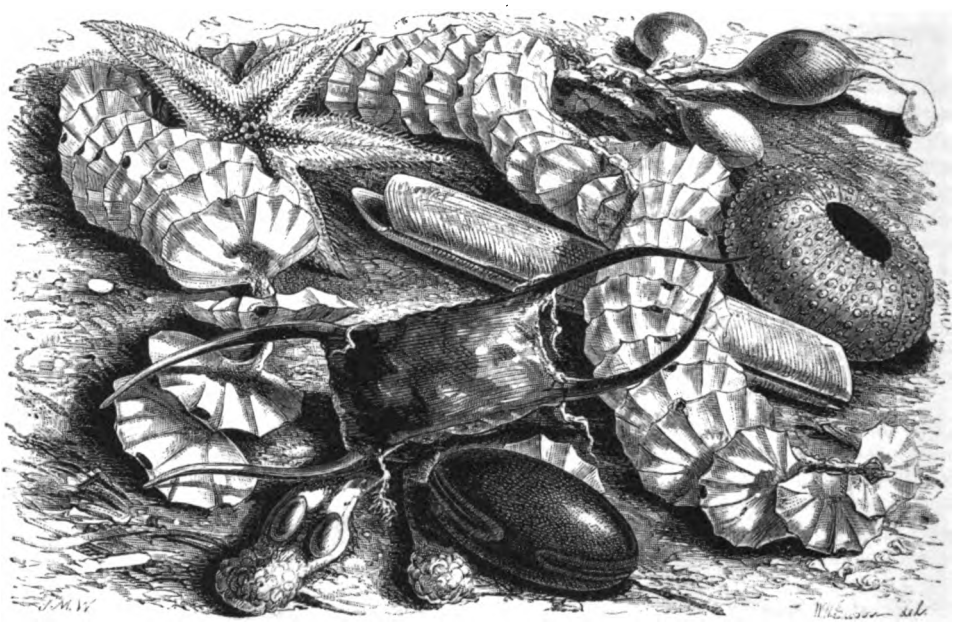

SOME CURIOUS THINGS THAT MAY BE FOUND ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How many of our young readers can tell us the names of the strange-looking objects that are shown in this picture? They may all be found on our Atlantic sea-coast.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JACK AND THE PROFESSOR.

"HA! ha! my young friend! I never was so taken!" said the professor, rallying quickly, and assuming an air of gayety. "I thought 't was my dear boy. Where is *he?* How come *you* here?"

"I called on business," replied Jack, quietly. "How 's Phineas?"

"You mean—ha—Master Felix; for he 's Master Felix now, the celebrated clairvoyant. He 's cheerful; he 's lovely," said the professor, airily. "Was n't he here when you came in?"

"There was nobody here; so I sat down to wait."

"Aha! That 's very strange. Where can the rogue have gone? And—my dear friend!" said the professor, nervously,—for he appeared strangely to suspect the friendliness of Jack's intentions,—"to what do I owe the honor of this visit? It 's so long since I had the pleasure!"

"As long ago as when you were in the 'Lectrical 'Lixir business, and Phin was the son of poor, but honest parents, who blew your trumpet for you, after you had cured him of a whole catalogue of diseases!" said Jack, sarcastically. "I remember that *good-natered* little interview on the circus ground!"

"You played a shrewd game, I must confess!" said the other, with a forced laugh. "And I love a shrewd game, though I be the victim, as I've often had occasion to observe. You *was* shrewd, and I don't resent it."

"And how have you and Phin—excuse me, I mean Master Felix—been flourishing since then?" Jack inquired.

"On the hull, finely! We 've had our ups and downs; but variety is the spice of life, you know;

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and all 's well that ends well; and here we be at last, on the top wave of fortune," added the professor, pricking at the wick of the lamp.

"You 've an eloquent hand-bill here," said Jack.

"You 've read it? And admired it, I hope! Aint it tremenjuous? Takes with our sort of customers wonderfully!"

"You must have had help in writing it."

"Well, to be honest, I had; for I don't pretend to hold the pen of a ready writer myself. I furnished the pints, and employed one of the most brilliant young men of genius about town, to write 'em out; a very noted young author."

"Ah!" said Jack. "If he is very noted, perhaps I have heard of him."

"Very likely. Ah—let me see—I can't recall his name. Very young; but O, what talent!"

"You must have to pay such talent very liberally."

"Liberally? Munificently! I pay everybody munificently now. Why, sir, the writing of that hand-bill cost me a round twenty dollars."

"Professor De Waldo, or Doctor Lamont, or Doctor Doyley, or good-natered John Wilkins,—in short, George Reddington," said Jack, with a determined look, "you and I know each other pretty well, and there 's no use of your trying your little humbug with me. I think you 'll remember the name of your talented young author in a minute. Here 's the original copy of your hand-bill, with his name written up there in the corner. It was a shrewd game you played with him; but *I* don't so much admire *your* kind of shrewdness. I 'm his friend, and I 've come to collect, not the twenty dollars you say you paid him, but the five dollars you promised and did n't pay."

The professor looked at the manuscript, and smiled a very skinny smile.

"Well, this is a double surprise! To think you should be the friend of that young man!" he said, politely returning the paper.

"Will you pay me?" said Jack.

"I am your humble servant," replied De Waldo, with mock courtesy; "but when you talk of pay, I must beg respectfully to be excused. Paying aint in my line of business."

"Have n't you the least atom of honor or shame about you?" cried Jack. "I think I never heard of so mean a trick. You hired my friend to write the hand-bill, copied it secretly, and then gave it back to him, with the pretence that it did n't suit you! I 've heard that thieves and pickpockets have a little honor; if so, you are not fit for their company."

The professor seemed to feel these earnest home-thrusts; for after a moment's pause, during which he hastily pricked up the lamp-wick once more, he replied, "Come, now! be good-natered! le's both be good-natered, and I 'll tell ye the honest truth. I had n't the cash when your friend brought in the hand-bill, or I should n't have took the trouble to shave him so close."

"I accept the apology," said Jack, "provided you 'll make it good by paying him, now that you have the cash. No pretence of poverty now, George Reddington! You had a handful of money before you, just as you noticed me here in Phin's place. Then you snatched it up. It 's there in your pocket now."

"My young friend," said the professor, laying his hand on the said pocket, and bowing,—for he had again risen to his feet,—"it 's a matter of principle with me never to pay an old debt."

Jack laughed scornfully. "A quack—a humbug—like you, to talk of principle!"

"Is it possible," grinned De Waldo, "that you don't believe in our new science?"

"Whether I do or not, I don't believe in such professors of it as you. I *do* believe there 's something in mesmerism and clairvoyance,—a great deal; and I think it is too bad that as soon as any such new thing is talked of, you sharpers and ignoramuses should rush to take it up, and make it a nuisance, and disgust honest-minded people with it, before they have a chance to know anything else about it. That 's my opinion of you and your science."

"I must say," replied De Waldo, still grinning, but with sparkling malice, "your remarks is gittin ruther personal."

"And as for your paying old debts," Jack went on, "you paid one to me once, and you did seem to regard it as a great mistake at the time."

"Yes! and for that very thing I owe you no good will!" cried De Waldo, shaking his fist at Jack, who still quietly kept his seat. "Your friend has sent the wrong man to collect his bills; and now I tell you to clear out of this room, or you 'll git kicked out!"

"Lay your hands on me," said Jack, "and something worse will happen to you than has happened to your son Phineas already."

"You know what—what has happened to him?" said the professor, again changing his manners, and looking decidedly anxious.

"Pay me the five dollars I 've come for, and I 'll tell you what has happened to him. If you don't pay me, I 'll stay here and be your Master Felix in a way you wont like. I 'm out of business just now, and I 'll just give my time to exposing your miserable humbug to every customer who comes to your door. Though there 'll be no need of my troubling myself, unless you get your Master Felix back again."

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"Now, look here!" said the professor, more and more disturbed. "Be reasonable; and le's come to an understanding. What has happened to my boy?"

"Will you give me five dollars?"

"How do I know you 've a right to collect the money?"

"There 's the manuscript; that shows you plain enough, if you really cared anything for the right."

"TAKE THREE DOLLARS, AND HERE 'S YOUR MONEY."

"Settle for two dollars, and tell me where my boy is, and it 's a bargain."

"Five dollars!" insisted Jack.

"But how do I know you re'lly know anything about him?"

"George Reddington, you 've lied to me about as often as you even spoke to me, but you know I never lied to you. Now, I say, something has happened to Phin,—something bad enough, too,—and I promise to tell you what it is, if you pay me; otherwise, I get my pay in a way that will be a great deal worse for you."

"Jack," replied the professor, more seriously than he had yet spoken, "I don't like you, that 's a fact; but I trust you. Take three dollars, and here 's your money."

Jack saw a chance of getting his five dollars, if he insisted upon it; but he chose to accept the smaller sum, for good reasons,—partly because he knew that George would have been glad to get so much, and would have thought himself well paid; but chiefly because he feared lest, if the professor held out a few minutes longer, something might occur to break off the negotiation. In short, he believed Phin might at any moment return.

"Well," said he, pocketing the three dollars with a stern smile of satisfaction, "you 've given me the credit of being truthful; and now I 'll tell you what I know of Phin. As I was coming by a grocery store on this street, I saw a man dragging a boy into the door, for stealing something out of the open boxes or barrels outside. I saw only the boy's back, and I did n't recognize him; but now, the more I think of it, the surer I am that boy was Phineas. The man was threatening to give him over to the police."

"How was he dressed?"

"He had on a brown coat, and a sort of Scotch cap."

"That 's him!" exclaimed the professor, with a gleam of excitement in his lank face. "He was after them peas, to blow in his confounded blowpipe. I wish I had smashed it, as I threatened, long ago! I can't spare him now, or I 'd let him go,—and good enough for him, for gettin' into such a scrape!"

Jack went out with the professor, and accompanied him to the grocery where Phin had been captured. He could not help feeling an interest in his old companion, and a desire to meet him again. But the luckless youth had already been given over to the police; and Jack was too eager to run home with his money, to think of following Phin's fortunes farther that night.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNFORESEEN CALAMITY.

HE found George in bed, almost too ill to care for the money, or to listen to his story.

Jack was alarmed. He sat on the bed, in the comfortless room, lighted only by a dim reflection

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from the street, and felt his friend's hot brow and palm; and asked, imploringly, to know what he could do for him.

"For we 've a pile of money now, you know, and you can have whatever you like!"

"I 've been thinking—if I could have just a taste of lemonade—you are so good!" faltered poor George, in a feeble voice.

"Wait five minutes!" cried Jack; and he rushed from the room.

In the overflow of his heart, he bought half-a-dozen lemons and half-a-pound of sugar at the nearest grocery. Then, noticing some fine oranges in the window, and remembering the wistful looks George had cast upon them the last time they passed that way together, he bought some of these, together with a pound of the nicest soda biscuit. A few dried herrings, the usual supply of bread and cheese, and two candles, completed his stock of purchases. The result was that when he reached home, and paid his rent to the landlord,—who dunned him for it as they met on the stairs,—he found that, of the three dollars he had collected that evening of Professor De Waldo, he had but fifteen cents left.

"No matter!" thought he. "George must have what he needs, anyway; I 'll trust to luck for the rest. Cheer up, old fellow!" he cried, as he entered the room. "I 've something for you."

The first thing was to light one of the candles. The next, to mix some lemonade in a glass, and stir it with an old case-knife (their only utensil), which they kept hidden in the table drawer.

"Now drink, George; I know it will do you good!" Jack said, taking the glass to the bedside.

"Wont you—drink a little yourself—first?" George said, faintly; even in his great distress thinking of his friend's comfort before his own.

"Never fear but I 'll look out for myself!" exclaimed Jack; and he supported George while he drank.

To his disappointment, George sipped only a few drops, and then sank back on his pillow, complaining of a violent headache.

"Can't you suck one of these oranges?" Jack asked, with anxious sympathy. "You remember how good they looked to you the other day."

"By and by—not now—you are so kind, dear Jack! Let me rest a little while. O dear!"

George turned his face to the wall; and soon, from his heavy breathing, Jack thought he must be asleep.

"Sleep is what he needs more than anything. He 'll be better in the morning. Poor fellow! he must n't work so hard, and starve himself in this way, any more!"

It was not long before Jack himself went to bed; but he had scarcely fallen asleep, when his friend's restless tossing and moaning waked him, and he jumped up to light the candle again, and see what could be done.

In this way he was up and down all night, gladly sacrificing himself, but without the satisfaction of feeling that all his care and watching brought his poor friend any relief.

The good woman of the house had but just entered her kitchen the next morning, when a haggard, anxious boy's face appeared at the door. It was the face of Jack.

"Mrs. Dolberry! if you will be so good, ma'am, —my friend is in a bad way,—I don't know what to do for him,—and if you will be so kind as to come and see him!"

She was a large, coarse woman; and Jack remembered with a pang of remorse the instinctive dislike both he and George had felt towards her, and the fun they had made of her in their merrier days. But within that mass of flesh, which certainly appeared open to ridicule as it climbed with toilsome steps and asthmatic breath the lodging-house stairs, there was a woman's heart, as Jack discovered now, in time of need.

"Here, Janet!" she cried; "finish slicin' up these taters. Slash on some coal soon as ever the fire gits kindled a little. I 'll be back in a second."

The idea of her making the journey to the upper story and back in that brief space of time, was one of those ridiculous things which the boys would have had some mirth over a few days ago. It was certainly no trifling undertaking for a creature of her short breath and vast bulk; but she set about it heroically, placing a hand on her knee to aid her ascent, and making a forcible gasp at every step, like a man chopping wood. Jack, however,—though, in his impatience, he thought she had never been so slow,—felt no disposition to laugh at her now.

She entered the room, glanced quickly about it, then looked at George, and finally laid her hand gently on his head.

"Your chum is in a burnin' fever," she said. "I knowed it soon as ever I set eyes on him. How long has he been so?"

"Only since last evening."

"He 's got all run down; I 've been feelin' all along 't suthin' wa' n't jest right with you two boys, but 't wa' n't none o' my business, long as ye paid yer rent. Has he had his meals reg'lar?"

"Not very," Jack confessed.

"I thought so. Goin' 'thout warm dinners 's enough to make anybody sick. I wondered whether you wa' n't pretty poor. But them oranges don't look as if you was; I can't afford oranges, present prices."

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"I thought they would be good for him," Jack explained. "What *would* be good?"

"A doctor can tell ye better 'n I can. I can mos' gen'ly nu's' my own children; but I don't want nothin' to do with a case of fever. Been out of his head, ha' n't he?"

"Some of the time; he has talked of all sorts of things."

"My 'pinion, he 's dangerously sick," said the woman; "and the sooner ye bring the doctor to him the better."

"What doctor do you recommend?" Jack asked, with despair at his heart.

"Doctor Maxwell, jest a few doors down this street. Aint nobody better 'n him. Terms reasonable, too. He comes to them that employs him reg'lar, for half-a-dollar a visit. He 'll come to anybody in my house for that."

Jack seized his cap. He did not know where the half-dollars were coming from to pay the doctor; and he did not stop to consider; he only knew that the doctor must be called.

"I am very thankful to you," he murmured.

"Don't think of sich a thing. I only wish ye 'd axed me in afore. And now if there 's anything else I can do for ye,—any hot water, when the doctor comes, or Injin meal and soft soap for poultice, —there 's nothin' like a soft-soap poultice to sweat off diseases,—or a light and nourishin' broth for your friend, soon as he 's able to take it,—you 've only to call on me, and I 'll jump at the chance."

Jack did not smile, as he would once have done, at the thought of the excellent woman, with all her flesh, jumping at anything. Tears were in his eyes, as he thanked her again, and hastened to bring the doctor.

The doctor came. He examined the patient, looked grave, shook his head, and mixed some medicines with a solemn air, which filled Jack with horrible dread. Having explained how and when they were to be taken, and administered the first dose himself, he said, in answer to Jack's anxious questions:

"He 's pretty sick,—that 's all I 'm prepared to say now. I can judge of the case better, after I see what effect the medicines have on him. He can't have too careful nursing. Be sure and not neglect anything I have told you. I 'll look in again in the course of the day."

He came again at noon; but discovered no favorable symptoms in his patient. At five o'clock he paid a third visit, and had a consultation with Mrs. Dolberry (who waylaid him in the entry) before coming up stairs.

George had been delirious all the afternoon; talking incoherently of Vinnie, the pickpockets, Mrs. Libby and Mr. Manton, manuscripts and magazines, pawnbrokers' shops and Bowery Hall. Once he burst into a wild laugh, and, sitting up in bed, pointed at the mantelpiece, which he imagined to be the stage of the colored minstrels.

"Jack, as *Miss Dinah!* see him dance! Funny as anything can be, till they bring out *my* piece! Where 's Fitz Dingle?" Then, after listening to some imaginary conversation, he added, seriously. "They say Fitz Dingle has gambled away his bad eye; but I don't think it a very great loss."

Half the time he did not know Jack; and if he chanced to know him at one moment, he took him for somebody else the next.

It was at this crisis that Dr. Maxwell made his third visit. After again examining the patient, he turned to Jack:

"It is my duty to say to you that your friend is threatened with a dangerous fever; and that, if he has any relations, they should be notified at once. It will be impossible for you to give him all the care he needs; and it will be putting rather too much on Mrs. Dolberry to have him sick in her house, unless you can get some assistance."

"O, I can take care of him! I wont leave him, day or night!" cried Jack, quite wild in his distress. "Only tell me he will live!"

"I hope he may,—I shall do all I possibly can for him," replied the doctor. "And be sure you do your part, so that you may have nothing to regret. I 'll look in again at about nine o'clock."

The climax of Jack's woes seemed to be reached: and after the doctor's departure he gave way, for the first time, to feelings of utter grief and despair. He could see no hope but that George would die: he would certainly die, he thought, unless help could be speedily had; for what could *he* do, alone with him in the great city, without money and without friends?

He blamed himself for everything; and now the memory of their one quarrel came back to him with a pang which he thought would never cease to rankle in his breast, unless he could hear George say once more that he freely forgave him all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A MYSTERY IN JACK'S POCKET.

BUT Jack was not a lad to give himself up to the bitterness of despair, when there was something to be done.

That he might have nothing more to regret, he resolved to take the doctor's advice, and write to George's friends. There, on the table, was the letter to Vinnie, which had been written the day before, but not sealed; and he determined to enclose a few words of his own in that.

This done, he wrote the long-contemplated letter

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to Mr. Chatford, asking for help. His pride was now all gone; and he blamed himself bitterly for not writing before. "If I had," thought he, "George might have been saved from this. Now it will be a week before I can expect a reply,—and who knows what may happen before then?"

Mr. Dolberry came in,—a brisk little man, a dozen years younger than his wife, and such a pygmy, compared with her, that the boys used to nickname him Little Finger. He brought a plate of toast, with a message from the Hand to which (as the boys fabled) he belonged.

"She says you must eat it, or you 'll be sick yourself," he said to Jack, setting down the plate. "You must look out about that. I don't know what under the sun would become of you both, or of us, if you should be took down. You 'd have to go the hospital, for aught I see. And I aint sure but what your chum 'll have to go, as 't is. Doctor says he 's perty sick."

"I can't let him go to the hospital!" Jack exclaimed. "He never shall be taken away from me, if he lives. If he dies—then I don't care what happens."

"If you 've got plenty of money," said the little man, "you may keep him out of the hospital; though I 'd advise you not to. It will be jest as well for him, and mabby better, to go; and enough sight better for you, to let him go. You 'll be free to run about your business then, as you can't now. It 's an awful job—a terrible sacrifice—to take care of a person in a fever, day and night; and I don't think you know what it is you undertake."

If, conveyed by this sincere advice, the selfish thought entered Jack's mind, that he might shirk his duty to his friend,—abandon him to the charities of a public hospital, and the care of strangers, while he, unhindered, looked out for his own welfare,—he received that thought only to abhor it, and reject it with scorn. How would he feel, shipping as a hand on board a boat, and returning to the home and friends he had so rashly left, while, for aught he knew, the companion he had deserted might be dying under the hands of hired nurses, and calling for him in vain?

"You are very kind—Mrs. Dolberry is very kind," he replied. "I hope we sha' n't trouble you too much. But I shall keep my friend with me if I can."

Jack passed another fearful night with his patient, giving him his medicines, with occasionally a sip of lemonade, and trying to soothe him in his fits of delirium. He was now so tired that, at the slightest opportunity that occurred, whether it found him reclining in the bed or sitting in a chair, he could catch a few minutes' sleep.

It was an unspeakable relief when morning came, and with it the doctor. He had furnished all necessary medicines on his previous visits, but he now wrote a prescription for something which he seemed to consider very important, to be bought at the apothecary's. It would cost, he said, about half-a-dollar. Jack trembled. For his friend's sake he was afraid to say that they had, between them, but fifteen cents in the world; thinking the doctor would, with that knowledge, drop the case at once, and that George would then have to be carried to the hospital.

"If I live," Jack vowed to himself, after the doctor was gone, "I 'll pay him for his visits some day,—somehow! And I 'll get this medicine, too, and pay for it; there must be *some* way!"

An idea, which he had suggested to George, mostly in jest, now occurred to him in a more serious aspect.

He had proposed, we remember, that they should take turns at pretending sickness and lying abed, in order that one suit of clothes might serve for both, while the other suit went to the pawnbroker's. But George was now sick in earnest; and why should not the plan be carried out in earnest?

"I 'll put on his clothes, and pawn mine, for mine will bring more than his. They ought to bring five dollars; and that ought to buy his medicines, and what little I shall need to live on, till we get money either from his folks or mine. He wont want his clothes before then; if he does, he shall have 'em, and I 'll go to bed."

With this thought, Jack began to clear his pockets again. Only two things of any importance dropped out, besides some pawnbrokers' tickets.

The first was a business card,—that of Josiah Plummerton, the old gentleman who had kindly loaned the boys money to pay their fares, after their pockets were picked on the steamboat. They had never yet hunted him up, because they had not seen themselves in a condition to repay his loan, and did not care to ask a second favor from him until they could properly acknowledge the first. But now Jack thought that, as a last resort, he would apply to their old friend.

As he was looking at the card, and shaking his pockets, a small bright stone, or bit of glass, fell out and rolled across the floor. He picked it up, and looked at it with surprise. How such a thing ever came in his pocket was a complete mystery to him. It had facets and angles, and it reflected the light with beautiful prismatic rays. He would have thought it a diamond, but for the absurdity of supposing that diamonds could be found tumbling about the world in that way, and getting into boys' pockets.

"It 's an imitation of a diamond, though," thought Jack; though that easy conjecture did

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not help him at all towards a solution of the mystery. He laid the stone with the card on the mantelpiece, and was proceeding to roll up his clothes in a compact bundle, when something—he could hardly have told what—caused him to change his mind; and, unfolding them again, after some hesitation he put them on. Perhaps he reflected that, if he was to call on Mr. Plummerton, he had better appear in his own attire. Soon Mrs. Dolberry came to bring him a cup of coffee and a baked potato, and to see how his friend was.

"And now," said she, "give me all your dirty clothes; they can go into my wash as well as not. You boys don't 'pear as though you 'd had a woman to look after ye, lately! Can't you put on a clean shirt, and give me the one you 're wearin'?"

"All our under-clothes are soiled," Jack was forced to confess; "and it 's too bad to trouble you with 'em."

"Never mind the trouble. But how comes it about that a couple of nice-appearin' young men like you two, don't have your washin' 'tended to? Your socks aint so bad off—though they look as though you had darned 'em yourselves; but your shirts!"

The truth was, that the boys had washed their own socks, and darned them with materials George had brought with him for that purpose; but the washing and doing-up of shirts was something quite beyond them. As Jack hesitated in his reply, the good woman went on:

"I do believe that I guessed right in the first place; you 're short of money! If that 's so, the sooner you let me know it the better."

Whatever else he did, Jack could not lie to her. As he began to speak, his tongue was loosed, his heart opened, and he poured forth the story of their misfortunes.

"Wal! now I 'm glad I know!" she said, dashing a big tear from her cheek. "It 's a hard case; but now you must see the folly of tryin' to take care o' your sick friend and keep him in my house. Me and my husband 'll do everything we can for ye; but you aint sure your friends will send you a dollar; and there 'll be doctors' bills, and everything; and my doctor can git your chum into the hospital, where he 'll have good care; and that, as I see, is the only thing to be done. Now eat your breakfast, and think it over, while I send this prescription to the 'pothecary's, with the money to pay for 't."

Jack drank the coffee, but he could not eat a mouthful, he was so full of misery.

In a little while Mr. Dolberry brought the medicine, and helped to give the patient a dose of it; after which he consented to remain by the bedside while Jack went out to find a friend.

That friend was Mr. Josiah Plummerton. He was proprietor of a sail-loft, over on the East river. Jack was little acquainted in that part of the city, he had a good distance to travel, and it took him half-an-hour to find the place. Then he learned, to his dismay, that Mr. Plummerton had not come to his office that morning, and that his place of residence was in Brooklyn.

When Jack took the card from the mantelpiece, he also slipped the little stone into his vest pocket. He thought no more about it until, as he was returning home, disconsolate, from his fruitless journey, like a flash of light the recollection came to him of the pickpocket's diamond ring.

"This is the missing stone!" exclaimed Jack to himself. "But it is most likely false; everything is false about these fellows. I 'll show it to somebody."

Passing a jeweler's door, as he was crossing the Bowery, he went in, and asked a bald-headed man behind the counter to look at the stone, and give an opinion of it.

The man glanced at it; then, looking keenly at Jack, as if the fact of his possessing it was rather suspicious, he asked, "Is it yours?"

"I think I shall claim it," Jack replied. "I had my pocket picked of forty dollars, in Albany, a few weeks ago; and the rogue left this in its place."

"It dropped out of his ring," said the man, growing interested. "If he got only forty dollars, he did n't make a very good trade."

"How so?" cried Jack, surprised; for, even if a diamond, he had not thought of its being worth more than eight or ten dollars, such was his ignorance of stones. "He got nearly thirty dollars from a friend of mine at the same time."

"You have rather the best end of the bargain after all," the man replied, examining the stone with a glass, and then dropping it on a fine pair of scales behind him.

"Is it really—a diamond?"

"It is a diamond, and a fine one."

"Is it worth the money we were robbed of—seventy dollars?"

"Yes, double that," replied the jeweler, passing the stone back to its present possessor. "You made a good trade. That stone never cost less than a hundred and fifty or sixty dollars."

"Will you buy it?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"I 'd rather not take a stone that you came by in that way. Not but what I think you are honest," the jeweler added, seeing Jack's countenance fall; "but it seems you had it of a rogue, and very likely he got it dishonestly."

Jack felt the force of the argument, and was a good deal shaken by it.

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"Then, if I can't sell it, what 's the good of having made so good a trade, as you call it? I don't want a diamond; but my friend is sick, and we have no money, and ——" Jack began to choke.

"Perhaps you can find somebody willing to buy it of you, and take the risk of the rightful owner coming to claim it," replied the jeweler. "Or"—observing Jack's distress—"if your want is only temporary, and a small sum will answer your purpose, I will lend you ten dollars on it; for you seem to be an honest lad."

JACK AND THE JEWELER.

Jack could not express his thanks. He was only too glad to leave the costly trifle in the jeweler's hands, and take the proffered ten dollars, for immediate use.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE POLICE COURT.

CROSSING over to Broadway, he passed along Leonard street; and was just opposite the great city prison,—from its gloomy style of architecture, and the use it served, called the Tombs,—when somebody ran lightly after him, and clapped him on the shoulder. Jack turned, and to his surprise encountered the polite Professor De Waldo.

"I was just thinking of Phineas, and wondering ——," began Jack.

"Wonder no more! Look here; and, if you have n't seen it already, be amazed, be indignant!"

And the professor, taking a newspaper from his pocket, pointed to a paragraph headed, "Master Felix in a Fix."

Glancing his eye over the item, Jack saw that it was a facetious account of the arrest and incarceration of the celebrated mesmeric subject on Saturday evening.

"Now where 's your friend, the famous author, the young man of genius?" cried De Waldo. "I've another job for him; and I 'll pay him this time, and pay him well. I want him to write a reply to this paragraph, describing the strange things Master Felix does under the influence, and then crack up his clairvoyant powers—get it into all the papers—make a magnificent advertisement, don't you see?"

Jack saw, and marveled at the father who could thus coolly think of turning his son's misfortune and disgrace to a pecuniary advantage.

"Where is Phineas now?" he asked.

"Before the police court, I expect, by this time. But that 'll be all right; I 've seen the man who had him arrested; I 've an understanding with him." And the professor touched his pocket. "Wont you come and see my boy? Then git your friend to write us up."

Jack replied that his friend was not in a condition to write up anybody; but, thinking this might be his only opportunity of seeing Phin, he accompanied the professor.

They found the court-room crowded with spectators, many of them belonging to the lowest class of society,—rogues and roughs, whose very garments reeked with the atmosphere of vice; some attracted solely by a morbid curiosity to witness the coarse drama of life enacted every Monday morning on the stage of the police court; others by a personal interest in the fate of the prisoners.

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A number of these were ranged on a long bench against the wall, behind a bar, guarded by constables. They were mostly a vicious-looking set, being men and boys arrested since Saturday, nearly all for drunkenness, assault and battery, or petty theft. In this row were two persons whom Jack recognized, with mingled feelings of surprise and heart-sickness.

One was Master Felix. He sat at the end of the row, twirling his cap, and looking anxiously among the spectators, until his eyes rested on the professor, and his face suddenly lighted up with a gleam of hope. The next moment he saw Jack; and his countenance changed to a queer expression of shame and grinning audacity.

The other person whom Jack recognized sat between two burly ruffians, with whose coarse garments and features his own fashionable attire and polite face presented a curious contrast. Yet his coat had not the usual gloss; his linen appeared sadly soiled and crumpled; his hair and whiskers lacked the customary careful curl; his chin bristled with a beard of two days' growth; his gay features were downcast; in short, the whole man had so much the appearance of having passed a dismal Sunday in the Tombs, that at first Jack hardly knew him. But, looking again, he was sure of his man. It was Mr. Manton.

And who was that kind-looking old gentleman just leaning over the bar to speak to him? Jack had a side view of his face: it was one he could never forget,—that of his old friend, Mr. Plummerton, whom he had been to find that very morning.

"Does *he* know Mr. Manton?" thought Jack. Then he remembered that the woman who talked with him on the steamboat, when he was passing around the hat, had proved to be Mr. Manton's wife; and it now occurred to him that she and the old gentleman might then have been traveling in company.

An Irishman, who was arraigned for beating his wife, on her own complaint, having been let off with a light fine, which she cheerfully paid (her heart relenting towards him), the next case called was that of Mr. Manton.

It was pitiful to see the fallen gentleman stand dangling his damaged hat, while a policeman testified to having found him asleep in the gutter, with the curbstone for his pillow, very early on Sunday morning; and also to having picked him up in a similar condition twice before.

No legal defence was set up; but Mr. Plummerton, standing by the judge's desk, said a few words to him in a low voice. The judge then imposed a fine (which Mr. Plummerton paid), and gave Mr. Manton some earnest advice, to which that gentleman listened with humble attention. The case was then dismissed.

As Mr. Manton was leaving the court-room, he passed near Jack, whom he evidently knew; however, as he did not seem to be in his usual spirits, Jack did not accost him. But when Mr. Plummerton was passing afterwards, Jack put out his hand.

It was a moment before the old gentleman recognized him; then he exclaimed:

"Ah, I remember! the steamboat! You are one of the young fellows who had their pockets picked. And how have you got on since?"

"Rather poorly, some of the time; and now my friend is sick. I have been to see you once, and I am going again soon."

"Do so. I have thought of you more than once. But what 's your business here?"

"That boy at the end of the row of prisoners is an old acquaintance of mine; and I just ran in, on his account."

"Ah! Where have you known him?"

"He was brought up by the man I lived with in the country—Mr. Chatford. He is a relative of the family, and he was adopted as Mr. Chatford's own son. But—you see that man talking with the policeman, over there? That is the boy's father—a regular quack and swindler; he came along, and got the boy away from the best place in the world, and now they travel together."

"I 'm glad you 've no worse errand, for yourself, in this place!" said the old gentleman. "It 's bad enough to be obliged to come on account of others. Call and see me. I am in a hurry now."

Another petty case having been quickly disposed of, that of Master Felix came next in turn. The grocer who had caused his arrest did not appear against him; but the policeman who had taken the prisoner in charge made a brief explanation.

The grocer, he said, had acted impulsively, having been much annoyed by repeated acts of pilfering from his exposed boxes; but Professor De Waldo had satisfied him that the lad did not really intend to steal, and had engaged that nothing of the kind should again occur.

The professor himself then offered to make a speech, and began by describing the peculiar powers of his pupil, "the celebrated Master Felix;" but the judge cut him short, and the prisoner was discharged, much to the chagrin of De Waldo, who had counted on the occasion for advertising his business in Murray street.

As Master Felix was going out, Jack stepped up to him, and kindly gave him his hand.

"How are ye, Phin?"

"Hello, Jack!" said the "celebrated," rather sullenly. But, seeing that his old friend's manner was really kind, and not sarcastic, as he had reason

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to suppose it would be, he added, more openly, "What 's the news? How are all the folks at home?"

"All well; and I am glad you speak of it as *home*," replied Jack.

"That 's old habit; it 's no more a home to me, and never can be!"

"I don't know about that, Phin. They often speak of you, and I know, if you should wish to go back, you would be welcomed—by Mrs. Chatford, especially; for she can never speak of you without tears in her eyes."

Phin appeared touched. "*She* was always good enough to me!" he muttered.

"Who was *not* good to you? Phin, you know you left a good home, and good friends, when you left them; and if you would tell the truth, you would own that you were much better off then than you have ever been since."

"I don't know—there 's no use talking about that now. But what are you doing here in the city?"

"I can't tell you now—I must hurry back to a sick friend; but I want to see you again, Phin, before I leave New York. Think of what ——"

Jack did not finish his sentence. His eyes just then fell upon a well-dressed man entering the court-room, the sight of whom put for a moment everything else out of his mind.

When, a little later, he again thought of Phin, and looked for him, he was gone, and he saw him no more.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THE DIAMOND FOUND A PURCHASER.

THE person who had thus attracted Jack's attention pressed through the crowd, and, entering within the bar of the court, stood near the rail, talking with a lawyer about some criminal case which was soon coming to trial.

Jack struggled to get near, and, at the first opportunity, reached over the rail and touched the man on the shoulder. The man gave him a frowning look, and was turning away again, when Jack said, in a low voice, "I 've something for you."

"I don't know who you are," answered the man, suspiciously.

"I think you do," said Jack, with sparkling eyes. "At all events ——"

He whispered a sentence which caused the man quite to change his manner towards him, and answer hurriedly, "Well, hold on! I 'll be with you in a minute."

In a minute, accordingly, having finished his conference with the lawyer, he came out, and withdrew with Jack into the vestibule of the court.

"Now, what was that you said? I did n't quite understand."

"I think you understood. But I can repeat it. I said I believed I had a diamond which would fit that ring of yours."

"What do you mean? What ring?"

"Of course, Mr. MacPheeler," said Jack, "your hand was never in my pocket, and so the stone I found there, in place of my purse which was taken by some rogue, can't belong to you. And yet I 've the strongest feeling, that somehow that stone will fit your ring. I mean the ring which we saw on your finger—my friend and I—when we met you on a certain evening, not a great while ago."

"Let me look at your stone a moment," said Mr. Alex. MacPheeler.

"Excuse me," replied Jack. "It is for sale, but it is not to be handled in a public place like this. I don't think you need to see it, in order to know the kind of stone it is. If you would like to buy it, say so. If not—good morning."

"I should like a suitable stone for my ring," said MacPheeler, graciously. "If yours is such a one as I think, from your description, I 'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

"The price is one hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. MacPheeler," answered Jack, firmly; "and there 's no use of your offering less—you who know what fine stones are."

"Don't talk quite so loud," said MacPheeler, drawing Jack further aside. "Do you remember how much you lost with your purse?"

"My friend and I together lost almost seventy dollars."

"Well, I 'll give you seventy dollars for the stone. Then you wont lose anything."

"I beg your pardon!" said Jack, turning coldly away. "You have made us a great deal of trouble."

"I?" cried MacPheeler, innocently.

"I mean the rogues who robbed us," said Jack, willing to keep up the little fiction, to please Mr. Manton's friend. "Not ten times seventy dollars would pay us for what we have suffered in consequence of that robbery. Now do you think I will sell out for just the sum we lost? I 'll sooner have *one* of the rogues arrested, and use that diamond as evidence against him in court!"

"Give me the stone, and here is your money," laughed MacPheeler, unfolding a roll of bills.

"You will have to go with me to a jeweler's over on the corner of the Bowery," said Jack. "There we 'll make the exchange, if you wish it. But see here, Alex. MacPheeler! if that money is counterfeit, or if you are not quite in earnest, we may as well part at once."

The pickpocket smiled at Jack's natural distrust

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of the character of his money and of the honesty of his intentions, and told him to "go ahead."

"But you must give me back my purse, and my friend's pocket-book," said Jack.

"That," replied MacPheeler, "is out of the question. Do you think the man who took them would be apt to keep such things when they might turn up as evidence against him? Not if he is the kind of man I take him for."

"Well! come on!" said Jack.

Not a word was said by either, as he led the way along the street, occasionally looking behind to see if the rogue was following, until they reached the jeweler's door.

"Now," said Jack, stopping, "here is the place; and shall I call that policeman over, to stand by and see fair play? or will you just pay your money and take the stone, like an honest man?"

MacPheeler nodded and smiled again, in a cold, sinister way, and said Jack need n't mind about the policeman. Then they went in.

"I 've a customer for that stone," Jack said to his bald-headed friend, who appeared surprised at seeing him again so soon. "He knows what it is; you need n't show it. He pays a hundred and fifty dollars for it. Please look carefully at the money."

MacPheeler smiled the same cold, sinister smile, as he tossed three fifty-dollar bank-notes on the counter with silent contempt, and waited for the jeweler to examine them. The notes proving to be genuine, the latter took from a little drawer the stone in question, and passed it over to MacPheeler, who glanced at it, smiled, and put it into his pocket.

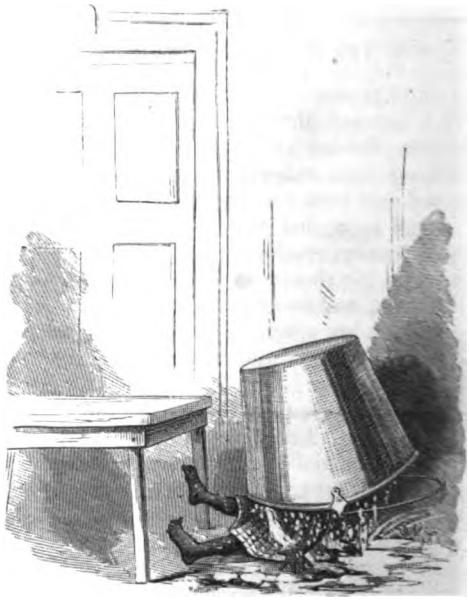
"I hope you will not lose your money again so easily!" he said ironically to Jack, as he was leaving the shop.

"I hope you will not be troubled with any more fits!" Jack called after him.

He then returned to the jeweler his loan of ten dollars, pocketed his hundred and fifty, hurriedly telling the story of his last adventure with the pickpocket; and then ran home in joyful, anxious haste to his sick friend.

(To be concluded next month.)

LITTLE SAMBO AND THE BUTTERMILK PAIL.



THE BUTTERMILK PAIL AND LITTLE SAMBO.

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FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!

By Donald G. Mitchell.

In England, a great many years ago,—when Anne had just become Queen, and when the Duke of Marlborough was making those dashing marches on the continent of Europe which went before the fearful and the famous battle of Blenheim; and when the people of Boston, in New England, were talking about printing their first newspaper (but had not yet done it),—there appeared in the *London Gazette* a proclamation, offering a reward of fifty pounds for the arrest of a "middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-colored hair, who wears a wig, and has a hooked nose, a sharp chin, and a large mole near his mouth." And the proclamation further said, that "he was for many years a hose-factor in Freeman's yard, in Cornhill."

And what do you care about this man with a hooked nose, for whose capture a reward was offered about the year 1703?

Had he plotted to kill the Queen? No. Had he forged a note? No. Had he murdered anybody? No. Was he a Frenchman in disguise? No.

What then?

He had written some very sharp political pamphlets, which the people in authority did n't at all like, and were determined to punish him for.

But, I suppose, there were a great many hot political writers who were caught up in the same way in those old-fashioned times, and put in the pillory or in prison for the very same sort of wrong-doing, whose names we don't know, and don't care to know.

Why, then, have I brought up this old proclamation about this forty-year-old, hook-nosed man?

Only because his name was Daniel Defoe, and because he wrote that most delightful of all the story-books that ever were written — Robinson Crusoe!

To be sure, he had not written "Robinson Crusoe" at that time; if he had, perhaps the sheriff, or whoever sent out the proclamation, would have described him as the writer of a story-book about being cast away on a desert island, and full of monstrous fables, instead of describing him as a hosier of Freeman's court. But I don't know. People in authority never know or care so much about the books a man writes, as about the shop he keeps and the debts he owes.

But did they catch the hook-nosed man? and did somebody get the fifty pounds?

Yes, they caught him; and yes, too, about the pounds.

And he had an awful time in prison, he tells us, and chafed horribly; for he was one of those restless, impatient, busy-bodies, who want always to be at work, and at work in their own way. He was what would have been called, I dare say, in our time, a hot-headed radical; and if he had been born a century and a-half later, would have made a capital editorial writer for a slashing morning journal in such a city as New York or Washington. But our people in authority would not have offered a reward for his arrest; they would have shrugged their shoulders, or failing of this, would have given him an office.

Yet, for all his political sharpness, this hook-nosed man had a head for business. He had established some tile-works at Tilbury, where were made, for the first time in England, those queer-shaped Dutch tiles for roofing, which—if you ever go there—you will see on a great many of the houses of Rotterdam and Amsterdam; and some of them are yet to be seen upon old houses in Charleston, in South Carolina. It is true that he ran heavily into debt with his tile-making, and was forced to suspend (as we say now); but he got fairly upon his feet again, and had paid up his old debts, and was at his tile-making as before, when he was swooped into prison.

He had all the more enemies because he had been befriended by King William (who died in 1702), and who was a stanch Protestant, and—as you know—had come over from Holland to take the English throne. Defoe was a stanch Protestant too, and a very hot-headed one. And it was his sharp talk about religious matters—which were then closely mixed up with political ones—that brought him to grief.

But he kept on writing. The prison could n't stop that, or it did n't. And when at last he came out, he wrote all the more. He was a born writer, and never grew weary of writing. Yet it was fully seventeen years after the offer of that fifty-pound reward, and when the "forty-year-old, hook-nosed man," was well on towards sixty, that he published "The Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived Eight-and-twenty Years, all alone, in an Uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the great River Oroonoque."

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Ah, what a book it was! What a book it is!

You don't even know the names of those political booklets which this man wrote, and which made him a good friend of the great King William, and gave him great fame, and brought him to prison; nor do you know, nor do your fathers or mothers know much about those other books which this man wrote upon Trade, and Religious Courtship, and a score of other things; nor are they by anybody much read or called for. But as for that dear old figure in the high goat-skin cap, and with the umbrella to match, and the long beard—who does not know him, and all about him, all over the Christian world?

Why, long as it is since I first trembled over the sight of those savage foot-marks in the sand, and slept in the cave, and pulled up the rope-ladder that hung down over the palisades,—yet, if that dear old figure in the high goat-skin cap and the goat-skin leggings were to march up my walk on some mild spring evening, I don't think I should treat him as a stranger in the least. I think I should go straight to him and say: My dear Mr. Crusoe, I 'm ever so glad to see you; and did Friday come with you? And is Poll at the station? And have you been to York? And do you think of going to sea again?

DANIEL DEFOE.

I don't know any figure of the last two centuries that it would be so hard to blot out of men's minds as the figure of Robinson Crusoe.

Was it a book much read in Defoe's time?

How could people help reading it? How could they help being terribly concerned about the fate of that madcap Robinson, who *would* leave that sober old father of his in Hull, and that mother who cried over his fate, you may be sure, more

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than ever you or I? Who could help reading on, when he escaped so hardly from wreck and death on the shores of England, near to Yarmouth; and fell in with such bad fellows in London; and hesitated, and wavered, and finally broke into new vagabondage; and was followed up by storms and wreck; and at last, as you know, cast ashore, with scarce life in him, on that far-away island, where he bewailed his fate for months and years, and toiled hard, and tamed his goats and planted his palisades?

A great many thousand eyes looked out with him, year after year, for the sail that never came. Of course there had been a great many stories of adventures written before, and there have been a great many since; but never, I think, any that took such hold of the feelings of all as this story of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

And why, do you think?

Because most writers try to make too fine a story of such adventures, and don't keep to that homely, straight-forward way which brings facts most closely to the understanding of everybody, and makes everybody feel that the things told of did really and truly happen.

Why, do you know that crowds of people believed in Robinson Crusoe when Defoe was living, and continued to believe in him after Defoe was dead? I know I believed in him a long time myself, though the preface, and the sober-sided old school-ma'am (who caught me, one day, at the reading of it in school-hours, and made me wear a girl's bonnet, for punishment),—though such as these, I say, warned me that it was a fable and untrue, yet I kept on, somehow, believing in Robinson, and in Poll, and Man Friday; and thought, if I ever *did* make a long voyage, and the ship *had* a yawl, I would ask the captain, when he came opposite the island, to "heave to," and let me go ashore in the yawl, and find the cave and the creek, and very likely the remnants of that big canoe in the forest, which Robinson Crusoe hewed out, by setting up a big tree "edge-wise," and which was so big and heavy, he never could and never did move it.

I believed in that old, deserted father at Hull,—somehow, I think he is living there yet,—and the mother—repining, grieving, praying, weeping!

Oh, Robinson! Robinson!

Well, as I said, Mr. Defoe found a great sale for this book of adventures. The critics, to be sure, thought it was "carelessly written," and a great deal "very improbable" in it; and they did n't imagine for a moment that there was the stuff in it which would be pondered, and read over and over, and admired and dearly cherished, years and years after they and all their fair culture and pretty talk and very names should be forgotten. I don't at all believe that Defoe himself knew how good a thing he had done. If he had, he would n't have gone about to weaken its effect by writing a sequel to Robinson, which, though it has some curious and wonderful things in it,—fights with wolves and hair-breadth escapes,—is yet hardly worth your reading. And not content with this, Defoe—under the spur, I suppose, of money-making publishers—issued in the next year, "Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World."

Nobody knows it or reads it. Poll and Man Friday are all alive; but the "Vision of the Angelic World" is utterly dead.

Afterward, Defoe published "The Adventures of Captain Bob Singleton, a Famous Pirate;" but the story is not at all equal to that of "Robinson Crusoe." There are passages of special adventure in it which are very stirring, and very like some of the best parts of "Robinson;" and some day I may cull out a few of the best portions for your amusement—but we will leave it on the shelf now.

At some future time, too, I may tell you more of some of Defoe's writings; notably, a queer story of the appearance of the ghost of one Mistress Veal, which was so curiously well done that crowds of people believed it. He wrote, besides, a long history of the Great Plague in London, which is so dreadfully real that it would make you shudder to read it. You seem to see all the sick people, and the dead ones with their livid faces, and the wagons that bore the corpses go trundling every morning down the street. You would wonder, if you read it, how old man Defoe could have gone about prying amongst such fearful scenes, as if he loved grief and wailing and desolation; for he don't tell you that he helped anybody, or even lifted the dead into the carts. How could he? He was n't there at all. The Great Plague raged and ended before Defoe was grown. He may have heard old men and old women talk of it; but he could n't have been more than two years old when it first broke out.

But I will close this half-hour's talk with only dear old Robinson Crusoe in our mind. Defoe wrote of him, as I said, when he was well toward sixty; and he lived to be over seventy—having a great grief to bear at the last. His son deserted and deceived *him* as Robinson Crusoe had deserted and deceived *his* old father at Hull!

"This injustice and unkindness," writes Defoe to a near friend in the last year of his life, "has ruined my family and has broken mu h-
pended on him, I trusted hi-
dear unprovided children
had no compassion, and

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DEAR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE.

...ther to beg their bread at his door; e time, living in a profusion of ch for me. My heart is too full. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged."

Poor old man! Delightful Robinson Crusoe!

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THE PETERKINS' SUMMER JOURNEY.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

In fact, it was their last summer's journey—for it had been planned then; but there had been so many difficulties, it had been delayed.

The first trouble was about trunks. The family did not own a trunk suitable for traveling.

Agamemnon had his valise, that he had used when he stayed a week at a time at the academy; and a trunk had been bought for Elizabeth Eliza when she went to the seminary. Solomon John and Mr. Peterkin, each had his patent leather hand-bag. But all these were too small for the family. And the little boys wanted to carry their kite.

Mrs. Peterkin suggested her grandmother's trunk. This was a hair trunk, very large and capacious. It would hold everything they would want to carry, except what would go in Elizabeth Eliza's trunk, or the valise and bags.

Everybody was delighted at this idea. It was agreed that the next day the things should be brought into Mrs. Peterkin's room, for her to see if they could all be packed.

"If we can get along," said Elizabeth Eliza, "without having to ask advice, I shall be glad!"

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "it is time now for people to be coming to ask advice of us."

The next morning, Mrs. Peterkin began by taking out the things that were already in the trunk. Here were last year's winter things, and not only these, but old clothes that had been put away,—Mrs. Peterkin's wedding dress; the skirts the little boys used to wear before they put on jackets and trousers.

All day Mrs. Peterkin worked over the trunk, putting away the old things, putting in the new. She packed up all the clothes she could think of, both summer and winter ones, because you never can tell what sort of weather you will have.

Agamemnon fetched his books, and Solomon John his spy-glass. There were her own and Elizabeth Eliza's best bonnets in a bandbox; also Solomon John's hats, for he had an old one and a new one. He bought a new hat for fishing, with very wide brim and deep crown, all of heavy straw.

Agamemnon brought down a large, heavy dictionary, and an atlas still larger. This contained maps of all the countries in the world.

"I have never had a chance to look at them," he said; "but when one travels, then is the time to study geography."

Mr. Peterkin wanted to take his turning-lathe. So Mrs. Peterkin packed his tool-chest. It gave her some trouble, for it came to her just as she had packed her summer dresses. At first she thought it would help to smooth the dresses, and placed it on top; but she was forced to take all out, and set it at the bottom. This was not so much matter, as she had not yet the right dresses to put in. Both Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza would need new dresses for this occasion. The little boys' hoops went in; so did their India-rubber boots, in case it should not rain when they started. They each had a hoe and shovel, and some baskets that were packed.

Mrs. Peterkin called in all the family on the evening of the second day, to see how she had succeeded. Everything was packed, even the little boys' kite lay smoothly on the top.

"I like to see a thing so nicely done," said Mr. Peterkin.

The next thing was to cord up the trunk, and Mr. Peterkin tried to move it. But neither he, nor Agamemnon, nor Solomon John could lift it alone, or all together.

Here was a serious difficulty. Solomon John tried to make light of it.

"Expressmen could lift it. Expressmen were used to such things."

"But we did not plan expressing it," said Mrs. Peterkin, in a discouraged tone.

"We can take a carriage," said Solomon John.

"I am afraid the trunk would not go on the back of a carriage," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"The hackman could not lift it, either," said Mr. Peterkin.

"People do travel with a great deal of baggage," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And with very large trunks," said Agamemnon.

"Still they are trunks that can be moved," said Mr. Peterkin, giving another try at the trunk, in vain. "I am afraid we must give it up," he said; "it would be such a trouble in going from place to place."

"We would not mind if we got it to the place," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"But how to get it there?" Mr. Peterkin asked, with a sigh.

"This is our first obstacle," said Agamemnon; "we must do our best to conquer it."

"What is an obstacle?" asked the little boys.

"It is the trunk," said Solomon John.

"Suppose we look out the word in the diction-

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ary," said Agamemnon, taking the large volume from the trunk. "Ah, here it is ——" And he read:

"OBSTACLE, *an impediment.*"

"That is a worse word than the other," said one of the little boys.

"But listen to this," and Agamemnon continued: "*Impediment* is something that entangles the feet; *obstacle*, something that stands in the way; *obstruction*, something that blocks up the passage; *hinderance*, something that holds back."

"The trunk is all these," said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"It does not entangle the feet," said Solomon John, "for it can't move."

"I wish it could," said the little boys together.

Mrs. Peterkin spent a day or two in taking the things out of the trunk and putting them away.

"At least," she said, "this has given me some experience in packing."

And the little boys felt as if they had quite been a journey.

But the family did not give up their plan. It was suggested that they might take the things out of the trunk, and pack it at the station; the little boys could go and come with the things. But Elizabeth Eliza thought the place too public.

Gradually the old contents of the great trunk went back again to it.

At length, a friend unexpectedly offered to lend Mr. Peterkin a good-sized family trunk. But it was now late in the season, and so the journey was put off from that summer.

The trunk was then sent round to the house, and a family consultation was held about packing it. Many things would have to be left at home, it was so much smaller than the grandmother hair-trunk. But Agamemnon had been studying the atlas through the winter, and felt familiar with the more important places, so it would not be necessary to take it. And Mr. Peterkin decided to leave his turning-lathe at home, and his tool-chest.

Again Mrs. Peterkin spent two days in accommodating the things. With great care and discretion, and by borrowing two more leather bags, it could be accomplished. Everything of importance could be packed except the little boys' kite. What should they do about that?

The little boys proposed carrying it in their hands; but Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza would not consent to this.

"I do think it is one of the cases where we might ask the advice of the lady from Philadelphia," said Mrs. Peterkin at last.

"She has come on here," said Agamemnon, "and we have not been to see her this summer."

"She may think we have been neglecting her," suggested Mr. Peterkin.

The little boys begged to be allowed to go and ask her opinion about the kite. They came back in high spirits.

"She says we might leave this one at home, and make a new kite when we get there," they cried.

"What a sensible idea!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and I may have leisure to help you."

"We 'll take plenty of newspapers," said Solomon John.

"And twine," said the little boys. And this matter was settled.

The question then was, "When should they go?"

OLD DUTCH TIMES IN NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THERE was once an English sailor, named Henry Hudson, who made some very daring voyages. The European nations were trying hard to find a short passage to India, either by passing north of Europe, or by finding some opening through the new continent of America. Henry Hudson had made two voyages for this purpose, in the employ of English companies. Twice he had sailed among the icebergs and through the terrible cold, as far as Spitzbergen; and twice he had turned back because he could get no farther. But he was still as resolute and adventurous as ever; always ready for something new; ready to brave the arctic cold or the tropic heat, if he could only find that passage to India, which so many had sought in vain. At last, on the fourth of April, 1609, the Dutch East India Company sent him out once more to seek a passage to India. The Dutch at that time were the great commercial nation of the world, and Amsterdam was the centre of the commerce of Europe. There was not a forest of ship-timber in Holland, but it owned more ships than all Europe beside.

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Henry Hudson's vessel was named "The Half-Moon." He had a crew of twenty Englishmen and Dutchmen, and his own son was among them. First he sailed north, as he had done before, trying to reach Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; but he found icebergs everywhere, and his men almost mutinied because of the cold. Then he resolved to sail farther westward; he passed near Greenland, then southward to Newfoundland, then to Cape Cod; then as far south as Virginia; then he turned northward again, observing the shore more closely, and found himself at the mouth of what seemed to him a broad strait or river. On the third of September, 1609, he anchored near Sandy Hook. There the Indians came out to trade with him, and after a few days he set sail again, and penetrated farther and farther, thinking that he had found the passage to India at last.

OLD PICTURE OF "NEW AMSTERDAM," NOW NEW YORK

It must have been an exciting thing to sail with Henry Hudson up that noble river, where no white man had ever sailed before. He said in his narrative that the lands on both sides were "pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees." "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon," he declared, "and abounds in all kinds of excellent ship-timber." The Indians came out to meet him in canoes "made of single hollowed trees," but he would not let them come on board at first, because one of them had killed one of his sailors with an arrow. After awhile, the Dutchmen put more confidence in the Indians, and let them bring grapes and pumpkins and furs to the vessel. These were paid for by beads, knives and hatchets. At last the Indians invited the bold sea-captain to visit them on shore, and made him very welcome, and one of their chiefs "made an oration, and showed him all the country round about." Henry Hudson sailed up as far as where the town of Hudson now stands, and there, finding it too shallow for his vessel, sent a boat farther still,—as far as what is now Albany. Then he turned back, disappointed, and sailed out of the "great river," or "Groot Rivier," as he called it, and went back to Holland.

He never saw that beautiful river again. The Dutch East India Company did not care to explore it, since it did not lead to India; and Hudson, on his next voyage, went to the northern seas, hoping to find the passage to India that way. He entered the bay that now bears his name, and there his men mutinied, tied him, hand and foot, put him on board a boat with his son and a few companions among the floating ice, and set him adrift. Nothing more was ever heard of him. But to this day, some of the descendants of old Dutch families on the Hudson river tell legends of the daring navigator who first explored it, and when the thunder rolls away over the Highlands, they say, "There are Henry Hudson and his crew, playing ninepins among the hills."

In a few years, trading-posts began to be established on the Hudson river. King James I. of England had lately chartered two companies for the purpose of colonizing North America. One was to take the northern part of the Atlantic coast, and the other the southern half; but he required that their nearest settlements should be a hundred miles apart, so that there should be no quarreling between them. It did not occur to him that if he left this wide space open, some other nation might slip in between, and found colonies of their own, so that there might be quarreling after all. Yet this was just what happened. After Henry Hudson's discoveries, Holland laid claim to all the land along the "great river," and called the whole territory "New Netherlands;" and the Dutch began to come to that region and trade with the Indians. Then, in 1614, there came a bold sailor, named Adrian Block, the first European who ever sailed through Hurlgate, and as far as Block Island, which was named after him. He loaded his ship—the "Tiger"—with bear skins, at the mouth of the Hudson, and was just ready to sail, when his ship caught

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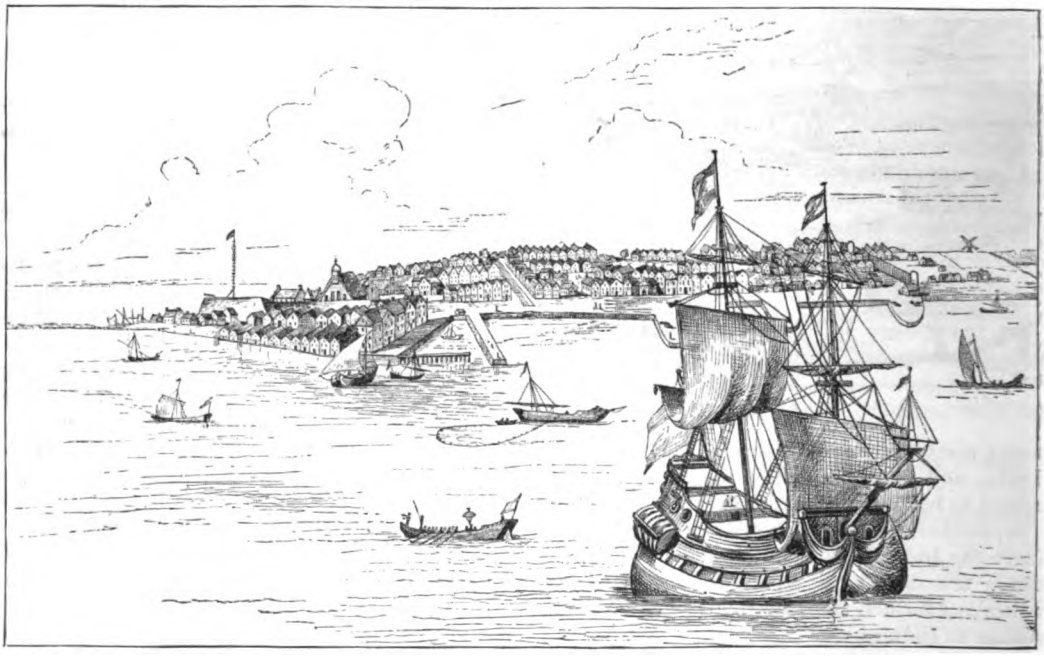
fire, and he had to land on Manhattan Island, where New York city now stands. There his men spent the winter. They put up some log huts and a fort of logs; and before spring, they built a new vessel of sixteen tons, called the "Onrust," or "Unrest," a very good name for the restless navigators of those days. This was the first vessel built on this continent by Europeans. This settlement, which was called "New Amsterdam," was the foundation of what is now the great city of New York; and ten years after that, the whole of Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for twenty-four pounds sterling.



NEW YORK IN 1673

Settlers at first came slowly to New Amsterdam; but the Dutch established several trading-posts, at different points, where they might buy the skins of beavers, bears and otters, which the Indians had trapped or shot. At first only poor immigrants came, but after awhile certain richer and more influential men were sent out, with special privileges from the Dutch East India Company. Each of these had authority to found a colony of fifty persons, and to own a tract of land sixteen miles in length, bordering on any stream whose shores were not yet occupied, and running back as far as he pleased into the interior. He was required to pay the Indians for their land, and to establish his colony within four years. He could exercise authority on his own "manor," as it was called, without regard to the colonial government. But he could not engage in the woolen or cotton manufacture, because that was a monopoly of the Dutch East India Company; and this company also agreed to supply the manors with negro slaves, whom they imported from Guinea. These great proprietors were called "Patroons."

This was a very different system from the simple way in which New England had been colonized, where all men were equal before the law, and each man had a voice in the government. The Dutch and English settlers did not agree very well, especially when both nations had begun to explore the Connecticut valley, and both wished to secure possession of it. The Englishmen thought that the Dutchmen had no business on the continent at all, and that they certainly had no claim to the Connecticut valley. On the other hand the Dutchmen said that they had ascended the Connecticut river first, and that their eastern boundary was the cape now called Cape Cod. Then the Englishmen charged the Dutchmen with exciting the Indians against them; and on the other hand the Dutchmen said that the English settlers were apt to get the better of them in making bargains. So the colony of New Netherlands got into more and more trouble with these active and sharp-witted neighbors; and, besides that, the Indians were very troublesome; and there was also a standing quarrel

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with the Swedish settlers in Delaware; so that, on the whole, the Dutchmen had not so peaceful a time as they might have desired.

If we could have visited a Puritan village in Massachusetts, during those early days, and then could have sailed in a trading vessel to New Amsterdam, we should have found ourselves in quite a different community from that we had left behind. The very look of the houses and streets would have seemed strange. To be sure, the very first settlers in both colonies had to build their cabins somewhat alike; with walls of earth or logs, and thatched roofs, and chimneys made of small sticks of wood, set crosswise and smeared with clay. But when they began to build more permanent houses, the difference was very plain. The houses in New Amsterdam were of wood, with gable-ends built of small black and yellow bricks, brought over from Holland. Each house had many doors and windows; and the date when it was built was often marked in iron letters on the front. The roof usually bore a weather-cock, and sometimes many. Within, the floors were covered with white sand, on which many neat figures were traced with a broom. The houses were kept very clean, inside and out; as clean as they still are in Holland, where you may see the neat housekeepers scrubbing their door-steps, even when the rain is pouring down upon their heads. The furniture in these houses was plain and solid; heavy claw-footed chairs, polished mahogany tables, and cupboards full of old silver and china. Clocks and watches were rare, and time was told by hour-glasses and sun-dials. They had great open fireplaces, set round with figured tiles of different colors and patterns, commonly representing Scriptural subjects,—the Ark, the Prodigal Son, and the Children of Israel passing the Red Sea. In the evening they burned pine-knots for light, or home-made tallow candles. Every house had two or more spinning-wheels; and a huge oaken chest held the household linen, all of which had been spun upon these wheels by the women of the family.

A DUTCH FARM-HOUSE, OR "BOWERIE."

Many of the citizens had also country-houses, called "boweries," with porches or "stoeps," on which the men could sit and smoke their pipes. For the Dutch colonists did not work so hard as those in New England; they moved about more slowly, and took more leisure, and amused themselves more, in a quiet way. They were not gay and light-hearted and fond of dancing, like the French settlers in Canada; but they liked plenty of good eating and drinking, and telling stories, and hearty laughter, and playing at "bowls" on a smooth grass plot. It was the Dutch who introduced various festivals that have been preserved ever since in America; such as "Santa Claus," or "St. Nicholas," at Christmas-time, colored eggs at Easter, and the practice of New-Year's visiting.

They kept very early hours, dining at eleven or twelve, and often going to bed at sunset. Yet an early Swedish traveler describes them as sitting on the "stoeps" before their houses, on moonlight evenings, and greeting the passers-by, who, in return, were "obliged to greet everybody," he says, "unless they would shock the general politeness

DWELLING-HOUSE IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

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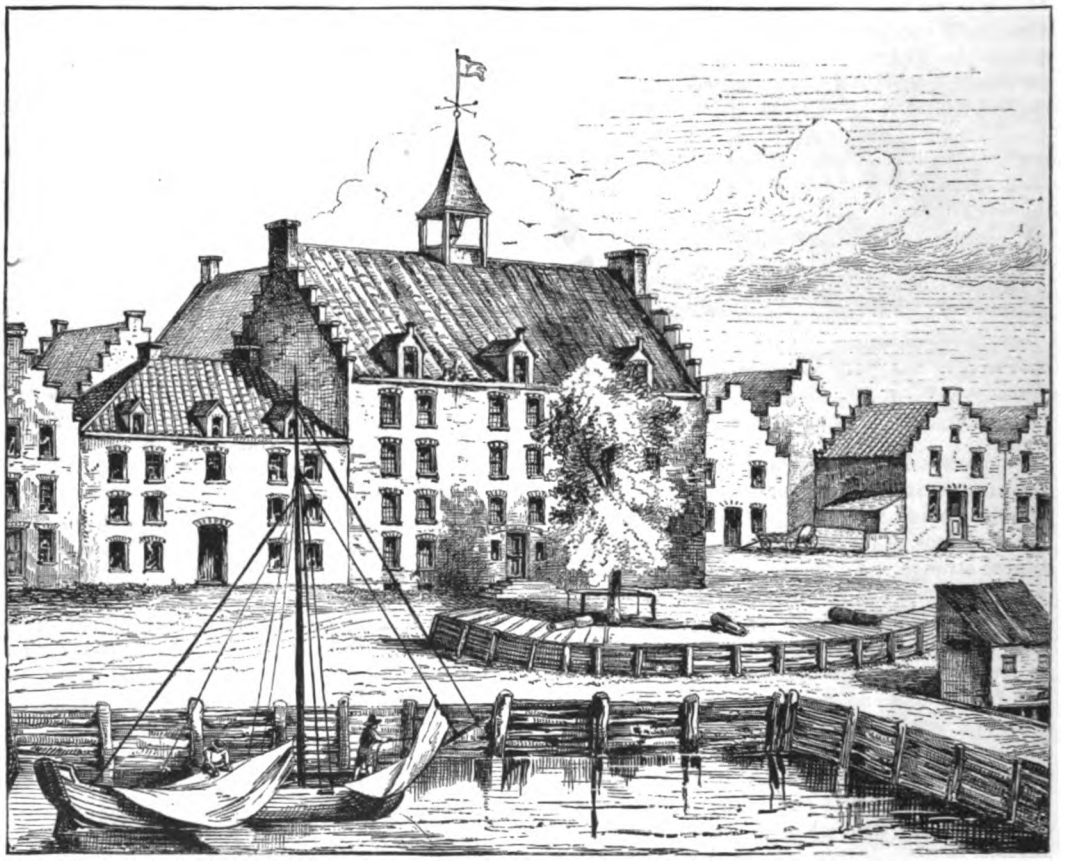
of the town." He also says that the Dutch people in Albany used to breakfast on tea, without milk, sweetened by holding a lump of sugar in the mouth; and that they dined on buttermilk and bread, "and if to that they added a piece of sugar, it was called delicious." But the Dutch housekeepers of New Amsterdam had a great reputation for cookery, and especially for a great variety of nice cakes, such as doughnuts, "olykoeks" and crullers.



THE NEW YORK "STADT HUYS," OR STATE HOUSE, IN 1679, CORNER PEARL STREET AND COENTIES SLIP.

The people of New Netherlands were not quite so fond of church-going as those who had settled Plymouth and Salem, but they were steady in the support of public worship, and had a great respect for their ministers, whom they called "Dominies." Sometimes the dominies had to receive their salaries in beaver-skins, or wampum, when money was scarce. The Dominie of Albany had one hundred and fifty beaver-skins a year. As for the dress of these early colonists, the women used to wear close white muslin caps, beneath which their hair was put back with pomatum; and they wore a great many short and gayly-colored petticoats, with blue, red, or green stockings of their own knitting, and high-heeled shoes. The men had broad-skirted coats of linsey-woolsey, with large buttons of brass or silver; they wore several pairs of knee-breeches, one over another, with long stockings, and with great buckles at the knees and on the shoes, and their hair was worn long and put up in an eelskin queue. As to their employments, the people of New Amsterdam used to trade with the West Indies and with Europe, exporting timber and staves, tar, tobacco, and furs. They used to build their own ships for this commerce, giving them high-sounding names, such as "Queen Esther," "King Solomon," and the "Angel Gabriel."

One of the Dutch governors, named William Kieft, used to be called "William the Testy," from his hot temper, and he kept the colony in a great deal of trouble, especially through his cruelty to the Indians, who injured the settlers very much in return. Governor Kieft was very much displeased at the colonies sent from Massachusetts into the Connecticut valley, for he wished to see that region

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settled from New Amsterdam only. So he issued a proclamation against the New England men. But they, instead of paying the least attention to it, attacked the Dutch fort at Hartford, and drove the garrison away. They also took possession of the eastern part of Long Island; threw down the coat-of-arms of Holland, which had been set up there, and put a "fool's head" in its place. This failure, and the severity of Kieft's government, made him very unpopular; and the people were very glad when, in 1647, Governor Peter Stuyvesant was appointed in his stead.

Governor Stuyvesant was a brave and honest man, but was so obstinate that he was often called "Hardkoppig Piet," or "Headstrong Peter." Sometimes he was called "Old Silverleg," because he had lost a leg in war, and used to stump about on a wooden leg, ornamented with strips of silver. Under his government the colony was well defended, for a time, against Indians, Swedes and Englishmen. The trouble was that he was quite despotic, and was disposed to let the people have as little as possible to do with the government. They did not feel that they had as much freedom as those who lived in the other colonies, and they were not so ready to fight for their patroons and for the East India Company as were the English colonists to fight for their own homesteads. Then the English settlers increased very fast in wealth and numbers; and the Dutchmen rather envied them, even while quarreling with them. At last, in 1664, an English fleet, with many recruits from New England on board, appeared before New Amsterdam; and very soon the town was surrendered to the English by the general wish of the inhabitants, though quite against the will of "Headstrong Peter." He tore in pieces the letter from the English commodore requiring the surrender; but the people made him put it together again, and accept the terms offered. From that time forth, except for one short interval of time, the English held possession of New Netherlands.

The name of the colony was then changed to New York, in honor of the king's brother, the Duke of York, to whom King Charles II. gave the province. That part of New Netherlands south of the Hudson was, however, made into a separate province, under the name of New Jersey. The Duke of York allowed his province to hold an assembly, that the people might make their own laws; and, in 1683, they obtained a charter for themselves, much like those of the colonies farther east. When the duke became king, under the name of James II., he tried to take away this charter, but never succeeded. New York remained an English province, and lost some of its Dutch peculiarities; but some of these traits lingered for a good many years, and Dutch was long the prevailing language. There were still Dutch schools, where English was taught only as an accomplishment; but there was no college till King's College—now Columbia—was founded, in 1764. After the English had taken possession, a great many immigrants came to New York, though not so many as to Philadelphia; and these new-comers represented many different nations. But Holland itself had long been the abode of men from a great many nations, both because of its commercial prosperity and from its offering an asylum to those persecuted for their religion. So there had been an unusual variety of people in New Amsterdam from its first settlement; and it is said that eighteen languages were already spoken there when it was transferred to the English. Thus New York seemed marked out from the very beginning for a cosmopolitan city—for the home of people from all parts of the globe.

GRAVE OF PETER STUYVESANT, ST. MARK'S CHURCH, N. Y.

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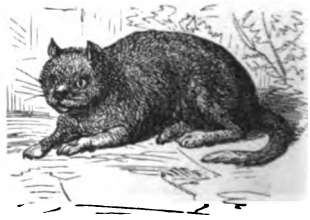
THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me the story of the little red hen. She told it often to me at that time; but I have never heard it since. So I shall try to tell it to you now from memory:

There was once a little red hen. She was scratching near the barn one day, when she found a grain of wheat. She said, "Who will plant this wheat?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she planted the grain of wheat. After the wheat grew up and was ripe, the little red hen said, "Who will reap this wheat?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she reaped the wheat. Then she said, "Who will take this wheat to mill to be ground into flour?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont:" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she took the wheat to mill. When she came back with the flour, she said, "Who will make this into bread?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said,



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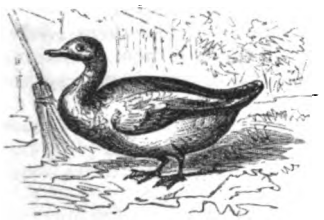
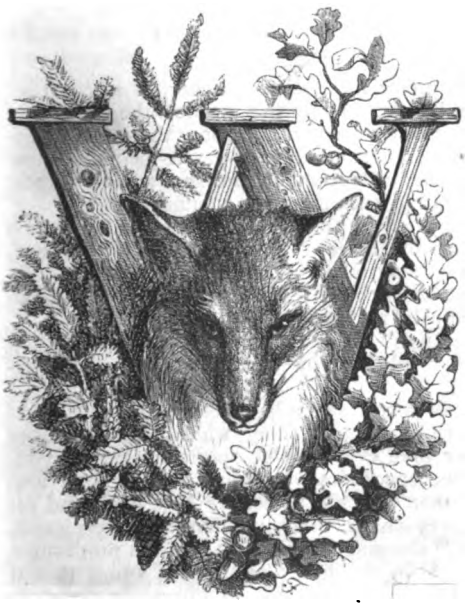
"I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she made it into bread. Then she said, "Who will bake this bread?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." When the bread was baked, the little red hen said, "Who will EAT this bread?" The rat said, "I WILL;" the cat said, "I WILL;" the dog said, "I WILL;" the duck said, "I WILL;" and the pig said, "I WILL." The little red hen said, "No, you WONT, for I am going to do that myself." And she picked up the bread and ran off with it.





WHEN the moon is shining brightly,
And the dew is on the ground,
Then 's the time, you know, that nightly,
Cruel foxes are around.

Oh, but how the mischief thickens
When they prowl among the hens!
Sucking eggs and taking chickens
To their damp and dismal dens.

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SOHO! Vacation is nearly over, is it? Well, well, I 'm sure you 'll all be very glad to be at school again, my dears. Meantime, just to keep you from pining for your studies, we 'll take a peep into This and That, and see what we can find.

First of all, what say you to

WAX WITHOUT BEES.

IMPOSSIBLE? Not at all. The birds tell me that I must n't think because the bees do all the buzzing, that therefore they make all the wax; nor that the noisiest bees are the most industrious, for that matter.

Very respectable wax may be obtained from certain trees and shrubs, without ever a bee poking his nose into the business at all. The birds have told me, so far, only about the wax-palm of South America, and the wax-shrub of Louisiana; but I remember how a little chap once brought a lump of greenish wax to my meadow, and told his playmates that it was bayberry-wax, and made from the berries of the bayberry-shrub.

Find out all you can about this matter, please.

JACK CATCHES SOMETHING.

YOU 'D be astonished, my dears, if you knew of the strange and beautiful treasures the wind brings me, besides music and perfume and dust and all the other things that he is known to be always carrying about with him. Yes, he 's constantly flinging gifts upon my pulpit. One day it 's a bright feather, or a bit of gay ribbon, or a shining thread of hair; another day it 's a piece of kite-tail, or a wisp of hay, or a newspaper scrap; and if it 's the last, I generally try to keep it by me till some of my young folk come along, when they are apt to spy it and read it out aloud. Here 's something that came by wind a day or two ago, along with a spray of red clover; and you should have heard Mitsy and Bob, from the red cottage, reading it. They 're in the Third Reader, judging by the ease with which they slid over the hardest words without bumping. And I tell you, the way they took it all in, word for word, was splendid. It seemed as if Jack could see their souls growing while they read. The fact is, some writing-folk have the very breeze and sunlight of truth in them, and when they let it out, it 's as if a human soul had given birth to an October morning. The man that wrote my verses is named George Macdonald, it appears. If any of you youngsters ever see him just tell him Jack-in-the-Pulpit sends his best respects.

Here they are, every word. Take them easily, my children. Don't rush through them. Imagine they 're a sort of double row of grand and fragrant lilies. Stop and breathe over each one. You youngest tots can hardly reach up to them. Never mind. They 're made for big boys and girls, but they 'll keep till you grow larger, my dears,—depend upon it.

BETTER THINGS.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk in the realm unseen, than watch the hour's event:
Better the well done at the last, than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noon-day burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth:
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

NUT-LAMPS.

MY friend Blue-bird tells me, on the best authority, that in Otaheite the natives have a queer sort of candle. They take a stick or wooden skewer and cover it with the kernels of a certain oily nut, placed one above another. Then they light the end of the stick, and it burns slowly, like a wick, while the nut-kernels serve in place of sperm or tallow. Clever people, these Otaheiteans, all things considered.

Who knows the name of this nut?

PIC-NIC PUZZLES.

THE pretty little school-teacher, of whom I've spoken before, came to the meadow the other day, with four other teachers and about three and three-quarter dozen children. It was a pic-nic. After awhile, they sat down on the shady knoll to rest and began to ask each other conundrums.

"Why can't the French speak their own language in Heaven?" asked the pretty teacher, suddenly, and in French.

As nobody could tell, they all said in English that they did n't know.

"Because," said the pretty teacher, still in French, "all their vowels are in *purgatoire*" (purgatory).

"Very good," said a lady teacher in blue spectacles (it 's a queer thing what odds it makes whether blue eyes or blue spectacles look at you. The blue spectacles were bluer and brighter and bigger than the pretty teacher's blue eyes, and yet the expression was entirely different), "very good, indeed," she said; "and now I have a proposition for you: In the first place, you 'll admit that if Moses had been the son of Pharaoh's daughter

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he would have been the daughter of Pharaoh's son ——"

"I don't see that," laughed the blue-eyed teacher.

"No?" exclaimed the blue spectacles in wide surprise. "It is an indisputable fact, nevertheless."

Well, those teachers discussed and discussed, and argued and argued, and finally they laughed and said they "saw it." Do you?

"What 's the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked a gentleman teacher.

Everybody thought, and everybody gave it up.

"You can't tell me the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked the gentleman teacher again.

"No," said everybody.

"Then it 's high time you could," said the gentleman teacher, sternly.

"Sold!" cried the pretty little teacher, as the pic-nic, with merry laughter, jumped up and began to run about the meadow again.

A TREE THAT KEEPS A STANDING ARMY.

HERE 'S a story that a bright little humming-bird told me the other day. As it started from somewhere in the tropics, it grew to be a pretty long account by the time it reached me here in New York State; but it is founded strictly upon fact:

"What makes you live in such a thorny tree?" said the humming-bird to one of her neighbors who always builds her nest on the bull's-horn thorn.

"It 's a capital place," said her friend. "The thorns keep the monkeys away from my babies, and the army drives off all the crawling pests that make housekeeping so troublesome to little birds in other trees."

"Army! What army?"

"Why, *our* army," said the little bird. "Don't you know that our tree keeps an army?"

You may be sure the humming-bird was surprised to hear that. *I* was. And if I did n't know her so well I should have suspected her of spinning travelers' yarns. But she 's honest; what she says can be depended on.

To make a long story short, I 'll tell you about that army-keeping tree. It 's a thorn-tree, you must know, and as the thorns grow in pairs, curved out like bulls' horns, the tree gets its name from them. When the thorns are green they are soft, and filled with a sugary pulp, which is greatly liked by a kind of small black stinging ants, which are never found except on these trees, and the trees, it seems, cannot live without the ants, at least in that part of the world. The ants bite a small hole near the tip of one of each pair of thorns, then gradually eat out the interior of the two. The hollow shells make capital houses for their young ones, and never go without tenants.

How do the ants live after the houses are cleared of food? The tree attends to that. On the stem of each leaf is a honey-well, always full, where the ants can sip to their hearts' content. These wells supply them with drink. The leaves furnish the necessary solid food, in an abundance of small yellow fruits, like little golden pears. They do not ripen all at once, but one after another, so that the soldiers have a steady supply of ever-ripening fruit to eat, and are kept busy all the time running up and down the leaves to see how their crops come on. When an ant finds a pear ready for eating, he bites the stem, bends back the fruit, and, breaking it off, carries it in triumph to the nest.

It would be a cowardly ant that would not fight for a home like that, and these ants are no cowards. Just touch a limb so as to jar it, and the valiant little soldiers will swarm out from the thorns in great numbers, and attack the intruder with jaws and stings. Not a caterpillar, leaf-cutter, beetle, or any other enemy of the tree can touch one of its leaves without paying the penalty. Thus the tree thrives where it would otherwise be destroyed; and the ants find their reward in snug houses, with plenty to drink and to eat. The small birds, which hurt neither the ants nor the leaves, also find protection with them, and, let us hope, pay good rent in morning and evening songs.

Is n't that a profitable partnership?

PIANO-FORTE KEYS.

THE escaped canary, in telling about piano-fortes the other day, remarked that the black and white keys were made of ebony-trees and elephants' tusks; and just then something made him fly away.

No doubt he 'll make it all clear to me when he comes again, but just now I 'll admit a piano-forte seems to me a sort of Indian jungle. How my children make music out of it, I can't imagine.

A LIVE LANTERN.

YOU think, perhaps, that there is no such thing. Look at the little glow-worms and sparkling fire-flies. Does n't each one of them carry about with him a tiny lantern to light his path.

But that is not all.

In the West Indies, and some other hot countries, as I 've been told, there are distant relations of our glow-worms and fire-flies that carry much larger sparks. These insects give so much light that they are caught by the natives, and sometimes a dozen at a time are put into a gourd pierced with many holes, each too small for the insects to escape through. The opening by which they are put into the gourd is then stopped up, and the live lantern is ready to be carried about on dark nights, as you sometimes carry a glass one. A very convenient lantern the insects make, for the flame never burns anything, and never goes out.

By the way, I wonder whether the flame can be of the same sort with that that burns on the ocean? The flame with the long name—the phos-something that I told you about last month? I should n't wonder if it were so. Who will find out?

BLACK AND COLORED.

WHAT Jack wants to know is this: If black is n't a color, as Science says it is n't, why do some persons call black men colored men? And if colored men are not really black, why do some folk call colored men blacks?

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THE LETTER BOX.

As the Postmaster is away from the office this month, on a vacation, the boys and girls who patronize the Letter Box must not be discouraged if some of their letters are not answered, and if they do not find in the department some things that they hoped to see. But everybody, even editorial postmasters, needs a little rest in the hot weather.

THE English version of "Le Singe Favori," our French story in the August number, will be published next month. All translations received before August 15th will be examined and credited.

We have no story for translation this month, as we do not want to give our young readers too much work to do during their holiday.

KATIE S. HOLMES AND HATTIE P. WOODRUFF.—You will find that "A Story to be Told," in the August number, will afford you the opportunity you want of writing a story upon a given subject.

MINNIE THOMAS wants to know "what books George Macdonald wrote, and which are the best?" He wrote a great many books, such as "Robert Falconer," "Wilfrid Cumbermede," "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," &c. His "Gutta-Percha Willy," "Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," being books for young people, would perhaps please Minnie best, or she might like "Phantastes" and some other of his works of fancy and imagination. The first part of "Robert Falconer" is a capital story of the life of a boy. Minnie asks some other questions that are not so easy to answer. She wants to know "why our winters are so much warmer and our summers so much cooler than they used to be," and what would be a good name for her little baby cousin. She wants a pretty name with a good meaning. Who can give her one? There are still some other questions from Minnie, which we may answer next month.

NIX.—We do not think your problem in "Alphabetical Arithmetic" is correctly worked out. "Ten" is not a "cipher." Can you not remodel it, so as to do away with this objection?

HERE is a letter from a boy who means business:

Oswego, June 28th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If that "Young Boat-Builder" will please send you a plan for building a boat that he speaks of, will you please publish it? I was thinking about building a boat this coming vacation, which I am happy to say will begin at 12 M. July 1st, and have an extent of nine weeks; and as I shall want a boat several times during the vacation (at any rate, I always have), and cannot hire one sometimes, I think it would be better to have one of my own, for then I can have it when I want it, and when I do not want it to use, I can rent it to some of the "boys," and so it will be a source of profit as well as pleasure. S. E. WILSON.

In answer to this note, and one of a similar nature from George T. Hobbs, we will say that we hope to print, before long, an article that will tell boys how to build boats.

M. D. C.—In Milton's "Paradise Lost" you will find the story of Ithuriel and his spear. Satan, having gained admission into the Garden of Paradise, and concealed himself there, the angel Ithuriel was appointed to look for him. He found him, sitting like a toad, close by Eve, to whom he was telling all sorts of foolish and wicked stories. Ithuriel just touched the rascal with his spear, when up he started, "discovered and surprised." You can read all about it in Book IV of "Paradise Lost." The "Spear of Ithuriel" is used sometimes as a symbol of any means by which vice is discovered and pointed out.

CHARLES H.—You can contribute to the Agassiz Memorial Fund at any time. The fact of your school having closed on the 28th of June need make no difference.

OSCAR T. CROSBY.—Your Latin story is very good; but our arrangements in regard to articles in that language prevent us from accepting the contribution.

"LOGO" wants to know the name of the artist who made the illustrations to the poem "Four Years Old," in our July number. If he had looked in the table of contents, on the second cover-page, he would have seen that the artist was Addie Ledyard, who, by the way, is the only person in this country who could have drawn those dainty pictures.

G. F. WILLIS says:

In your July number, Laura A. F. says she can make 780 words out of the letters of the word "abstemiously," but I do not understand whether she repeats letters in a single word or not.

By repeating the letters as needed, I have succeeded in finding 285 words contained in it, and all commencing with the letter "B." I have used a few words out of use.

HETTY.—The story is very well written, but we think we have read it before.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP writes from San Francisco that he has been on a trip to Santa Cruz, and he says:

I have gathered a great many shells, which I am at a loss to know how to clean.

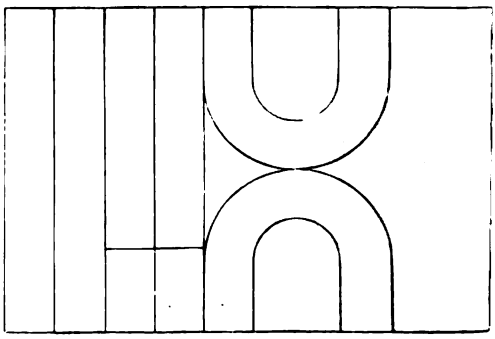
Perhaps some of the readers of the magazine live near the sea, and would be able to tell me how to clean them.

I have gathered a great many periwinkles, and know that by some process the black outside is removed and the pearly coat is seen.

Can any of you tell Edwin how to treat his shells?

X. Y. Z. sends the Letter Box the following new and ingenious puzzle, by aid of which our readers may not only pass a leisure half-hour pleasantly, but they may make a delightful and instructive toy for little brothers and sisters who are "learning their letters."

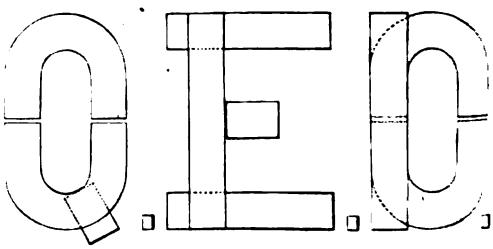
No. 1.



Take thin pasteboard, or a visiting card, and cut it in pieces of the exact shape and size shown in diagram 1. With these pieces, you can form any letter of the alphabet from A to Z, and any of the numerals from 0 to 9.

No. 2 is an example, in which our young Latin scholars will find also a special meaning:

No. 2.



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THE BIRD-DEFENDERS still send in their names. We shall have an enormous army before long. Here is a whole company to begin with:

Company A, First Kansas Regiment, Army Bird Defenders.—Mattie Brinner, Adonia Quin, Sue Cooper, Nellie Franklin, Mary Cardier, Alice Clarke, Mariam Waller, Jessie Earhart, Nora Nesbit, Dora Earhart, Ada Hahn, Minnie Benjamin, Eliza Procter, Ettie Earhart, Eliza Smith, Sadie McCune, Fannie Crook, Bertha Hahn, Mary Quin, May Landon, Anna Welsh, Katie Welsh, Minnie Nesbit, Jessie Floyd, Minnie Schletzbaum, Ida Hahn, Mary Grace, Katy Mulenax, Dora Wright, Eby Brenner, Julia Dale, Jennie Price, Ellie Earhart, Lucy Cooper, Willie Franklin, George Quin, Teddie Hadnall, Eddie Franklin, Isaiah Monhollon, George Waller, Hugh McCrum, Willie Ege, Truman Floyd, and George Crook.

Mr. John A. Sea, of Doniphan, Kansas, is the recruiting-sergeant for this company, and intends to enlist volunteers until the company is increased to a battalion.

And then we have all these: James S. Newton, Sarah W. Putnam, Robin Flanders and Mella Bueb, S. C. Merrill, Julian A. Hallock, Kittie Child, Bessie Child, Alice Child, Richard Aldrich, Edward B. Cushing, L. A. Freeman, Prissie Fergus, Samuel Fergus, Ida Swindler, Frankie Freeman, Woodie Freeman, George M. Reese, Stephen Penrose, Henry A. Hippler, Ethel Fox, Mary and Henry Babetta, Helen Wordsworth, Milly Fairfax, Willie W. Nisbet, Anna Frazier, May and Jacob Bockee, Anna Buckland, Annie Kettler, Alice Buckland, Mary Buckland, Thomas A. Buckland, Johnnie Buckland, Sadie Buckland, Lee McNichols, Willie Williams, Charlie Williams, Josie Williams, M. P. Norris, Eddy C. Wilstach, Lulu Paine, Sarah E. Brown, Nellie Paine, Maggie Graham, Eddie Wilson, David Plumb, W. H. Stratford, C. H. Salter, Frank D. Rapelye, Bruno Tuma, John L. Salter, Willie Graham, Fred A. Pratt and his little brother, Louise F. Olmstead, Kitty B. Whipple, Agnes P. Roberts, M. L. Cross, Minnie Fisher, Carrie Fisher, Alice and Fanny Eddy, S. P. Hutchinson, Bertie L. Colby, Harry M. Reynand, Nellie S. Colby, and W. V. A. Catron.

One boy in this list adds to his name the proviso that no wild ducks, pigeons, &c., are included. Such a proviso is not at all necessary. Mr. Haskins' resolutions refer to the "wanton destruction" of birds, and it is just as wrong to wantonly destroy wild ducks and pigeons as tomtits or sparrows. If you want birds to eat, that is another matter.

MARY E. B.—We cannot publish all of your verses about the Match Girl, dear nine-year-old. But as you and other little girls of your age may like to see one verse in print, we give it:

A basket on her arm she had;
  In it were bundles of matches.
No mittens on her hands she had;
  And on her dress were patches.
But pretty soon her hands were numb,
  As she had on no mittens;
And the flickering of the lamps
  Was jumping just like kittens.

HARRY D. wishes to know the origin and meaning of the term "foolscap paper." Who can enlighten him?

IN answer to Julia Bacon's challenge to make more than sixty-three words in common use out of the word "ecclesiastical," the following lists have been received: C. B., 125 words "in common use," and 109 not in common use, but all found in Webster's Dictionary; Ellen G. Hodges, 115, besides 17 proper names; Arthur J. Burdick, 107; Mary S. Hood, 103; Mary Trumbull, 100, besides 18 proper names; Mary Faulkner, 100, besides 12 proper and 8 geographical names; A. L. A——y, 100; Hattie E. Crane, 99, besides 9 proper names; W. H. Danforth, 90; Robert Patterson Robins, 86, besides 4 proper names; Anna Frazier, 86; A. R. W., 86; Minnie E. Stewart, 83; Minnie H. Brow, 81; Willie W. Nisbet, 80; C. T. Howard, 77; Jennie Miller, 74; "Nanna Fife," 74; M. L. Cross, 73; Astley Atkins, 71, and Richard Aldrich, 67. Laura A. Freeman says that she found 100 words, and Minnie Gay claims 81, but neither sends a list of the words.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK also sends a list of 340 words, which he has formed from the letters of the word "metropolitan," of which Ellen G. Hodges made 180.

ALDEBARAN.—We fear your proposed puzzle would be too difficult for our young folks; but as your explanation of diamond puzzles is just what is needed by many readers, we print it entire with much pleasure:

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

As all puzzlers are aware, diamond puzzles consist in a certain number of letters placed in such a position as to form a number of words, whose area is in the form of a diamond. There are three distinct forms of the "diamond" which are now recognized by puzzlers. The first, or original diamond, consists of a number of words which read horizontally across a perpendicular word, which is called the base of the diamond. In this case, the words only read across; and for the middle horizontal word, the perpendicular is repeated,—thus:

```
        D                    D
        A                  H A T
        N                C O N I C
        D              S A N D A L S
D A N D E L I O N    D A N D E L I O N
        L              P O P L A R S
        I                C H I C K
        O                  H O P
        N                    N
```

In the second kind, we see a decided improvement, and the credit of the change is due to a well-known head-worker who writes over the name of "Ernestus." In this case, the words all read down and across, as follows. I give the diamond which he used, and it is, I believe, the first of its kind:

```
        R
      B E T
    B E G I N
  R E G U L A R
    T I L L Y
      N A Y
        R
```

The third and latest style of diamond has two sets of words. The perpendicular differs from the centre horizontal cross-words, and the other words correspond with the same rule—thus:

```
      R
    A I D
  A L G O L
    L E T
      L
```

This last diamond is based on two stars,—"Algol" and "Rigel;" and this kind is now considered to be not only the star among diamond puzzles, but also the star of all other puzzles of whatever name or nature. There is one general remark which applies to all of these styles, and it is this,—the larger the diamond, the more difficult it is to make and to solve.

I will place the three kinds side by side, and all of them made on the same base. All of these, as well as the last one given above, are original:

```
First kind.          Second kind.         Third kind.
Simple Diamond.      Diamond.             Double Diamond.

      R                    R                    R
    S E T                H E R              R E D
  S A G E S            H A G U E          H A G A R
R E G U L A R        R E G U L A R      S E C U R E D
  S A L E S            R U L E R          R E L E T
    S A T                E A R              S A D
      R                    R                    R
```

I have still one other kind to offer to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, one which I never have seen before. It is No. 2 reversed. All the words can be reversed. I have not yet succeeded in making a reversible No. 3, so we shall be obliged to call the following a reversible diamond:

```
      R                                  L
    B E N                              T E N
  R E V E L   which is equivalent to   L E V E R
    N E T                              N E B
      L                                  R
```

When any one shall succeed in making a double-diamond which is reversible, and whose perpendicular is a word of seven letters, such a person, in my opinion, will have reached the highest pinnacle of puzzling. ALDEBARAN.

IT will not do to print only such difficult problems as those sent us by "Charl" and "Aldebaran," and so we give below a little puzzle from a little boy:

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would send you a little puzzle, although I am a little boy ten years old. It is a large and important city in the United States. Its letters are mixed up. This puzzle is my first attempt. Good bye.—From J. T. W., JR.

This is the puzzle: G H W N I S N O A T.

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KITTY B. WHIPPLE.—ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to welcome good, original contributions to the Riddle Box.

Austin, Tex., April 25, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you have been so kind as to print my former question, I again write to you. I send you a puzzle this time. It is: The distance between the stations A and B is 40 miles. When and where will the passenger train from the station A, starting at 7 o'clock (in the morning), running one mile in fifteen minutes, meet with the other train from the station B, which started at 8.40 (in the morning), running one mile in ten minutes?

On the cover of my last number of ST. NICHOLAS, I read that all the girls and boys who send new subscribers this year are going to be on the list of the Roll of Honor, as the founders of the magazine. Now, I have a good many friends, and think I will get them all to subscribe, for I want the ST. NICHOLAS to come regularly for many, many years yet.—Yours truly, HENRY STEUSSI, JR.

Who can send a correct answer to the above problem? We shall print Henry's answer next month.

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA," by the following, were received too late for acknowledgment, with others, in the August number: Donald C. McLaren, Julia Dean Hunter, Joseph Stokes, Nellie A. Metcalf, Harry Estill, "Latinæ Amator," James Sweeny.

HELEN WORDSWORTH AND MILLY FAIRFAX.—Communications concerning back numbers of *Our Young Folks* should be addressed to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

LEILA, OF VIRGINIA.—See a funny game, for sale everywhere, called Hocus-Pocus. Also, the Protean Cards, or Box of a Hundred Games, published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia.

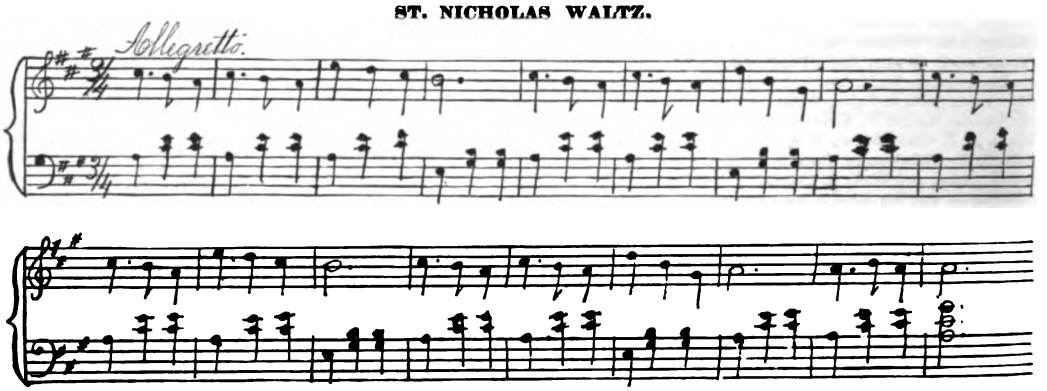
SIRS: Will you, at the end of this year, bind the twelve numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, if they are sent with money for binding?

"LAMBERT."

Yes. Terms will be announced hereafter.

SUSIE AND CHARLETON.—In the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, we published the names of some very simple and pleasing pieces of music for the piano, designed for beginners like yourselves. But here comes an original little "ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ," by Mary A. Leland, a little girl eleven years of age,—just one year older than you are, Susie; and believing that you and other beginners will take special interest in seeing the little girl's composition, we print a *fac-simile* of a portion of her manuscript:

ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ.



THE RIDDLE BOX.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letters form a town of France: 1. An uninhabited island of the Malay Archipelago. 2. A city of Pennsylvania. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A town of Brazil. 5. A river of England. 6. A consonant. 7. A market town of Spain. 8. A river of Naples. 9. A market town of England. 10. A town of Lombardy. 11. A town of British India. ALDEBARAN.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters. My 14, 6, 8, 5, 18 is a surgical instrument; my 17, 19, 9, 5 is an animal; my 20, 7, 4 is an adverb; my 11, 1, 10, 14 is an insect; my 16, 8, 4, 14, 13, 6 is a well-known poet; my 15, 16, 8, 6, 2 is to despise; my 14, 3, 12, 6 is a nobleman. My whole is a proverb. S. M. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

BE not in despair, Ella, but seek a bee. Oh! forever and aye! to find one like those that are in the cabinet of the professor who lived on the Dee.

The hidden letters spell a well-known article of school furniture. L. G.

CHARADE.

MY first is part of your face; my second you feel when you are cold; my third is a letter; and my whole is an animal. NIP.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. To restore. 4. In order. 5. A puzzle. 6. A hag. 7. Supplies heat. 8. To repent. 9. A consonant.

FAN-FAN.

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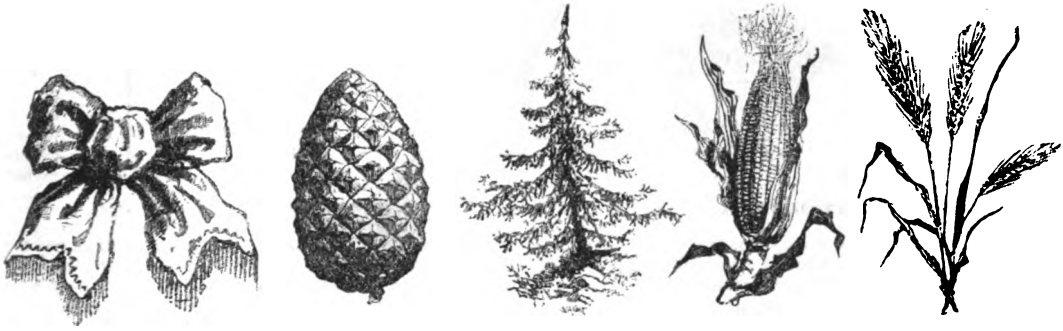
PICTURESQUE ENIGMA.



7, 8, 5. 1, 9, 10, 5. 4, 8, 12. 6, 2, 12, 3. 12, 13, 11.

THIS is a novel enigma, but can be easily understood. It should be read: "My 7, 8, 5 is"——(what the picture above the figures represents)——and so forth. The enigma is composed of thirteen letters, and the whole is something good to eat.

PUZZLE.

SIX young ladies who attended the same school were each known by a name that spelt backwards and forwards the same. Near by was a boys' school, where were three lads known by names which spelt the same either way. On Saturdays, at the time of day spelt both ways alike, the boys and girls were allowed to play together; and the mistress, whose title is spelt either way the same, often joined in their sports. Sometimes one of the girls would call a little boy by a familiar term, spelt the same either way, and he in turn would address her by another, which was spelt the same either way. One young lady, of a somewhat devout tendency, said she should like to be a woman spelt the same either way, but her companion said she held a different opinion, spelt the same either way. One of the boys had a little animal spelled both ways alike, which he called by a name spelt the same either way. Another boy had a large Newfoundland dog, which was such a giant that he called him by a name spelt backwards and forwards the same. One day, one of the young ladies was copying something, spelt the same either way, and another was taking her music-lesson; the latter mistook something that is spelled the same either way, when her teacher uttered an exclamation, spelt both ways alike, and said he was afraid that something she was using, spelt the same either way, was out of order, although he had seen her using it the other day when sewing on some cloth, spelt backwards and forwards the same. Just then a young gentleman, whose father held an office spelt the same either way, called to say he should like to take her out riding in a vehicle spelled the same either way. Being a little timid, she was inclined to refuse, but he expostulated with her, using a word that is spelt the same either way, assuring her that the horse was gentle, and the roads spelt the same either way.

"So take off that thing, which is spelled both ways the same," said he, "and come along."

Her cheeks had been flushed, but now they spelt both ways alike. They took their ride, and on the way saw a little boy trying to do something, which is spelt the same either way, with a new toy, and another lad trying to feed a chicken, sick with an infirmity that is spelt the same either way, with some food, spelt either way alike, while a party whom he addressed by a name that is spelt either way the same, stood looking on. A. S.

SEXTUPLE SQUARE WORD.

1. THROUGH passing centuries about me clings
   The wealth which rich association brings.

2. An overcoat I might be called in jest,
   Though under me was never worn a vest;
   Part of a flower, part of the human frame,
   And a fair open leaf, all own my name.

3. Against my third, our nation, as you know,
   Rebelled about a hundred years ago.

4. My fourth in many a shady spot is found,
   To gladden by its beauty all the ground;
   And when you see it after summer storms,
   One-seventh of something beautiful it forms.

5. My fifth you do when, writing to a friend,
   You 've brought your long epistle to an end.

6. My sixth I so despise, and all about it,
   I wish that I might square my word without it;
   Heads that hold fewest solid thoughts may use it,
   Let wiser ones persistently refuse it. J. P. B.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.

BLANK SQUARE.

FILL the blanks with words forming a square: There is not a —— of truth in this —— which says that the —— was bought for ——. NIP.

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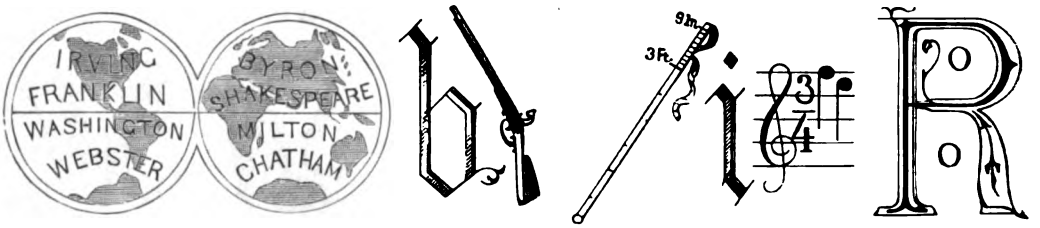
REBUS.



PATCHWORK.

FOUR very little things it takes
  To make the sweetest thing on earth;
Without it, wealth and station are
  Of very little use or worth.

I 'll tell you where to get the parts,
  But you must put them in their place;
A pleasant task 't will surely be
  To add to beauty so much grace.

One little sprig of heliotrope,
  One blushing rose, one violet;
From each of these one portion take,
  And then one part of mignonette. A. S.

A PERFECT FIGURE-SQUARE.

THE square is composed of sixty-four figures, and the sum of each horizontal and perpendicular line, and also the sum of each diagonal of this square, amounts to forty-eight. Each perpendicular column of figures must be composed of the same figures which are found in its corresponding lateral column, in order to form the perfect square. What are the figures, arranged in their proper order? ALDEBARAN.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE two central letters, read downward, will give two of our feathered favorites: 1. Creeping. 2. To ravage. 3. Secretly. 4. Grateful. TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Metempsychosis.

CHARADE.—Arkwright.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.—1. B-ass. 2. M-organ. 3. F-ear. 4. B-arrow. 5. P-earl. 6. B-lack. 7. B-road. 8. D-over. 9. F-lint.

TWISTED TREES.—1. Maple ample. 2. Her cry—cherry. 3. Pines—spine. 4. Ash—has. 5. Rosy came—sycamore. 6. Peach—cheap. 7. Go near—orange.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

```
        C
      P O T
    B O N A R
  P O R T I O N
C O N T I N U E D
  T A I N T E D
    R O U E N
      N E D
        D
```

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Yeddo. 2. Rome. 3. Athens. 4. Berne. 5. Pekin. 6. London. 7. Lima. 8. Leeds. 9. Hartford. 10. Mobile. 11. Toledo. 12. Lowell.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Napoleon, St. Helena.

```
N—arcissu—S
A—prico—T
P—orc—H
O—riol—E
L—aure—L
E—pisod—E
O—rio—N
N—atk—A
```

ENIGMA.—Evergreen.

REBUS, No. 1.—Gold-fish.

```
G    —ul—    F
O    —       I
L—ooking-glas—S
D    —is—    H
```

A BACKWARD STORY.—A beautiful girl had a wen close to the very top part of her head. "But," she said, "it does not mar it much—at least not when I don my net." When she saw her mother and lover draw near, she was glad the net was a good fit; besides, as the gas was not lit, the room was dim. Once, being startled out of a nap by thunder, she bumped the wen; but she went where there was a flow of cold water, and held it under. "Spirt, water!" said she, faint as a wounded deer; and then she went for Ned. Ned was a negro doctor. He put on tar, which was meet; but her ma was mad because it was not part water. However, it cured her, and now she may wear her net or not as she pleases.

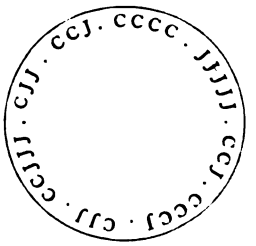
A BIRD ENIGMA.—Mocking-bird.—1. Macaw. 2 Oriole. 3. Canary. 4. Kite. 5. Indigo. 6 Nightingale. 7. Goldfinch. 8. Blue-bird. 9. Ibis. 10. Robin 11. Dove.

PICTURE QUOTATION.—"Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!"—*Macbeth*, act 3, scene 4.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long."

RHYMING DECAPITATION.—1. Growing, rowing, owing, wing. 2. Trifling, rifling, I fling, fling.

PUZZLE.—Begin with the C at the top of the circle, and moving to the right, count off every ninth one.



SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Lance, lane. 2. Stale, sale. 3. House, hose. 4. Cannon, canon. 5. Atlas, alas.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Liverpool.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER have been received from Eddie H. Eckel, "Busy Bee," M. T. R., "Typo," Ellen G. Hodges. Henry C. Hart, Emma H. Massman, Charles B. Penrose, Ella C., Arthur H. Clarke, Charles T. Howe, Willie Crocker, Neddie A. George. Mattie T., Arthur T. Randall, M. H. Rochester, May Trumbull, E. Reumont, "Lulu," Rebecca Yates, Lizzie C. Brown, Gertie Bradley, "Brown, Jones and Robinson," Julia Dean Hunter, Maude Marcy, Helen Hayes, "Carrie," Nellie S. Colby, Eddie Henry Taylor, W. F. Bridge, Jr., Louise F. Olmstead, Sophie Winslow, and A. G. Cameron.

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MUTUAL TERROR

[From Gustave Doré.]

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1874. NO. 12.

CHIP

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHIP led a very quiet life until the occurrence of the remarkable adventures which have made him famous. He was the third son of a Sand-Martin—one of that ancient family of Sand-Martins which has lived for generations in a hill overlooking the river Dee, in Cheshire. (An English family, of course.) Chip lived in a castle. Common birds build their houses of hay, or grass, or mud, and hang them on trees, of which they have but one year's lease. But the Sand-Martins all are of Norman blood, and dwell in castles hollowed out of the solid rock. The inside of Chip's family castle was quite half-a-foot wide, lined with soft material; and you entered it by a round, sloping hall, two feet long, tunneled out of the yellow sandstone. Chip and his brothers were told by their mother every day that there was nothing finer in the world than this approach; and when they stood in the door of it, and looked down at their possessions,—at the face of the rock, hung with weeds and moss, and the estuary below, sparkling in the sun, and the vast grey sea beyond that,—they felt like princes, indeed. They would have liked to fly about and travel over their kingdom, as princes ought to do, but were unable to do so on account of various robber bands of kestrels and sparrow-hawks that infested the country.

"Next year," their father said, "when we return from the South, you will be large enough to take care of yourselves."

Their father was late that fall in taking them to the South. (He had a summer estate in Algeria.) He was old and of a philosophic disposition; the young birds might peck and cackle as they chose, there he sat, day after day, calmly squatted at the door of his castle, his beak buried in his white barred breast, his eyes blinking in the sun.

"Don't disturb him, children," said their mother. "Old people's thoughts are too high and far-reaching for little folks to understand." Then she remarked to him that "the snails were unusually tough in Cheshire this year," offering him one.

"Pah!" He hopped away disgusted. "Is this the best you can do? Why, when I think of the fine fat slugs creeping about our summer garden—ah-h!" winking with delight. "We 'll start tomorrow."

Now, there were no trunks to pack, no tickets to buy, nothing to do but to dip their wings in the river next morning and be off to Algeria.

But Chip was never to see Algeria.

That night he went out of the castle to look at their possessions by moonlight. It was disobeying his mother to go out of the castle by night. We have all often heard what instantly happens to boys or birds who disobey their mothers. A hawk swooped down out of a cloud and struck poor Chip in the back of the neck. He fell through the air, then into the water. When he came up, the hawk was gone. Chip fluttered up to shore. He was wounded and drenched; the salt water was in his eyes and throat; he could not utter a croak. He lay on the sand until daybreak. Then he saw his father and brothers, and his dear, fat, pudgy mother, flying wildly about, calling, in search of him. They flew within a yard of him; but he could not give one single chirp so that they might hear. All that day they searched, and then, colder and more feeble than before, he heard them talking together. They were quite sure that he was

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drowned in the Dee; there was nothing left for them to do but to go and leave him, dead, behind. Chip could hardly bear to look at his mother when he heard this. His father looked as if he had grown into a grey old bird with the grief of that day, and even his two brothers sat dumb and had forgotten to squabble or to eat. But they would forget him presently, and chirp and flutter about again.

But he knew that his mother would never forget.

Late in the day, they all slowly rose from the tree where they were perched, and circling solemnly once or twice about their old home, in sign of farewell, they flew in a straight line—four dark, swift, steady figures—direct to the South.

They were gone. Not one of them would be there to see him die. He was sure that he was dying now; his wings and little breast were cold beneath the feathers. As his eyes rested on the cloud where he had seen them disappear, a small black mote came into the threatening grey sky. It crossed the heavy thunder-cloud—came closer, fluttered uncertainly over him. It was his mother. She had come back to look once more for him. He lifted his wing and tried to call, "Mother! mother!" But he made no sound. She hung a minute, poised motionless against the leaden heaven. Chip shut his eyes. It seemed to him as if he were asleep, warm in her downy breast again. When he opened them, there was only the great grey sky meeting the grey sea. She was gone!

"Hoy, hoy! What is this?" cried a voice just above him.

It was a loud, hearty voice. A little girl picked him up and held him to her face. It was a hearty face, with honest blue eyes. And her hand was as warm and firm as his mother's breast.

"'Most dead! Tut, tut!"

She held him tight and ran with him. The next minute she plumped him down on a clean table in the middle of a warm kitchen.

"It's a martin—'most dead—fallen out of his hole! I found him just outside of my onion-patch. So he's mine!"

"Very well, Jane," said her mother.

She began vigorously to tie up his broken leg with rags, and to feed him with egg and crumb.

Chip stood up on his well leg and looked about him, with one eye shut and his head cocked to one side. The kitchen was bright and warm; Jane's red-cheeked mother kneading the bread was a comfortable sight to see; eggs and crumb were better than worms. But to call his kingdom an onion-patch, and his castle a hole! What did she mean by that—hey? He swaggered up to her fiercely.

"Poor little mite!" said Jane. "Its mother must have worried for it sorely to-day!"

She stroked him with her thick fingers. Chip hid his head under his wing at hearing his mother's name, and kept it there all day.

But, in a week, Chip never left Jane's side. Did others offer even to give him food, they were very sure to be pecked at by the bird and snubbed by the girl. She was a hot-tempered, affectionate little body; but apt to hold a tight grip on all her belongings. What was Jane's, was Jane's; and, in her opinion, nothing could match it in the world.

It was about this time that Jane's father took her into Chester. Although the town was only a dozen miles away, she never had been there; to tell the truth, she never had been a mile away from the farm-house and barn. No wonder she thought they were really the world, and all that lay outside was but an unpleasant sort of dream. When her father was out foddering the cattle that evening, she talked very fast, telling her mother all about her adventures; while Chip, perched on the ledge of the window where the sun still shone, listened without a chirp. Jane, while her father was leaving his potatoes at different shops, had had plenty of time to look about her; but nothing had pleased or amused her,—not even the cathedral nor the great wall about the town, nor the busy streets.

"It was all nothing but stones, stones. It seemed to me like a big jail," said she.

Her father came in just then.

"Jane was hard put to't to get her breath," he said, laughing. "She made an acquaintance while the cart stood in front of Osper's shop that took the spirit out o' her, I think."

"Who was that, child?" cried her mother, anxiously. "I warned ye not to speak nor be spoken to."

"'T was but a child like herself," said the farmer, seeing that Jane could say nothing. "She seemed to have no name but Chriss. One of that ragged crew that hang around the gin and grocer shops. When I saw her speakin' to our Jane, I drove her away. She was a bad un, my girl."

"Yes, that I'm sure of," interjected her mother, putting down a dish of smoking stew; for the farmer would have meat on his table once a day. He held a life-lease on his bit of land; no need for him to live on dry bread, with a bit of lard to grease it on a Sunday, as did many of the farm-laborers he knew.

Jane went to her place at the table in silence. Very likely her new friend was "a bad un," but there was a dreadful hungry look in her face, that showed she never sat down to a supper like this—never tasted stew. Hungry as Jane was, this was the first idea that came to her. There were other things of which the girl could have known nothing;

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and Jane looked out quickly at the sun shining on the barn and quiet stubble-fields; the marshes beyond, and the tide rushing into the grey evening with a flash and sparkle on its farthest breakers.

JANE AND CHRISS.

"When she has nothing but stones about her, and grocer and gin shops, how can she help but be a bad un?" she thought.

But she said nothing. She always kept her mind to herself. Jolting home in the cart, she had planned to go back with her father next week, and carry vegetables, a chicken, one of Dame Trot's kittens, a big geranium, sea-shells—anything which would give to the girl a hint of the world outside of her jail. But these things were her mother's. "I've nothing of my own—nothing at all," she said to herself all the time of supper. She could not keep the hot tears out of her eyes. She had so wanted to give the girl pleasure!

"What have I of my own to give away," she said again, as the bird hopped on her shoulder and laid its bill against her cheek, "except Chip?"

"Chip!" She shook her head vehemently, and caught him in both her hands, hugging him closely.

* * * * * * *

But Jane went with her father the next week, and she carried Chip under her cloak. It was snowing lightly. He was not cold at all; but she stroked and held him tight to her warm stuff jacket, under which the little heart ached and throbbed as though somebody were dead. When they reached the gate in the great wall leading to the wretched quarter where Chriss lived, Jane saw a filthy petticoat and a black, uncombed head of hair at the door of Osper's shop, which she recognized. She put her hand on the reins, her chubby face pale and scared, but obstinate.

"Father, I brought Chip to give to that girl yonder. He's my own, father."

"Oh–o!" eyeing her keenly. "Whatever ud you do that for, Jane? The girl's nothing to you."

"I thought I'd bring her something from home. She's never seen the hills nor the Dee, nor anything."

"Tut, tut! Can the martin tell her about them? But, there now! don't cry. Run and give her the bird, if you have a mind to do it. Here is Osper; I'll talk to him a bit."

Jane ran to the gate. Inside, a heavy, black cloud of smoke rolled over the low, gabled buildings. One or two dirty workmen were passing with loads on their shoulders. Chriss stopped and looked at her attentively, but did not smile.

"I brought him for you," cried Jane, urging the bird into her hands. "It's the only thing that is all mine. You'll be good to him, wont you?"

"To give to *me?*" bewildered.

"Yes, yes. His name is Chip. He'll hop on your shoulder when you call him. Oh, dear! Poor Chip!" her eyes full of tears, and putting

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out her fingers for a final stroke. "But you 'll be good to him, I know."

"Birds," said Chriss, "sell for money in town. I 'm not to sell this one?"

"No, indeed, you 're not," angrily.

"Nor pawn him?"

"Pawn?" said Jane, puzzled. "If you do anything with him, I 'll come straight back and take him home."

Chriss laughed. "That 's right. I 'll tell Bob that, and then I can keep him." She ran off without a word of thanks. But Jane was satisfied.

"*I* don't believe she ever laughed before in her life," she said, as she hurried back to the cart.

* * * * * * *

The garret into which Chip was taken was low and dark, and smelled of rotting rags. Here was a downfall from a castle, or even Jane's snug kitchen! He perched himself on the ledge of the window opening on the roof. A pale, lean young man stood in the door as they entered. This was Chrissy's brother Bob. A stoutly-built man shoved a box into the room, with a nod.

"There, Robert! There are your keys to riches and—America!" he said. "You 've got until tomorrow night to make up your mind."

When he was gone, Bob put the box under the bed, and sat down near it, his face in his hands, to think. His thoughts were so black and hard that one would suppose he would wish to rid himself of them as soon as he could. He was thinking how he came into this walled town down from the Welsh mountains just two years ago, and had grown poorer in body and purse, and in soul too, every day. It was starvation now that lay before him, or —— He glanced darkly at the box.

What could he do? He had broken down in the lead-works—had been ill for months. Work was not to be had. If he had a few pounds to begin business for himself and Chrissy! The keys in that box would give him thousands. Then a sudden picture of a broken iron safe, full of gold and bills, rose before him; and beside it, an old man lying, his white hair dabbled in blood. For the "keys" were really a burglar's tools, and the plan was to rob, and perhaps kill, an old, helpless man.

Bob was but little more than a boy. His foot happened to touch the box. He drew it away as though it had been a viper, and his bony, weak hands trembled as he held them to his jaws.

"But I can't starve," he muttered.

About that time Chip began to chirp. He thought it was time to tell Chrissy of his own home, and the marsh beyond, and the restless sea. His note was but a twitter, after all. But there was in it an evening and a morning song, and the call of a bird for its mate and its lullaby for its little ones. As martins have been making these songs since time began, they must be nearly perfect of their kind. Chip knew them all.

Chriss leaned on her elbows in dumb delight, listening. Presently, her brother touched her shoulder.

"Where did that bird come from?" He did not seem to hear her answer. Stooping over it, "I did not think at first it was a live bird."

"What is the matter, Bob?"

Chrissy did not often speak so gently to her brother, but his wild look frightened her.

"I have not heard a bird like that since we came to this accursed place. There were plenty of them at Gwynedd. Don't you remember, Chrissy?"

"No." But the girl did what she never had done in her life before—took up her brother's hand and held it affectionately.

"They made their nests in the rock all along the coast. I used to take their eggs—hundreds of them; but not near home. Mother would n't have them troubled. She liked their twitter."

The boy was not in the habit of talking. There was something in his rapid words now that seemed to Chrissy unreal and crazed. He sat down again by the box, however, and buried his face in his hands.

All night Chip woke to flutter and chirp.

In the morning, Chrissy was wakened by Bob standing over her, pale and haggard.

"Who brought that bird here?"

"A carter, from out on the Dee."

"Where can I see him?"

"At Osper's shop, this afternoon."

To tell our story shortly, Bob was waiting for Jane's father that day, and talked to him a long time. When the old man went home, he said:

"I've hired a man, mother, and I 'm to pay him low wage on account of his being weakly—run down in the lead-works. He 's to have Grummer's cottage by the cliff."

"Got a wife?"

"No, nothin' but a sister. That 's an old acquaintance of yours, Jane. They 're honest folks, I 'll engage, though they 're poor enough. The young man wants to save enough to go out to America."

In a week's time, Bob, with a decent suit of clothes, redder cheeks, and a light heart, was at work in Grummer's cottage. Jane's mother had taken Chriss into her kindly care; and Chip was inspecting the castle preparatory to fitting it up to receive his family when they returned from Algeria. We may be sure he would be plumed and waiting in the door of it to meet them. But Bob was never quite sure that he was a live bird.

"He saved me from a great misery," he says. "It seems as if mother must have sent him."

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A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

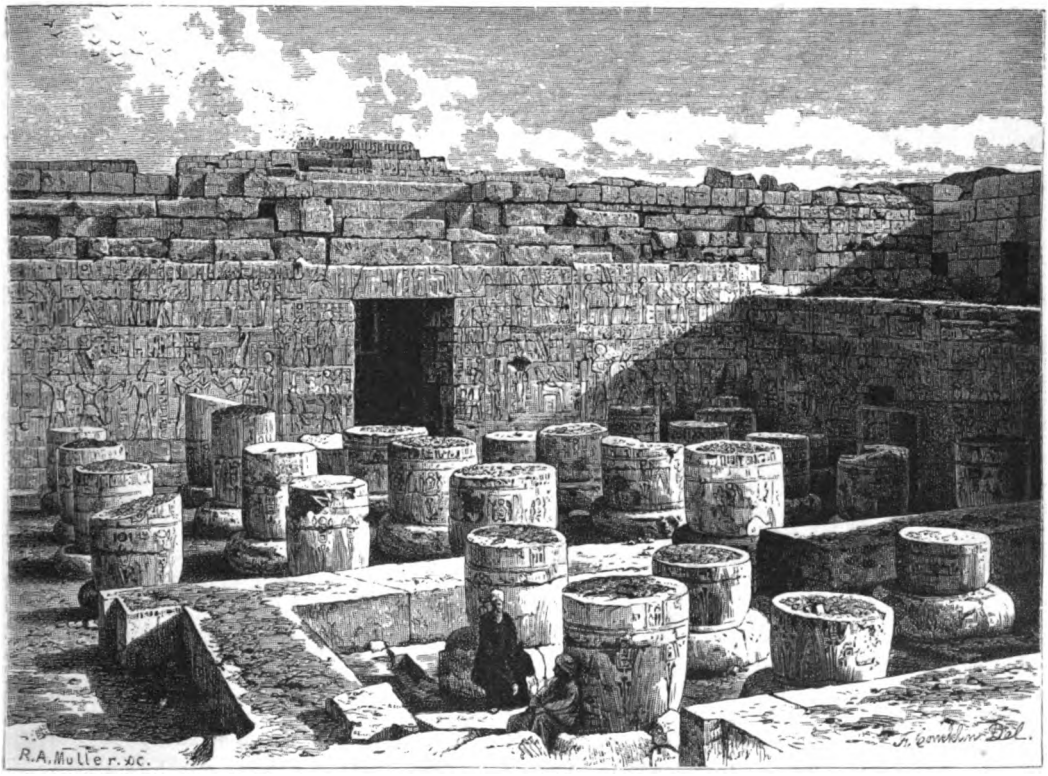
On the Nile, February 8, 1874.

DEAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: How often have you been in my mind since I reached this strange Eastern country! I have wandered in December through gardens of beautiful trees laden with luscious fruits; and as the birds' chorus filled the air, I seemed to hear the merry sleigh-bells at home, and could imagine you all reveling in the joys of ice and snow.

We have been long away from Cairo, with its busy streets and scenes so like to those of the "Arabian Nights," and now for weeks have been sailing along the strange river Nile. How I should like to have you all with me—and what a fleet it would be! We should need such a number of diahbeahs (pleasure-boats) as never sailed on this river before, and I think the Arab children, in their amazement, would forget their constitutional cry of "backshush," with which they ever salute the traveler.

There are many scenes on the river-bank that would attract your attention and fill you with surprise. All day, but more especially morning and evening, long files of women, in their dark blue robes, come to the river's brink to fill the large *ballas* jars, so called from the village where they are made. After a little gossip and merry laughter, they help one another to raise the vessel to the top of the head, where it is placed on a hollow pad, and so they go back to their homes, up hill and down, perhaps a distance of half-a-mile or more, without ever touching the jar with their hands. It is a feat which surprises the traveler, and can only be accomplished by daily practice.

Here and there may be seen a buffalo, black, ugly in appearance, apparently sullen and surly, but in reality gentle and obedient to the naked little boy on his back.



THE HALL OF COLUMNS, AT MEDUNET HABOO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sometimes, in the warm afternoons, I sit and watch the water-fowl and listen to their varied cries; huge pelicans flapping their immense wings far overhead; graceful cranes stalking over the

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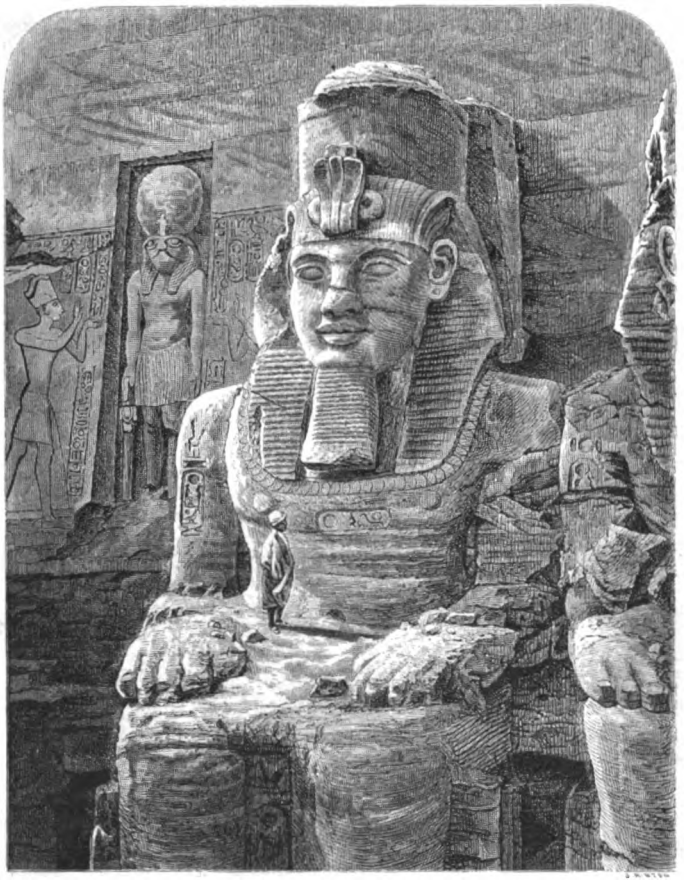
flats; herons, storks, and the whole race of ducks in myriads, swarming on every sand-bank; and, very rarely, the beautiful red flamingo, which we have to observe through the double glass, as it is too shy to come near our boat.

Occasionally we see camels looming in the background, growling hideously as they are forced to kneel to receive their burdens.

It was a strange sight—that of the vast number of workmen, as we saw them going to their labor on the railroad which is being built from Cairo up the Nile. Each man had a palm-leaf basket, into which he scraped up the dirt with his hands, and then poising it on his head, carried it to its place of destination. It is said that somebody once imported some wheel-barrows for the benefit of these poor fellows; but, some time after, coming to see how the new improvement worked, he found them filling the wheel-barrows and putting them upon their heads, where they carried them just as they did the baskets. I don't say this is true, but it does show the lack of keen wit in these people, and the way they cling to old customs; and I believe if somebody should give one of them a wheel-barrow, he would use it in just that senseless way.



STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I wish that you could see the granite quarries of Assouan, that furnished the stone of which the old temples are built. They lie away from the town, beyond the cemetery, out in the desert. There is one obelisk unfinished, but cut out of the rock,—a magnificent monument, ninety-five feet in length and eleven feet in breadth at the largest part. How it could be lifted out of the hollow in which it had been cut, how be moved from the narrow quarry, and how be carried for hundreds of miles, is a mystery which none can unravel in these times, though the ancient Egyptians could solve the problem, as the obelisks in Egypt brought from these quarries amply show. It is very strange to see how those ancient masons had cut out large blocks of stone, and to trace the marks of their tools still sharp in the living rock. It looks as if the workmen had only left their labor for a moment, when in reality the hands that toiled there have been cold and still for thousands of years.

I have procured three photographs, trusting that the conductors of ST. NICHOLAS will have them engraved for you.

The first picture is the Hall of Columns, at Medunet Haboo. Those broken pillars look in the photograph like huge barrels, but if you could see them, and walk in and out among the ruined mass, you would be impressed by the grandeur of the architecture.

Open to the sky above, a double range of immense columns supports the massive pediment. But the general effect of this great ruin is very much impaired by the remains of a Christian village which was built upon it, and was destroyed a thousand years ago.

The next picture shows a statue of Rameses the Great, which I saw at Aboo Simbel. You can judge of its size by comparing Rameses with the live man on his knee. Rameses, you know, was one of the old Pharaohs of Egypt. There are many statues erected to him all along the banks of the Nile, and on the walls of the tombs

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are often found records of his daring and exploits. Aboo Simbel is the grand goal of the long Nile voyage. Here there is a great temple hewn in the solid rock, in front of which are four gigantic figures of Rameses, the faces of which are seven feet long. You see in the picture one of them. The sand has been gradually blown over the cliff from the desert, until the temple is nearly choked with it, and the colossal figures nearly buried. This sand is so fine that it looks like great snow-drifts. We climbed the hill to see the sun rise upon the calm, expectant face that has looked out into the east for twenty or thirty centuries; and as the King of Day cast his warm kisses upon those full lips, the great face seemed to light up with a life-like expression, and smile a welcome.

The third photograph is one of the Memnon figures. There are two, sitting on their rocky throne side by side; but the picture only shows you one of the pair. A weird story is told of this statue. It is said that formerly, when the sun arose and shone upon the face of this figure, it gave forth a note of music; but the voice of the giant is hushed now, and his face, like that of his companion, is marred and worn by time and ruthless hands. Still, there they sit, their heads sixty feet in the air, just as they have done for thousands of years; and the river comes up and bathes their feet with its waves, while the sun pours his scorching rays upon their backs, and time creeps on over their unconscious heads.

Who was it that strewed the Egyptian plains with the fragments of these colossal figures, columns, and temples?

There is but one answer. Cambyses—mad Cambyses. He was, in the traditions of that time, the Cromwell of Egypt.

On we sail. I hear the plash of the Nile waves as we float along in the beautiful moonlight.

The Arab boatmen on the deck are singing a wild kind of chant. The hour is late here, and midnight is creeping on. How strange to think that the sun is just setting, and the evening only just begun over there in America!

STATUE OF MEMNON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

So, amid the wild, weird music from the deck, and the lullaby of the river, I lie down to sleep in my little cabin, with a prayer for ST. NICHOLAS in whatever form he comes, and for all the children who love his appearing.

SARA KEABLES HUNT.

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THE NEST.

By H. H.

Under the apple-tree, somebody said,
"Look at that robin's nest overhead!
All of sharp sticks, and of mud and clay—
What a rough home for a summer day!"
Gaunt stood the apple-tree, gaunt and bare,
And creaked in the winds which blustered there.
The nest was wet with the April rain;
The clay ran down in an ugly stain;
Little it looked, I must truly say,
Like a lovely home for a summer day.

Up in the apple-tree, somebody laughed,
"Little you know of the true home-craft.
Laugh, if you like, at my sticks and clay;
They 'll make a good home for a summer day.
May turns the apple-tree pink and white,
Sunny all day, and fragrant all night.
My babies will never feel the showers,
For rain can't get through these feathers of ours.
Snug under my wings they will cuddle and creep,
The happiest babies awake or asleep,"
Said the robin-mother, flying away
After more of the sticks and mud and clay.

Under the apple-tree somebody sighed,
"Ah me, the blunder of folly and pride!
The roughest small house of mud or clay
Might be a sweet home for a summer day.
Sunny and fragrant all day, all night,
With only good cheer for fragrance and light;
And the bitterest storms of grief and pain
Will beat and break on that home in vain,
Where a true-hearted mother broods alway
And makes the whole year like a summer day."

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VENUS' FLOWER-BASKET.

By Mary St. Maur.

Nearly twenty years ago, an English gentleman brought from the Phillipine Islands an elegant curiosity, and sold it for one hundred and fifty dollars. Afterward it passed into the possession of the British Museum. It was about a foot in length, and two inches wide at the top, and made of exquisitely fine spun glass of sparkling whiteness. Nothing just like it had yet been seen by scientific men, and many conjectures arose regarding it. Since then the mystery has been solved. Its history has been studied out and many other beautiful specimens have found their way to this country. One lies before me as I write. The engraving shows you its cylindrical shape and peculiar structure, but words can scarcely describe its texture and pattern.

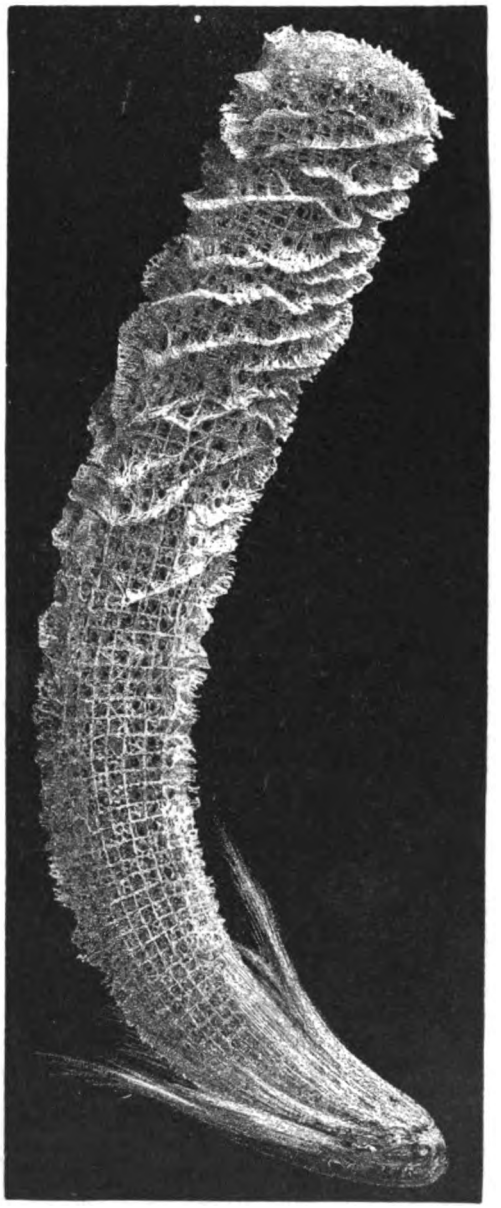
Imagine the delicate frost-lines that you often see on the window-pane after a bitterly cold night, woven into a like form, and you can perhaps catch a faint idea of its loveliness. If you could stand beside me while I hold the peerless thing in my hand, you would know how even frost-work fails in comparison. Our best way, dear reader, is to imagine that we are looking at it together,—I with a real specimen, like that in the British Museum, before me, you with the picture, aided by fancies of spun glass and glittering frost-work. You notice the bunches of fine threads that extend the whole length of it; these are crossed at regular intervals by similar threads, and the whole is covered by an irregular weaving that fills the corners of each square and gives us a pattern very much resembling that shown in a cane-seated chair. From its beautifully curved shape rise numberless delicately-fluted frills arranged in sweeping lines, long and short, as if to suit the fancy of the weaver. This whole net-work is surmounted by an open-work cover more solidly woven.

At the base, the threads of spun glass are left free like rootlets, or as if at some time they had held it in place; and mixed with this mass, which is as soft and silky as white floss, are sand, mud and bits of broken shells.

Now, are you ready to believe that this mysterious beauty comes from the bottom of the ocean, where it stands upright anchored in the mud? It is known as a glass sponge; the learned call it *Euplectella speciosa*, meaning "beautifully woven," while the common name is "Venus' Flower-Basket."

It would seem strange that a form so frail could be safe from harm in the restless ocean, were it not known that the sea in its depths is perfectly quiet, and always of the same warm, even temperature.

There is a wonderful world under the waves; a



THE GLASS SPONGE, OR "VENUS' FLOWER-BASKET."

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land with its mountains, valleys and plains, covered with lovely forests of tinted sea-weeds. This is the home of innumerable varieties of life. Here the rare and beautiful forms of coral are silently builded, and sponges display their brilliant tints that are lost the moment they leave the water.

Much interest has been taken of late years in the wonders of the deep sea; and perhaps you will like to know how these curiosities are brought to light.

The Swedes, English and Americans have sent out ships at different times furnished with machinery to explore the sea-bottom. This machinery consists partly of dredges, tangles, trawls, nets and sieves.

The dredge is a large canvas bag, the opening of which is furnished with an iron scraper that takes up every particle that comes in its way. This is lowered from the ship by means of a steam-engine. One sent down from the English ship "Porcupine" went to the depth of eight miles, and after seven hours and a-half returned with one hundred and fifty pounds of mud.

All such attempts are not equally successful; but we may be sure that the great canvas bag always comes up with some wonderful passengers in its hold. The mud it brings is carefully washed and passed through sieves; then comes the anxious naturalist with his little bone forceps to pick up the unfortunate victims, which are at once immersed in alcohol for preservation.

The tangle is a simple snare, and is made of large tassels of loose hemp. This is a valuable means of catching the more delicate specimens that might easily be crushed by heavy machinery.

Before the *Euplectella* was known, a very singular glass sponge had been found, consisting of coarse glass threads bound together at one end by sea-weed. It was for years supposed to be the product of Japanese ingenuity. Many wonderful glass sponges have since been found, but none equal in beauty the *Euplectella*, specimens of which may now be purchased in almost any shop of natural curiosities. It is remarkable that every *Euplectella* sold contains a little brown crab. As this same crab has the reputation of appropriating the homes of its neighbors, its presence here may be thus explained. All naturalists agree that it has nothing whatever to do with the construction of its stolen abode. Many conclude that it is a custom to insert the little crab after the object is taken from the water, to give it more interest.

But I must not leave you to think that our glass sponge appears when first found as you see it now. It is washed in a solution of chloride of lime and bleached in the light before it is brought to our part of the world. At first it is completely covered with a greyish substance, very much resembling the white of an egg. This is really "sponge flesh," and is made up of myriads of tiny *animalculæ*, or creatures so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. So closely are they connected, and in such unison do they work, that they are really one individual in many. They are considered the lowest type of animal life, as they are without eyes, mouth or stomach. Yet they absorb from the water the silex or glass that makes their framework. It is no more trouble for them to build their elegant mansion than it is for us to make the bones of our bodies.

You might imagine that they spin the threads of glass as the spider does its web; but no, the pattern and thread are made as they go upward. While men have been puzzling for years over the secret of flexible glass-making, and have only just discovered it, these little creatures have been spinning glass at the bottom of the sea for centuries, guided by the unseen Power to choose their material and carry out their fairy-like design with unerring exactness.

THE EARTH, THE MOON AND THE COMET.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THE old Earth was sleepy, and rolled into bed,
And the clouds were the pillows under his head;
While the Moon, his old wife, stood by with her light,
And tucked him up snugly and bade him "good-night."

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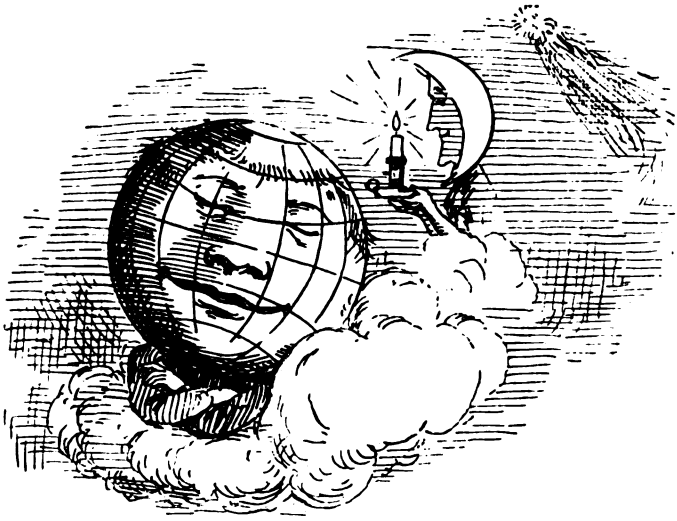
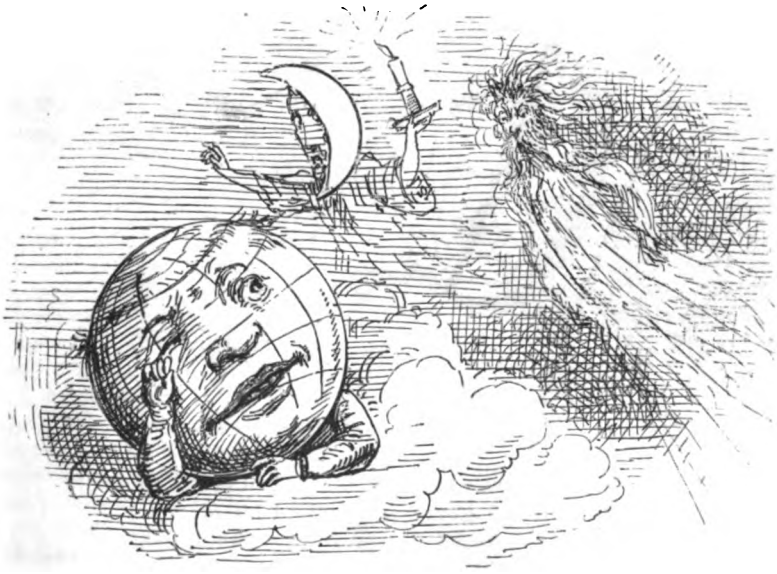


"WHILE THE MOON, HIS OLD WIFE, STOOD BY WITH HER LIGHT."

But neither the Earth nor the Moon was aware
There was coming a Star with a singular glare,
And a terrible tail, across their track,
That was n't set down in their almanac.



"SHE NUDGED HER HUSBAND, AND BADE HIM LOOK OUT."

But the Moon soon awoke and discovered this Star
Plunging along through the night from afar;
And she nudged her husband, and bade him look out,
For a fiery monster was roaming about!

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"AND NEARER AND NEARER THE COMET CAME."

And nearer and nearer the Comet came,
With his blazing head and his tail of flame
Some millions of miles in length, they say:
And the poor Earth trembled with sore dismay.

"THE EARTH'S ROUND FACE GREW LONG WITH AFFRIGHT."

For the Comet was robed in fire and mist,
And frowned and glared and doubled his fist,
Till the Earth's round face grew long with affright,
And the Moon, in her terror, let fall her light.

But all on a sudden their terror was gone,
For the Comet wheeled by on his way to the Sun;
And they laughed as they saw him go tearing his hair,
Far away in the distance, in rage and despair.

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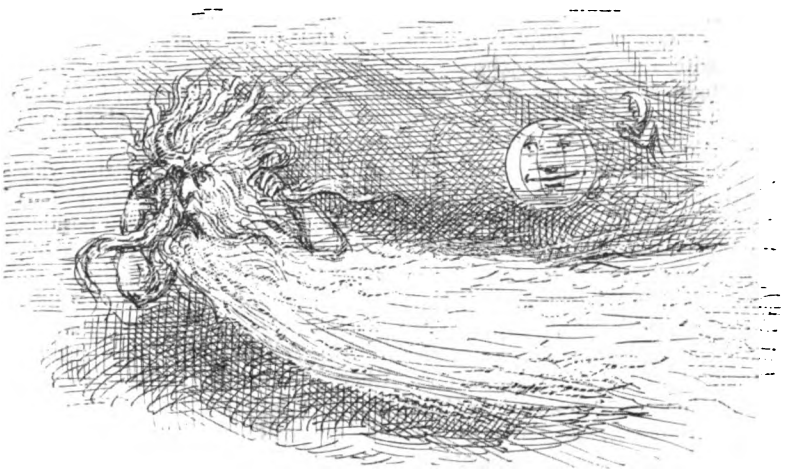

"THEY SAW HIM GO TEARING HIS HAIR."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Earth, and "Ho, ho!" cried the Moon;
"I don't think you 'll scare us again very soon.
You make a great show in the sky as you pass;
But astronomers say you are nothing but gas!"

THE DEAF AND DUMB PYGMY FAMILIES.

By James H. Flint.

The remarkable pygmies of which I propose to tell you are only about one inch in height, and when young are of a bright silver color, growing darker as they enter on the active duties of life. They are seldom at rest, being almost constantly kept in service by their hard task-masters, to whom they are in bondage; but whenever they are allowed a few moments' repose, they sleep all huddled together in little wooden houses without doors or windows or roofs. The families are astonishingly large, being numbered by thousands; and as it would be impossible to give every separate member a different name, each family is divided into twenty-six tribes, and each tribe is given a name and a house. This is the more easily done, because every pygmy is known by his face. The twenty-six tribes all have distinct and characteristic features, and it is only necessary to see a pygmy's face to tell at once to what tribe he belongs, and where his house is. When any of the little fellows get into the wrong house, by mistake, they are very apt to make trouble on their next appearance, by speaking when they ought to be quiet. It never does for a member of one tribe to try to take the place and do the office of the member of a different tribe. Each tribe has its own appointed duties, and although they mingle with each other freely to perform these duties, they are rendered quite unfit for use by getting mixed up in their houses; and when, through any mishap, this occurs, it takes a long time to separate and distribute them to their different apartments.

I almost forgot to say that among the twenty-six tribes there were certain pygmies who had larger faces, although bearing the same names as their smaller-faced brethren. They differ so much from the others that it is necessary for them to live in separate houses. These big-faced fellows are the

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"upper ten" of the dwarf family. They are not so numerous as the others, and have very little to do in comparison with their humbler brethren. Hence they are thought to be proud and to hold themselves very high. They do, in fact, live above the rest, in what is called the "upper case," but are really a capital set of fellows.

Although a single family numbers its thousands, that is nothing when compared to the number of all the deaf and dumb pygmies in the world. Why, in our own country there are numerous families in almost every town. And in this great city of New York they are almost innumerable. In America, England, France, Spain, Russia, and several other countries, the faces of the dwarfs are much the same; but there are some countries, such as China and Japan, where they are very different.

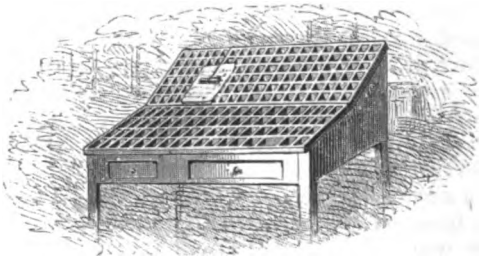
The deaf and dumb pygmy family originated in Germany some four hundred years ago, and from this branch all the other families throughout the world sprang. The English family is at this moment staring you in the face, and speaking to you, young reader. The members have been taken up out of their little wooden houses, one at a time, stood on their feet in a row, and made to spell the words you are reading. Then they have been tied up with a stout string and placed, all together, on a marble slab, where they have been locked up in an iron frame, and taken to a man who covered their faces all over with plaster of Paris. Then the plaster was taken up carefully, and there was a beautiful impression of every face. Then this plaster impression was put into a great iron box and immersed in hot boiling metal, and when it came out it was a stereotype plate.

By this time most of my young readers will have guessed who and what these curious pygmies are. They will begin to understand that these little fellows are not only deaf and dumb, but without animal life of any kind; and yet, the *type* family speaks to millions of persons, every day, in every tongue, and in every clime throughout the world! The little pygmies are printing-types.

But what are stereotype plates? They are simply casts taken, as I have said, from the plaster moulds which are made from the "set up" types. When you remember that the pages of this magazine are printed from stereotype plates, which could not be made until each little type had been taken separately, and placed in a particular position, and when you are told that there are over three hundred thousand types thus placed in position in a single number of this magazine, you will say that the deaf and dumb pygmies are a very useful and wonderful family.

After the little types have left the impression of their faces in the plaster of Paris, and the stereotype plates are cast and finished, they are mounted on wooden blocks, and "made up," as the printers say, into a "form," with the pages arranged so as to come in the right order when they show themselves on the white paper. Then the form is "locked up,"—that is, a large iron frame, called a "chase," is placed around the pages which are then securely wedged in the iron frame. Sometimes this is done on the press, and at other times it is done on a large stone, and the locked-up form is then lifted and placed on the press.

The next thing to be done is to "make the form ready," and a great deal of preparation is often required to secure a clear impression from these stereotype plates, especially when there are fine engravings inserted in some of the pages, as there are in the ST. NICHOLAS. But, at length, all the "overlays" and "underlays" are made, the impression is exactly right all over the form; the ink on the rollers is neither too thin nor too thick; there is no treacherous oil dripping anywhere to spoil the work; and round go the wheels, backward and forward moves the iron bed containing the form, while the paper goes in fair and white and comes out with beautiful pictures and the clear words which the pygmies send you.



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COMING.

By M. M. D.

Two fair ships are sailing,
  Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
  Full as full can be;
Side by side, my Willie says—
  Like as pin to pin,
Oh, the happy, happy days
  When our ships come in!

While our ships are sailing,
  Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
  Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
  Grieving would be sin:
Soon or late, and side by side,
  Shall our ships come in.

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FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XXXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

That day Jack wrote again to Mr. Chatford, recalling his request for a loan of money, and explaining how it happened that he now had enough for present purposes.

He also wrote to Vinnie, begging her not to send the money which George had asked for. "I am sorry to say my poor friend is no better," he wrote; "but, thanks to a strange good fortune, we are no longer in want of anything."

George was, indeed, no better; which means—as it always does in such cases—that he was worse. But now that Jack had money, and with it the power to keep his friend where he could be with him, and watch by his bedside, his hope and courage rose, and never once failed him through all the long, toilsome, terrible days and nights which followed.

Both Mrs. Dolberry and her husband showed him a great deal of kindness at this time; furnishing him his meals, and assisting him occasionally in taking care of his patient. But they were still of the opinion that George should go to the hospital. Either that must be done or a hired nurse would be necessary; for such a boy as Jack, they declared, could not thus give his life to the patient and hold out long.

"O, if only Mrs. Chatford were here, or Annie Lanman, or some good woman I know!" he thought a hundred times; but he could not bear to call in a stranger.

Such was the state of affairs, when, one morning, as he was hurrying home with some ice to be used in the sick-room, he overtook a young girl carrying a satchel, and looking anxiously at the numbers of the houses along the street.

"What house are you trying to find?" asked Jack, not forgetting, even in his own anxiety and haste, the courtesy due to a young girl, and a stranger.

"The house where Mr. Dolberry lives;" and she named the number.

There was something in her sweet, troubled face, and in her winning tones of voice, which would have attracted Jack's attention at any time; for they reminded him, in some subtle way, of the dearest friend he had ever known—Mrs. Annie Felton Lanman. Of course, the question she asked quickened his interest in her.

"The house is close by; I am going there," he said, and offered to carry her satchel.

In her anxiety, she neglected to give him the satchel, and forgot to thank him.

"Is—do you know if George Greenwood ——"

She could not finish the question, the answer to which she trembled to hear.

"He is there," Jack hastened to assure her. "I am going to him now."

She made no reply; but Jack could see the tears start from her eyes and her lips quiver as she glided swiftly by his side.

"Here is the place," he said, when they reached the door. "I am George's friend."

"I thought so," she replied, recovering herself a little. "I could n't thank you before. But I am so glad I met you! I am his friend too—his sister—Vinnie."

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed Jack, clasping her hands with tears of joy. "How did you ever get here?"

"I scarcely know myself. But how—how is he? Tell me the worst at once! I can bear anything, now I know he is alive."

"The worst is—that he is very sick. But we shall save him—now you have come, I am sure we shall!"

"Can I go right to him?"

"You had better see Mrs. Dolberry first. And you must be prepared. He may not know you; and you will hardly know him. We have had to cut off all that beautiful hair of his."

"O my poor George!" was all the young girl could say, as she followed Jack to Mrs. Dolberry's room.

"Bless me! if you aint a spunky gal!" was that worthy creature's admiring comment, when told who Vinnie was, and how far she had traveled alone to come to her sick friend, or brother, as she called him. "It 's lucky now he *did n't* go to the hospital! I 'll give you a vacant room I have on the same floor,—you 'll be glad to be near him; though I don't know what you can do for him that aint done a'ready; for his friend here—*you* can never know, and the poor, sick young man can never know, how *he* has stuck to him, as no brother could ever have stuck closer."

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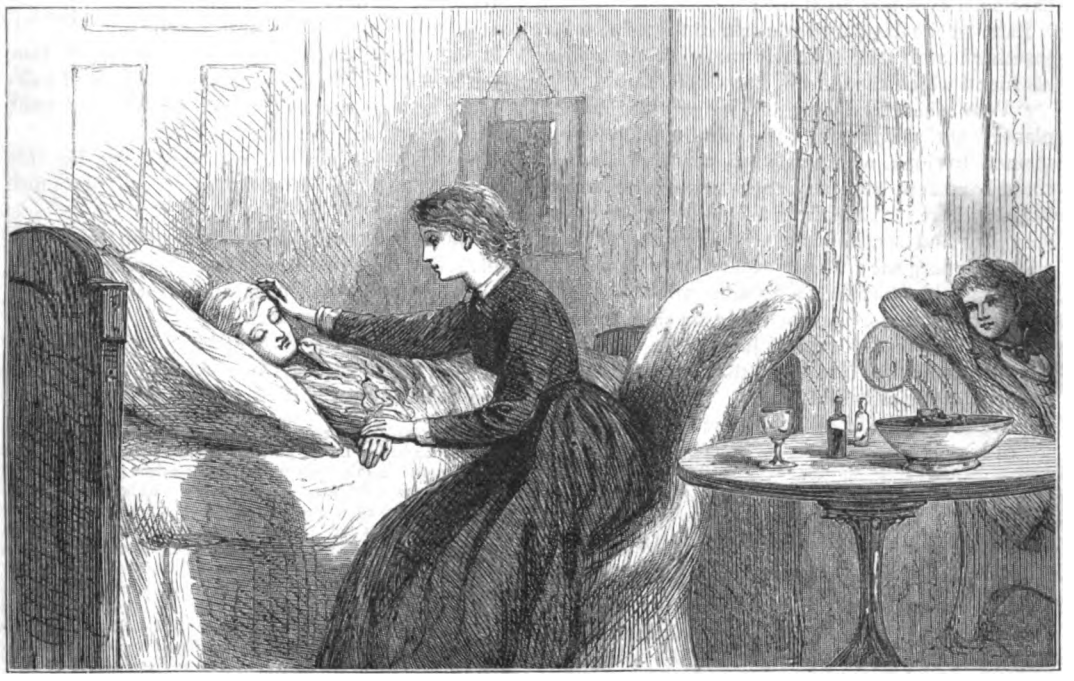
Vinnie understood the spirit of these words, in spite of their broken syntax, and a great wave of hope and gratitude moved her breast, so weak after her long, anxious journey.

Jack hastened to relieve Mr. Dolberry, whom he had left with George, and to get the room and his friend in readiness for Vinnie's visit. A new life seemed to have come to him; a strange comfort, a subtle joy, thrilled every nerve.

"O, if he could know she is here, it would help cure him, I am sure!" thought he. "But he will feel her presence, if he does n't know. How much she is like Annie!"



"VINNIE WATCHED THE SICK, WAN FACE OF GEORGE."

When she came in, it was some time before she could overcome her pain and grief at seeing George lying there unconscious, so wan, so wasted, his shaven head covered with cloths kept wet with ice-water—her old playmate, her dear "brother," whom she had last seen full of hope and strength, as he waved his hat towards her, from the deck of the packet-boat, and sailed away into the sunrise! Had all his plans and aspirations come to this?

She lost little time, however, in tears and vain regrets, but soon began to busy herself in the sick-room as only a woman can do. For Vinnie, though scarcely seventeen years old, was a woman in heart and experience; her life with the Presbits had, as an offset to her many privations, given her strength and self-reliance; and in helping their neighbors in times of sickness, she had gained something which she found of far more value now than all the money she had earned. Vinnie had come dressed in a gown of plain, serviceable, dark stuff, suitable alike for her journey and the tasks she expected to perform at the end of it. Besides that, and the few other clothes she wore, she had brought all her traveling gear in the little satchel she carried in her hand. But, had she shone in silks and diamonds, she could not have appeared more charming than she was, in the eyes of Jack.

Her quickness, lightness, and grace made him feel very clumsy and awkward at first; and she found so many little things to do, which he had not thought of, that he began to think that, after all, he was a very stupid nurse indeed.

Mrs. Dolberry had had a lounge brought into the room, for the convenience of the watchers; and it was not long before Vinnie told Jack to lie down on it and sleep, while she sat by the patient, and kept his head cool.

"But you need sleep more than I do—after your journey," replied Jack.

"O no! I rested very well on the steamboat last night, coming down the river. And I have n't been worn out with watching night and day, as you have. Besides, I could n't sleep now; I wish to sit by him, and be quiet for a little while. If anything is needed, which I can't do for him, I will wake you."

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Her words, although very gently spoken, seemed almost like commands to Jack, who accordingly took the lounge, while she sat alone, in silence, by the bed.

But he did not sleep. He could not help peeping from under his half-closed lids, and watching her, while she, with all her yearning, tender, sad young soul in her eyes, watched the sick, wan face of George.

"How fond she is of him!" thought Jack. "I would almost be willing to lie there sick, if I could have such eyes look so at me!"

Later in the day they had some comfortable talks together; and Jack told her many things about his friend which she did not know before.

"Why did n't he ever tell me of his literary plans?" she said, regretfully,—almost jealously, it seemed to Jack, who wondered now that George could have kept back any confidences from such a heart as hers. "But he was always strange—so very shy and sensitive about many things!" she added, finding the readiest excuse for his conduct. "I am glad he has such a friend in you!"

"But it was the hardest thing for him even to tell me of his plans," replied Jack. "It was necessity that compelled him,—not that he thought half so much of me as he did of you. Oh! if you could have heard him talk of you, sometimes, as I have heard him!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JACK AND THE OLD SAIL-MAKER.

FROM the very day of Vinnie's arrival, a slight change for the better began to show itself in George; either because the fever had then run its inevitable course, or because—as Jack always believed—something of her own healthful life, some soft, quiet influence, shed its cooling dew upon him, and did perhaps what all his medicines might not have done, to restore his strength.

With his greater leisure, Jack's resolution returned, to finish up, in some way, the business which had brought him to the city. He now made private inquiries, as he had shrunk from doing at first; and Mrs. Dolberry, to whom he told his story, consulted in his behalf all the old gossips in the neighborhood. As this was the side of the city, between Broadway and the North River, where the child was supposed to have been lost a dozen years before, it was very strange indeed that nobody could be found to remember the circumstance. Cases of lost children were not very uncommon in so large a city; but not one could be heard of to correspond with Jack's own.

He did not neglect the police department; but his inquiries there met with no better success. He found two or three officers who had been over a dozen years in the service; but they, with all their recollections of curious things which had occurred in their experience during that time, remembered nothing to his purpose. Nor did the examination of any city records give a clue to the rewards which he supposed must have been offered for him.

As he had already examined very thoroughly two files of old city newspapers, and found nothing whatever to encourage him, he was now forced to the conclusion that he was the victim of a strange blunder, or perhaps a downright falsehood, on the part of either Molly or Mother Hazard.

It was about this time that he bethought him again of old Mr. Plummerton,—whose loan of half-a-dollar he was now well able to repay,—and went once more to find him at his sail-loft.

The old gentleman was out, as before; but this time Jack thought he would go up into the office and wait.

It was a plain, roughly-finished room; the bare walls relieved by pictures of vessels under full sail, and by printed slips, mostly clipped from newspapers, pasted above the desk.

Jack amused himself by looking at the pictures, and then began to read the slips, when his eye fell upon the following paragraph:

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE IN BROOKLYN.—Last Saturday afternoon, Catharine Larcy, an Irish servant living with a family named Ragdon, in Prince street, Brooklyn, received permission to go and visit a sister in Williamsburg, and to take with her a young child of her employer's, a boy about three-and-a-half years old. Neither child nor nurse has since been heard from; and every effort to trace them has proved unavailing. The Williamsburg sister—who appears to be a respectable person—denies all knowledge of their whereabouts, and says she has not seen Catharine for several weeks; the two not being on friendly terms. They have a brother living in another part of Brooklyn; but he is unable to give any explanation of the mystery. The family and friends of the missing child are in great distress, and a reward of one hundred dollars has been offered by them for any information that may lead to the recovery of the lost darling.

Immediately under this paragraph was pasted the following:

It seems that Catharine Larcy, the nurse who disappeared so mysteriously with the Ragdon child, last Saturday afternoon, had a quarrel of long standing with her own family on account of her husband, a worthless fellow, whom all her relatives had turned out of doors. She had promised her last employers that she would have no communication with this man; but it is strongly suspected that he is somehow at the bottom of the mystery. It is not impossible that he has induced her to abduct the child, in order to secure the offered rewards. If so, his opportunity has come, five hundred dollars being now offered by the Brooklyn authorities and the friends of the child, for its recovery.

It also appears that Catharine, only the day before her disappearance, had received from her employers a large amount of wages, which had been accumulating for several weeks.

Jack had barely finished this last paragraph, when Mr. Plummerton came in, and greeted him with his usual kindness.

"I have come to pay my debts," said the visitor, with beaming pleasure in his smile, as he took

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half-a-dollar from his pocket and gave it to the old man.

"As a matter of business, I take it," replied Mr. Plummerton. "And glad I am to see it again,—not for the sake of the money, you understand,—that 's a trifle,—but because it shows me that you are not only upright boys, but that you have been prospered."

"Prospered after a curious fashion," said Jack, who then told the story of his friend's sickness, and of the pickpocket's diamond.

"Very curious!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I hope your friend is better now."

"The doctor says the crisis is passed, and that with careful treatment he will get well. But he has had a dreadful time!"

Partly to hide his emotion at the recollection of what he had gone through with George, Jack turned to the printed slips pasted above the desk.

"I was reading something here when you came in."

"So I observed; and you seemed to be interested."

"I have reason to be," said Jack. "I heard of this case before, while making some inquiries with regard to another lost child; but I could n't learn that the mystery was ever cleared up. May be you can tell me."

"It never was cleared up," Mr. Plummerton replied. "What other case of a lost child do you speak of?"

Jack hesitated a moment, then told his story, in which the old gentleman appeared deeply interested.

"And what do you propose to do now?" he asked, after all was told.

"I shall go back home to Mr. Chatford's, as soon as my friend Greenwood is well enough, so that I can leave him. Meanwhile I shall put an advertisement into the papers, as I should have done in the first place, if I had had plenty of money. I don't expect anything from it now; but it will do no harm."

Mr. Plummerton turned to his desk, and appeared about to open it; but hesitated. Jack would have taken this as a hint that it was time for him to withdraw, but for a certain indecision, even agitation, in the old man's manner. He was, moreover, determined to ask some questions regarding that other lost child, of whose case he believed Mr. Plummerton had a personal knowledge.

"Before you leave the city," said the latter, leaving his desk unopened, and turning again to his visitor, "you must go home with me to Brooklyn. Can't you go now?"

"Not very well now; my friends will be expecting me home at noon. But I should like to go with you soon, and learn something more about ——" Jack pointed to the printed slips on the wall. "I should have followed up that case, when I first heard of it, if I had n't been out of the city; that fact, and the circumstance of the nurse being with the child, showed that there could be no connection between it and my own case."

The old man made no reply to this, but said:

"If you can't go home with me to dinner, go over this evening to tea—that will perhaps be better. Call for me here at about five o'clock. Don't fail."

Jack promised, and soon taking leave of the man whose friendship he had gained in so singular a manner, hastened home to his patient.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HIMSELF AGAIN.

THAT afternoon George woke from a long, deep sleep of healthful rest; and for the first time in almost two weeks his own bright, unclouded spirit looked out of the blue eyes that opened upon Jack sitting by his bed.

"Hallo, Jack!" he said, in his old, pleasant tones of voice. "What are you reading?"

"A little of Lord Byron," Jack replied, as carelessly as he could, in the surprise and joy of finding his dear George himself again.

"Byron? But we ate Byron and the other fellows," said George. "Or did I dream it?"

"You 've had some odd dreams," Jack answered.

"Yes, I 've been pretty sick. I know it. But see here, Jack! we did pawn or sell Scott and Burns and Byron and —— What 's that on the mantelpiece? My flute! Why, I remember distinctly pawning that!"

"Yes, George," said Jack. "We pawned a good many things. But they have all come back to us. You see, we 've had a streak of luck."

"What luck?" said George, trying to raise himself, but finding no strength in his shrunken arms.

"You remember the pickpocket's ring, which you noticed had a brilliant diamond the first time you saw it, and had no diamond the next time? And where do you suppose that diamond was, all the while we were suffering the extremes of poverty? In my trousers pocket, George!"

"No, no! That 's a romance, Jack!"

"No romance at all. Who would ever think of inventing such a thing for a story? It actually happened; and the way I discovered it, and sold it back to our friend the pickpocket,—*Mr. Manton's friend*, I mean,—is one of those things which people say are stranger than fiction. It 's all true, George; and with the money that rogue actually paid me, I have redeemed all our pawned articles,

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bought back the books we sold, paid rent and board and washing and doctor's fees, and have more left for both of us than we started from home with. But see here, old fellow! you must n't go to being excited, or I sha' n't tell you anything more."

"No, don't tell me any more—I can't stand it! I 'm glad I did n't send my letter to Vinnie—I did n't send it, did I? I can't remember."

"No, you did n't," replied Jack, thinking it discreet to withhold the real truth for awhile.

"And yet," said George, "it seems to me I have been with Vinnie. I thought I was in the old room at home, and she was taking care of me, —and you were there too, Jack. Strange how things have been mixed up in my mind! Of course, we have n't been there, Jack. And of course she has n't been here,—that 's more improbable still. But who has arranged this room so nicely? No disrespect to you, Jack, but you never put things in *such* order, I know! Only a woman's hand could do this."

"Well, women have been here," said Jack. "Mrs. Dolberry has been very kind; and, George, we ought both to be ashamed of having ever made fun of her."

"What letter is that on the mantelpiece?" George inquired. "For me?"

"Yes, one that came yesterday."

"From Vinnie? No," said George, with a disappointed look, seeing the superscription. "Hallo! it 's from the *Manhattan Magazine!* Read it, Jack! Quick!"

Jack opened the letter, and found that it contained a bank-note of five dollars, in payment for the poem, "An Autumn Day," printed in the *Manhattan Magazine.* The heart of the poor young poet was filled with joy.

"My poem in the *Manhattan!*" he exclaimed. "O, Jack! I guess I am dreaming now. I never could see the editor; so, finally, I left a note for him; and this——"

He took the bank-note in his thin, feeble fingers, as if to make sure that it was a reality.

It was the first payment he had ever received for his verses; and never afterwards—not even when, not many years later, he was paid for such trifles ten times as much by magazines eager to secure contributions from his pen—did his success as a poet seem so certain, or its reward so sweet.

It was some time before Jack ventured to tell him any more news. But George, after a little rest, wished to know if "A Scene at the Wharves" had been heard from, and whether it was accepted.

"It has been accepted, printed, and paid for," replied Jack. "I have three dollars in my pocket, sent you by the editor, with his compliments, and an invitation to write him two such articles a week, describing city scenes; for which he will pay you six dollars a week."

"I can't believe it!" said George. "Why, Jack, my fame and fortune are made!"

"Not if you get excited, and are made worse by the news, George. I ought not to have told you so much. You must n't think of it any more; and you know it will be a long time before you can begin to write again."

"Yes, yes! But, O Jack! you have made me very happy. I owe that daily paper business all to you. I should never have thought of writing up city scenes, if you had n't suggested the idea. And—have n't you accomplished anything for yourself yet?"

"Nothing to speak of. I 've just prepared an advertisement here, which I am going to let off, as a last resort. I put no confidence in it; for I have about made up my mind that I 've been wretchedly humbugged by somebody. I 'll tell you why I think so, some time; but you must rest now, and I have an engagement to meet soon. Will you believe it? I am going to Brooklyn to take tea with our old friend of the steamboat, who loaned us the half-dollar."

"You must n't leave me alone, Jack! But no! I wont be selfish; go and enjoy yourself, and never mind me."

"I wont leave you alone, George; be sure of that. You shall have better company than I am."

"Better than you! That 's impossible, unless my dream should come true, and I should wake up and find—but that 's foolish! I 'll go to sleep, and see if I can't dream myself with her again."

"George," said Jack, earnestly, "don't be agitated, and I will tell you something. *You* did not send your letter to Vinnie, but *I* sent it, and wrote a few words to tell her that you were sick. And, George,——"

"She is here! Vinnie!" cried George, faintly, as Jack's story was interrupted by the entrance of the young girl herself into the room.

She fluttered to the bedside like a bird; there were stifled cries, scarcely heard by Jack, as he ran out and left the two alone—an example which we will do well to follow.

But, while Jack is on his way to keep his engagement with the old sail-maker, we can glide softly back, and see Vinnie sitting by her "brother's" side, holding his hand, and smiling joyously upon him, while he questions her with his eyes and tongue.

"Now tell me how you got away—all about it," he entreats.

"Well, when I got your letter, with that first

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note from Jack (he tells me I must call him Jack), it made a great commotion at home."

"I can hear Uncle Presbit's '*I told him so!*'" says George; "and Aunt Presbit's '*He has made his bed, and he must lie on it.*'"

"There was enough of that, certainly," Vinnie replies. "But they are kinder-hearted than you ever believed; you know I always insisted upon that. They scolded and blamed you, of course, at first; and I never said a word in your defense—I knew that was the best way. I waited till their better feelings began to assert themselves, as I knew they would; and then, when Uncle Presbit said, 'Well, Vinnie, I suppose you 'll send off all your hard earnings to that foolish fellow,' I just replied that I had n't made up my mind.

"'Of course she will,' said Aunt Presbit. 'She never could refuse him anything he asked, from the time when we first brought them together. Now her money will go too, and that will be the last of that; then the first we know, he will be sending to us for more.'

"Then I spoke up. 'I don't think I shall send him any money,' I said. That took them both by surprise, and they began to change their tone. Uncle said he supposed, of course, I would send a little—it was no more than right that I should; and he walked out of the house with the dissatisfied look you remember. Then aunt burst out.

"'Vinnie, I 'm astonished at you!' she said. 'There 's poor George, sick among strangers; no matter how foolish he has been, he 's about the same to you as your own brother; and you ought to do everything for him you can. I shall send him some money, if you don't.' And she went to the green chest, and brought out that old stocking of hers you remember—the stocking stuffed with the butter and eggs' money, which uncle gives her!"

"Did she?" says George, with glistening eyes. "I should n't have thought she would touch that money for anybody."

"Hear the rest," Vinnie goes on. "She tumbled out the money on her bed, and was shedding tears over it, and pitying you, and scolding me, when at last I could keep in no longer, and I said:

"'Aunt! George is sick, he may be dying! It is n't money alone he needs. I told you I should n't send him any. And I sha' n't. But I shall take all the money I have, and all you will lend or give me, and go to him, and stay with him, and take care of him, as long as he needs me.' Then you should have seen her look at me!

"'Now that sounds like you,' she said. 'And you are as good a hand at taking care of the sick as any girl of your age I ever knew.' But then she began to make objections; I was too young—I was a girl—the cost of the journey—and a hundred other things. All I replied was, 'George is sick among strangers; I can get to him some way, and I will.'

"Finally, I obtained her consent. It was harder to get Uncle Presbit's; but I did n't wait for it—I just kept right on getting ready for the journey, and the next morning I started. He carried me over to the village, condemning my folly and telling me what to say and do for you, on the way. There I got Jack's second letter, which decided me to send back all aunt's money; that pleased uncle so much, that he at last appeared quite reconciled to my going. I made the journey without an accident; got out of an omnibus on the corner of Broadway, and asked of a young man in the street the way to the house, who turned out to be your friend Jack himself. O, George! I seem to have been watched over by Providence through it all, and now that you are better, I think I can never be ungrateful again, or discontented with anything, in my life!"

"Teach me to feel that way too, Vinnie?" says George, his heart melted with thankfulness and love. "You are so much better than I!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A REVELATION.

JACK found Mr. Plummerton waiting for him. He was in a thoughtful mood, and talked little, as they proceeded to the foot of Fulton street, crossed over in a ferry-boat to Brooklyn, and then walked up one or two streets, till they came to a plain, comfortable wooden house, with PLUMMERTON on the door.

As they stopped before the old-fashioned, little wooden gate, they met two ladies—one quite young, the other of middle age, both dressed in black—coming from the opposite direction.

"Ah, Harriet!" said Mr. Plummerton, as they came up, "so late? I thought you would be here an hour ago. This is our young friend."

Jack had already recognized the kind woman whom he had first seen on the North River steamboat, and afterwards in Mrs. Libby's parlor. He now regarded her with a new and almost painful interest, knowing her to be Mr. Manton's wife.

She greeted him with a silent pressure of the hand, and a singularly tender, almost tearful smile; and then introduced him to her young companion with the hardly audible words, "My daughter."

The daughter smiled tranquilly, and gave him so slight, so cold a nod, that Jack did not venture to do more than pull off his cap to her at a distance. Those still, grey eyes seemed to measure and read him at a glance. She could not have been older than himself, yet her perfect repose of manner sug-

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gested a woman thoroughly acquainted with the world; or was she not rather like a nun, too pure, too spiritual-minded to be moved by the world?

They went in; and Jack saw no more of the ladies until tea-time.

He met them at table, in company with old Mr. and Mrs. Plummerton, a widowed daughter of theirs, and her three children, who composed the family. Mrs. Manton and her daughter seemed to be neighbors, and familiar visitors, who (he inferred from some word that was dropped) had come in on that special occasion to meet him.

Something was said of the adventure on the steamboat; and from that Jack was led on to give a pretty complete history of himself. He wondered very much how it happened that he was the centre of interest; and he was surprised to see, as he went on, that there was a tremor of feeling, a mist of emotion, even in the nun-like face and eyes of Miss Manton.

After tea, Mr. Plummerton took Jack into a little sitting-room, and carefully closed the door.

"The time has come," said he, "for a little serious talk. Sit down. You have asked me two or three times for the rest of the story,—about the Ragdon child,—and I have put you off. Now I will tell you all I know to the purpose."

Jack drew a long breath. He could not help feeling that something of unusual interest was coming.

"In the first place, about Mrs. Manton and her daughter. They are the wife and daughter of the man you saw fined for drunkenness in the public court the other day, and whose fine I paid."

"It does n't seem possible!" exclaimed Jack. "Mrs. Manton is so good, so beautiful! and the daughter—she is white as snow! I know the father."

"Manton is not a bad man; he is not by nature a low or vicious man. But drink has besotted him, body and mind. This terrible misfortune has had a peculiar effect on his wife and daughter. Grace used to be one of the brightest, merriest children ever seen; and she has a warm heart and a quick wit still; but shame and suffering, in sympathy with her mother, on *his* account, have made her, in the presence of strangers, the kind of statue you see her."

"Are there other children?"

"None living. A son, older than Grace, died a year and a-half ago. It was the remembrance of him, and perhaps a certain resemblance she fancied between him and you, that attracted Harriet to you on the steamboat."

"You were traveling in company with her, then?" Jack inquired.

"Yes; I had been to Albany on business, and she had been to see her husband's brother, who lives there, and who, through me, pays Manton's personal expenses. We wished to have some different arrangements made for him,—to give him some employment, and take him away from temptation; but the brother would n't hear of the plan; he says he has done all he can for Manton, and that he will now have no more trouble with him, except to give him a bare support."

"The bare support includes pretty good suits of clothes," said Jack.

"That comes from the brother's notions of family pride," replied the old man with a smile. "The Mantons must be *gentlemen*, even when they are drunkards. But this is not what I was going to say."

"You were going to tell me about—the Ragdon child."

"That child's mother and Mrs. Manton were sisters. I am their uncle."

The old man was going on to relate more particulars of the family, when Jack, at the first opportunity, interrupted him.

"The child and nurse were never heard from?"

"Yes. Six years after the disappearance, the nurse came back, and told a strange story. She was sick, and believed she was going to die, and wanted to relieve her mind by a confession. She did die, a few weeks after, having maintained the truth of her story to the last. Here is the printed account."

Mr. Plummerton took a small, rough-looking book from a shelf.

"When I turned to open my desk, but changed my mind, this morning, as you may remember, I was going to show you this scrap-book. It contains all the printed accounts of the affair, rewards offered, and so forth. But I thought you had better see it in my own house. Here is the nurse's story, briefly to this effect: that the going to Williamsburg that day was a pretence; that she really went to New York to pay a secret visit to her husband, and took the child with her; that, to induce her to go off with him, or to get her money, he gave her liquor to drink; and that, when she came to herself, the child was lost and could not be found."

Jack became suddenly very pale.

"How long ago?"

"Thirteen years ago, this coming month. The nurse, terrified at the loss of the child, which had been left to stray away through her neglect,—afraid to come back without it, and now completely under her husband's influence,—finally ran off with him, and was not heard of, as I said, for six years."

"What part of New York?"

"She could n't remember the name of the street where she met her husband; but it was not very

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far up town, and it was between Broadway and the river."

Then Jack inquired, "How was the child dressed?"

And the old man answered, "Very much as you say you were dressed, when you were picked up. Here is the full description, in the printed offers of rewards, only we have 'golden curls,' instead of 'yellow curls,' and 'fine pink and white checks,' instead of plain 'pink,' gives the color of the frock."

Jack held the book in the sunset light, which shone through the window, and read the announcement which he had looked for in the New York papers so long in vain, and which must have escaped his eye, because it appeared in them under the head of "Affairs in Brooklyn."

"HIS HEAD RESTED, CHILDLIKE, ON HER MOTHERLY SHOULDER."

CHAPTER XL.

JACK'S RELATIVES.

HIS breath almost stifled with emotion, his eyes shining, Jack laid down the book and looked at Mr. Plummerton. The old man continued, with singular calmness of look and tone:

"None of us have any doubt but you are the true Henry Ragdon. Mrs. Manton is your aunt; Grace is your cousin. This relationship accounts for a certain resemblance you bear to the son who died,—which was not all in Harriet's fancy."

"Mrs. Ragdon—my mother—is dead?" said Jack. "And my father?"

"Your father was at that time in business with his brother-in-law, Manton. Manton ruins everything he touches. He ruined your father. The failure came close upon the heels of the other terrible affair. It's a distressing story altogether; I wont dwell upon it. Your father was one of the most active, upright, earnest men I ever saw. Overwork and anxiety of mind brought on a fever, and he died the next December. Your mother never recovered from this double calamity; yet she survived her husband about four years."

Jack made no reply. His face was buried in his hands. After a pause, Mr. Plummerton went on:

"You will be interested to know what property was left. Your father, owing to his failure, left nothing. But your mother had a little in her own right, which he would never touch—and wisely, as it proved. It was something less than a thousand dollars; yet it was all she had to live on, after he died. Harriet had as much of her own, but Manton squandered every dollar of it. After Harriet was separated from her husband, she and your mother lived together, and shared everything in common, even to the care of the children. What is left of the little property, Harriet still has, and it is all she has. Your mother left it in her hands, without a will, knowing her necessities, and knowing, too, that if the lost child was ever found, Harriet would do what was right by him. Now would you like to see your aunt and cousin?"

"Pretty soon—not just yet," Jack murmured, his face still hidden, and his bent frame agitated.

Mr. Plummerton went out; and presently Mrs. Manton came in, and sat down by Jack's side, and took his hand, and with an arm placed gently and affectionately about him, drew him towards her, until his head rested, childlike, upon her motherly shoulder. This was more than he could endure, and he sobbed aloud.

She was also deeply moved. But after a time

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she grew calm, and then she talked to him long and lovingly of his parents, especially of his mother, of his own childhood, and of many things which cannot be recounted here.

Once Jack became conscious of the presence of Grace, and, looking up, he saw her sitting just before him, erect and pale, with tears sliding softly down her still face.

When all had become more composed, Mrs. Manton said:

"And now with regard to your mother's little property, of which I suppose uncle has told you something. It had shrunken considerably at the time she died; but I have kept as correct an account of it as I could; and as soon as uncle came over at noon and told us of you, I set Grace to reckoning up the interest. She has the paper here. You will see by it that we owe you eleven hundred dollars. We shall not be able to pay all of it at once, but we can pay a part of it in a few days, and then, little by little, make up the rest. She is beginning to give music lessons now, and is quite successful; and it costs us not very much to live."

Jack glanced at the paper, by the light of a lamp which had been brought in; then hung his head, with a look of deep trouble, which Mrs. Manton mistook for disappointment.

"You will think that you have gained but little by hunting up your parentage," she said, sadly.

Jack dropped the paper, and accidentally put his foot upon it as he rose.

"I can't tell you how much I have gained!" he exclaimed, with the eloquence of strong feeling. "To know what you have just told me of my parents, is worth everything! As for this little property, my dear aunt! my dear cousin!"—he held the hands of both,—"don't for a moment think that I will ever take a cent of it! It 's where I know my mother would wish to have it; I do not need it; never speak of it again!"

In vain they urged him. He would not even listen to their thanks. His heart was full. If not altogether happy, he felt that he was deeply blessed; and that all the fortunes in the world could not at that moment make him richer.

They urged him to remain, and make them a visit; then wished to know if there was anything they could do for him.

"Not for me. In a few days I am going back to my country home, where I shall work and study and want for nothing. But I shall leave a friend here in the city. He will be lonely without me. If you will be kind to him, and let him visit you,—and if you will sing and play to him, Cousin Grace, for he is very fond of music,—that will make me feel better about leaving him."

Jack promised, however, to come often to Brooklyn, and to bring his friend with him once, if possible, before leaving New York.

Then, parting with Grace and her mother at their own door, he hurried to the ferry, and recrossed the river; his heart throbbing with deep emotion and exalted thoughts as he looked down at the rushing water and up at the silent stars.

Chapter XLI.

THE LAST.

With Jack's accomplishment of the object of his journey, and George's restoration to health, our story of these fast friends draws to a close; for the time of their separation was now at hand.

Whilst awaiting George's convalescence, Jack—for we will still call him by his familiar name—went round one day to Murray street, hoping to have one more talk with his old friend, Master Felix. But neither Master Felix nor Professor De Waldo was to be found, the pair having lately decamped, as the landlord expressed it, between two days. Why they had taken this course, just as they were having a good run of custom, he could not explain, but conjectured that it was for the simple pleasure of cheating him out of his rent.

The friends had some difficulty in dividing satisfactorily what they called their "diamond money;" not because each claimed more than his just share, but for a quite contrary reason. After each had taken all that he thought belonged to him, there remained a handsome little sum which both sturdily refused. The difficulty was growing serious, when Jack suggested, as a happy compromise, a present for Vinnie. "What should it be?" was the question. George said she had long wanted a silk dress, but that his uncle and aunt had frowned upon the mere mention of such extravagance. As they could not well object to her receiving it as a present, the silk was secretly resolved upon.

Jack paid several visits to his Brooklyn friends; and on one occasion invited his aunt and cousin to go shopping with him. He wished to be guided by their feminine taste and judgment in selecting the silk, and also in choosing some suitable gifts for Mrs. Dolberry, and for Mrs. Chatford and little Kate at home.

That evening the friends had the satisfaction of delivering their present, and of witnessing a young girl's innocent delight over her "first silk." There was but one drawback to Vinnie's perfect contentment: she had no new hat to wear with the new gown!

But somehow the hat, and other needful accompaniments, were duly added, while the gown was in the hands of a dressmaker recommended by

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good Mrs. Dolberry; and on a certain memorable occasion Vinnie "came out."

George also, on that occasion, appeared in a new suit, bought a day or two before at a ready-made clothing shop. As for Jack, he just brushed up his old clothes as well as he could, and made them answer. He was anxious that his friends should that day make a good appearance: he cared less for himself. It was Sunday, and all three were going over to take dinner in Brooklyn, and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Manton and Grace.

It proved a delightful occasion for all; but it was especially so to George. In his languid, convalescent state, his heart was open to all sweet influences; and the beauty of the day, the sunshine and breeze and dancing ripples on the river, the presence and sympathy of his two dear friends, and the exceeding kindness of the new friends he was destined that day to make,—everything contributed to brim his heart with happiness.

It was perhaps owing to this susceptibility of the invalid that Grace made the deep impression on him which his friends observed. The sight of her affected him like the reading of a perfect poem, and the tones of her voice moved him like strange music. He did not find her cold, as Jack at first did; but her very looks and words seemed, to his sensitive soul, always just ready to quiver with emotions unexpressed.

The afternoon was enlivened by the unlooked-for appearance of Mr. Manton. He covered his surprise at seeing his young friends with a great deal of politeness; and, alluding to the story of the diamond, which had reached him, declared that he was "disappointed in that MacPheeler." But he was happy to say that the light-fingered gentleman had recently got his deserts; having been taken in the very act of picking a pocket, and shut up in the Tombs, where he was now awaiting his trial.

Manton made but a short call; but it was long enough to give the other visitors a new insight into the characters of Grace and her mother. While they had not the heart to laugh at his pleasantries, they treated him with a certain tender respect, which—to George particularly—seemed very beautiful. He had much to say about the trouble Jack would have saved himself by confiding to him, at the outset, the object of his business in the city; but, finding that he had the talk mostly to himself, he presently, with many polite flourishes, took his leave.

Vinnie, fresh and vivacious, broke through the reserve even of the quiet Grace, and gained her lasting friendship; though they were not to meet again for many years.

In the pleasant summer twilight, Grace and her mother accompanied their visitors to the ferry, and took leave of them there. To Jack and Vinnie, who were to start the next day on their homeward journey, they gave affectionate good-by kisses; to George, invitations to visit them again.

It was these new friendships he had made which consoled George for the prospect of so soon parting with Jack and Vinnie and seeing them set off on their journey without him,—a trial which had before seemed more than he could bear.

It seemed *all* he could bear, when the time came. I don't know why Jack bore the parting more bravely; perhaps because his present strength and natural self-control were greater; perhaps because Vinnie went with him.

The farewells were spoken at the door; and then George stood and watched the coach that carried them away, and listened to the receding rattle of the wheels, until it turned a corner, and he saw and heard no more. Then climbing slowly to his room, he locked the door, threw himself upon his now lonely bed, and cried like a child.

The parting of friends, either by death, or absence, or estrangement, is, assuredly, one of the very saddest things in life. Almost every other sorrow can be met with patience. But time brings consolation even for this.

Time brought consolation to George; yet neither new friends, nor literary success (which came with hard toil and frugal living), nor any good fortune or happiness, ever crowded from his heart the love and gratitude he felt for Jack.

And Jack was no less faithful in his attachment. Yet the journey up the river and the canal, as far as Vinnie's home, was to him—strange as it may seem—one of the happiest incidents of his whole life. He wished that it might never end. The weather was lovely; and he and Vinnie sat on the deck of the packet-boat, or in the cool cabin, day and evening, and talked about George, New York, the past, the future—everything but the present moments, which made them so happy, and which were going, never to return.

Vinnie wished Jack to stop and visit George's relatives; but he was a little ashamed of giving himself up to dreams and leisure, as he was now doing, and felt that he must hasten home to work on the farm which, after all, he loved so well.

The evening before they were to part, as they sat on the deck, gliding by moonlight through pleasant scenes, Vinnie said to him:

"Why is it that George never talked to me as you do? Even that morning when he bid me good-by, just as he was starting for New York, he seemed thinking of something else."

Though Jack had long since made up his mind that George, with all his brotherly affection, never appreciated Vinnie as *he* would have done in his

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place, he did not say so, but answered, half-playfully, "Still, when he has succeeded in New York, I suspect he will have something very confidential to say to you."

"Oh!" laughed Vinnie. "I know what you mean. But you are very much mistaken. Why, do you know, I have fully made up my mind that ——"

"That what?"

"That he will marry Grace Manton. Yes, I am sure of it. She's just suited for him; and didn't you notice how he interested her? What a poetical face she has! And then, you know, fond as George and I have always been of each other, we are only brother and sister."

"If I could think so!" Then, after a little pause, Jack added, fervently, "I am only a boy now; but in a few years I shall be a man; and in the meanwhile I am going to make something of myself, if study and hard work will do it. I wont ask you *now* to give me any serious promise; only that we, too, may be FAST FRIENDS till *then*."

"Till then, and always," Vinnie answered, frankly.

ICE IN INDIA.

BY M. E. EDWARDS.

WHAT possible connection can there be between Lake Ontario and India? The one lies between the United States and Canada, where the winter cold seizes upon the rolling waves, and binds them tight and fast. The other, thousands of miles away, burns and dries under a tropical sun. But it is this very contrast that brings them together. Lake Ontario cools and refreshes the people living on the East Indian coast. And this is the way the good work is brought about.

Lake Ontario is so situated that in winter it freezes over a great part of its surface, forming ice several feet in thickness, fine grained, compact, and of beautiful transparency. As soon as the ice is fairly formed, the ice companies set a small army of men at work to take it away, and they are kept busy all the season. Some are on the lake cutting out the ice in huge cubic blocks; others stow them away in the wagons which are to convey them to the ice-houses near the lake, where they are deposited temporarily; some are at work at these houses, receiving the ice and putting it in the buildings; others, again, are taking out the ice that has been waiting for transportation, and loading with it the cars in which it is to be conveyed to the different cities in the United States. The scene is a lively and busy one, and this ice business gives employment to a great number of men.

The ice intended for India is sent to Boston, and is there shipped as soon as possible. A good many vessels are employed in this service. The holds of these ships must be made very cold before the ice can be packed into them with safety, and this is done by letting down blocks of ice, and as soon as these melt, the water is drawn off and others are put in. The second blocks do not melt quite so soon as the first, and then others are let down; and the process is continued until the temperature is so low that the ice does not melt at all.

The hold is now ready to be filled for the long voyage. A thick bed of sawdust is laid on the bottom, and upon this blocks of ice are carefully and closely placed, forming a smooth, icy floor. This is covered with a light layer of sawdust. Upon this blocks of ice are packed as before; then another layer of sawdust; another stratum of ice-blocks; and so on, until the hold is filled. This packing has to be done quickly, or the ice would soften somewhat while exposed to the air. Great cranes, moved by steam, lift the enormous blocks of ice from the storehouse or wharf, swing them over the vessel, and lower them into the hold, where the men stow them away. Steam works rapidly, and the labor goes on day and night. When the hold is filled, the hatches are fastened down and caulked, and the precious freight is safely shut up in the cold and darkness, and the ship starts off as soon as possible on her long voyage. These vessels are built for fast sailers; but, at the best, it takes a very long time to reach India. During part of the voyage the tropical sun pours its heat upon the decks; but when the ship gains her port, and the hatches are opened and the work of unloading commences, the blocks of ice taken out are as perfect as when they were put in!

The unloading once begun, it is carried on with-

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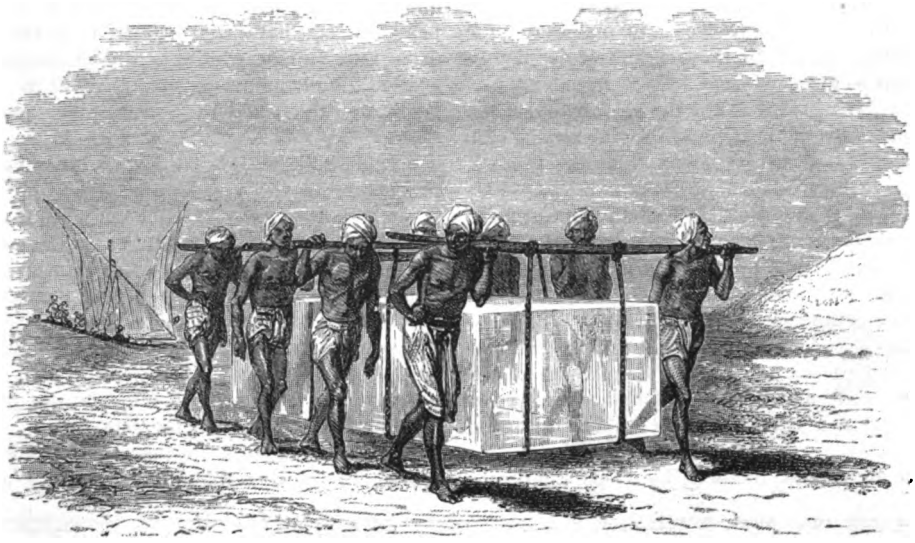
out intermission until the hold is emptied, the workmen relieving each other; but it cannot be done quite as rapidly as the loading. Some of the sailors, dressed in their warmest winter clothing, are down in the hold cutting apart the blocks which have become frozen together, placing the ropes around them, and fastening them to the cable that passes over the pulley. Other sailors, and native East Indians, are on the deck, where it is so hot that they are glad to dress very lightly. They are pulling at the ropes, and in this way hauling the ice out of the hold. Others are conveying it to the depôts on the shore, where it is stored away in vast quantities. Near these may be seen groups of natives waiting to be served with ice, which is to be carried to the hotels and other houses. Some of these natives have already been served, and have started upon their journey into the city, six or eight of them bearing a framework of bamboo sticks and cords, in which is suspended a monstrous block of ice as beautiful and transparent as rock crystal.



EAST INDIANS CARRYING A MONSTER BLOCK OF ICE.

And, after all the labor at Lake Ontario, after the transportation to Boston, the loading and unloading of the vessels, the sums of money that must be paid to so many workmen, and the voyage of several thousand miles, ice can be bought in the cities of India, in ordinary seasons, at three cents a pound!

Now, although ice keeps so well for a long time when packed in the ships built for it, and in this way can be conveyed to any East Indian port, it would be impossible to carry it into the interior of the country, where there are no railroads to transport it quickly. But the East Indian who lives at a distance from the coast is not obliged to do without cooling drinks, for not only does he contrive to cool water by putting it in porous jars and setting them in a current of air, but he has a fashion of his own for making ice, and a very curious fashion it is.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing.

They have discovered by observation what we are taught in natural philosophy, that during the day the earth absorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more properly, *radiates* heat. This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives, the little saucers

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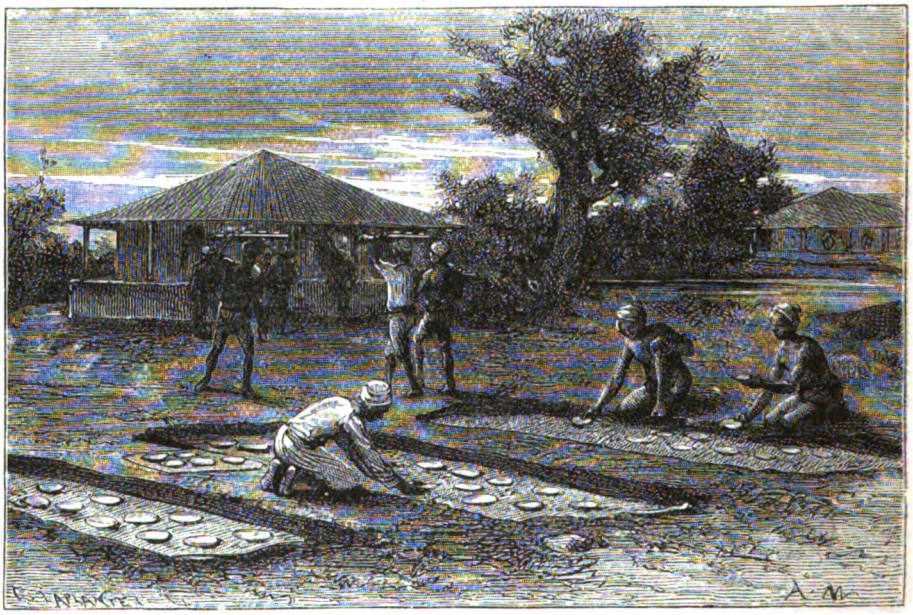
are filled with water in the evening, which water by four o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore, gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it, of course, becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

These are the two methods by which the people of India procure ice—carrying it there from a great distance, and freezing water by a slow process. And yet, in India itself there are immense ice-fields that never melt, containing material enough to supply perpetually every town and little hamlet in the country. For the Himalayan mountains, with their towering tops covered with everlasting snow and ice, stretch along the western part of the Indian peninsula. What a trial it must be to the temper of an East Indian, who is nearly melted with the heat in the plains below, to look up at those white peaks, and think how much snow and ice is wasted there that would be of the greatest service to him if it could only be brought down! But that is the problem! In the lowest part of the cold regions of the mountains, ice could be cut and made ready to be taken away. But there are no roads by which it could be carried to the plains; and if it were possible to construct roads over the mountains to a sufficient height to reach the snowy regions, the cost of making them would be enormous; and when made, it is doubtful whether ice could be transported over them with sufficient rapidity for it to reach the plains in a solid state.

So the Himalayas keep their icy treasures safely locked up in their mountain fastnesses, and the parched East Indian finds himself obliged to call upon a distant land to take compassion on him and help him.



MAKING ICE IN INDIA

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HOW CHARLIE CRACKED THE WORLD.

By Aunt Fanny.

One delightful Saturday, Kate and her brother Charlie were going to spend the whole morning at the museum, where, besides the stuffed animals, were to be seen the learned pigs, that sang like birds and did sums in arithmetic; the little birds that grunted like pigs, and fell down dead at the word of command; the cherry-colored cat, that sat twiddling his whiskers at the company, as much as to say, "Deny that I am cherry-colored, if you can;" the man who ate coals of fire, and seemed to relish them as much as you would a beefsteak; the fat giantess, who danced a hornpipe, shaking the floor and making the very windows rattle; the man without arms, who kept seven soup-plates shooting up like a fountain in the air with his toes; and a hundred other curious things.

"Oh dear!" cried Kate. "I am so happy, I cannot keep still; let 's sail a boat, Charlie."

She caught his hands, and they swung round fast and faster, till they both tumbled in a heap on the floor, hats flying off and the blue ribbon in Charlie's collar hanging by one end.

"Now, Kate!" he exclaimed, "just look at my bow! And mamma is ready,—I hear her coming down stairs!"

"Yes, yes; I see, Charlie. I 'll tie it again as good as new," laughed Kate.

She put on her soft, pretty seal-skin hat, and arranging Charlie's tumbled hair, placed his hat nicely on his head; and then the good little sister tied the neck-ribbon into a lovely bow, Charlie holding his head erect, and standing up straight and stiff as a soldier—"eyes right" and "thumbs in."

The next moment, their mamma called them, and away they ran, two merry, happy children.

How astonished they were at all they saw! How they laughed when they found that the cherry-colored cat was *black*, and suddenly remembered that some cherries were black,—so it was no humbug, after all. How amazed they were at the brilliant performances of the learned pigs and birds, and how pleased they were when the giantess shook hands with them, and politely inquired after their healths!

But Charlie was most delighted with the man without arms. It seemed "so very jolly," he said, to do things with one's toes instead of fingers. His eyes were fastened upon those remarkable toes, which drew pictures, cut profiles, played on the fiddle, and, above all, sent the soup-plates gracefully following each other up in the air.

Charlie always learned his lessons rolling about on the carpet in the library. He declared that he could "get them into his head better that way." As he was walking home from the museum, he reflected seriously on his toes, and made a resolution that they must learn to be useful.

"Stupid things!" he said; "they certainly ought to work for their stockings and shoes, and I

TYING CHARLIE'S BOW.

shall begin their education at once. I 'll learn my geography for Monday as soon as I get home. My toes shall hold the world in papa's library, so that I can study the United States comfortably."

No sooner said than done. First putting on his school clothes, with a patched knee,—for his mamma had forbidden him to roll on the floor in his new knickerbockers,—Charlie hastened to the library with his book. He lifted from its axle the heavy globe, which was placed upon a stand, and from which it was ten times more convenient to study. Then he took off his shoes, and lying down on his back, with great difficulty he managed to prop the world up on the soles of his feet.

"Aha! This is jolly!" he exclaimed. "Let me see. There are the United States of North America,—how splendidly I can see them! How many are there? Six New England States; four Middle States; one, two, three, four, five, six,

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seven, eight, nine, ten Southern States; and *such* a lot of Western States and Territories! Let me see —— Dear me, the world is getting heavy! One, two, —— Don't wiggle so," he remarked to his feet, which were getting very tired and shaky; "hold steady, can't you? One, two, —— Ow!! Hallo!!" he cried, as the world gave a distracted lurch to the left, then careered wildly over Charlie's head, and came down with a crash on the floor.

Alas! alas! A terrible crack showed itself between North and South America! Cuba was in such splinters, that it would be hard to believe she would ever look respectable again; and the Isthmus of Panama was parted asunder as if by an earthquake!

"O! O! O!" cried Charlie. "What have I done? I've broken the world! I've broken the world! and I'm just as sorry as ever I can be!"

But he went instantly and told his mother, like a brave boy; and a dreadful time she had, gluing up the cracks and splinters. She did not object to her son's "rolling" his lessons into his head, but she forbade his ever again "educating his toes" with anything so valuable as the world.

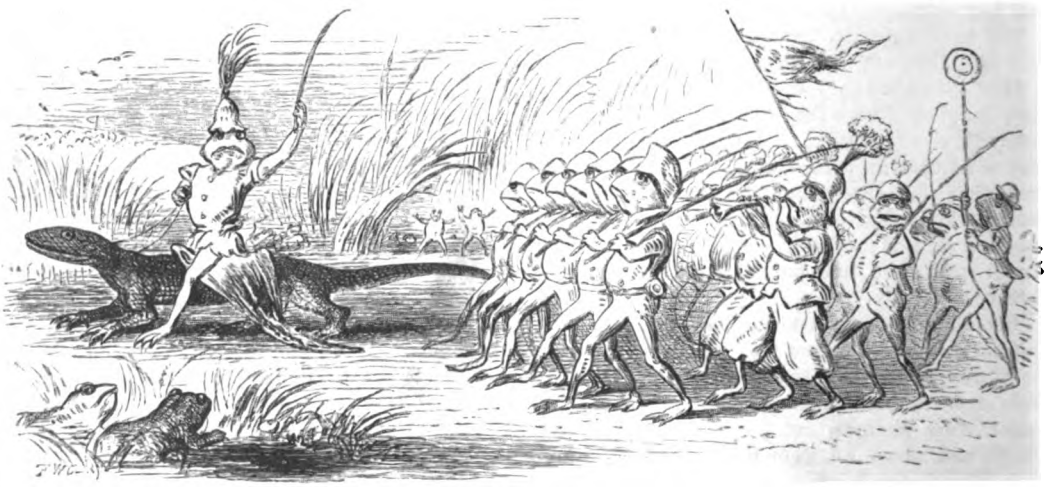
But, as everyone knows, boys will be boys, and a little chap like Charlie could n't be expected to give up his curious pranks just because he happened to make a mistake in regard to the weight of the world. The last time I called on Charlie's mother, I happened to look into the library, and there, on the floor, I saw Charlie lying on his back, with his feet in the air, and his little baby brother carefully balanced on his toes. The baby seemed to enjoy the sport, and it smiled sweetly down on Charlie, as its little fat legs hung down

"DEAR ME, THE WORLD IS GETTING HEAVY."

one way and its round, red face and arms the other. Down and up went the baby, as Charlie bent and stretched out his legs, the little creature chuckling all the time with delight.

"Now I'm going to spin you round," said Charlie; but before this performance commenced, I rushed in and saved the baby.

Did you ever see such a boy as Charlie?



A MODEL TARGET COMPANY.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OMNIBUS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

I was born in Springfield,—excuse me if I don't mention how many years ago, for my memory is a little treacherous on some points, and it does not matter in the least. I was a gay young 'bus, with a long, red body, yellow wheels, and a picture of Washington on each side. Beautiful portraits, I assure you, with powdered hair, massive nose, and a cataract of shirt-frill inundating his buff vest. His coat and eyes were wonderfully blue, and he stared at the world in general with superb dignity, no matter how much mud might temporarily obscure his noble countenance.

Yes, I was an omnibus to be proud of, for my yellow wheels rumbled sonorously as they rolled; my cushions were soft, my springs elastic, and my varnish shone with a brilliancy which caused the human eye to wink as it regarded me.

Joe Quimby first mounted my lofty perch, four fine grey horses drew me from obscurity, and Bill Buffum hung gaily on behind as conductor, for in my early days there were no straps to jerk, and passengers did not plunge in and out in the undignified way they do now.

How well I remember my first trip, one bright spring day! I was to run between Roxbury and Boston, and we set out in great style, with an admiring crowd to see us off. That was the beginning of a long and varied career; a useful one too, I hope, for never did an omnibus desire to do its duty more sincerely than I did. My heart yearned over everyone whom I saw plodding along in the dust; my door opened hospitably to rich and poor, and no hand beckoned to me in vain. Can everyone say as much?

For years I trundled to and fro punctually at my appointed hours, and many curious things I saw—many interesting people I carried. Of course, I had my favorites, and though I did my duty faithfully to all, there were certain persons whom I loved to carry, whom I watched for and received into my capacious bosom with delight.

Several portly old gentlemen rode down to their business every day for years, and I felt myself honored by such eminently respectable passengers. Nice motherly women, with little baskets, daily went to market, for in earlier days housewives attended to these matters and were notable managers. Gay young fellows would come swarming up beside Joe, and crack jokes all the way into town, amusing me immensely.

But my especial pets were the young girls, for we had girls then,—blithe, bonny creatures, with health on their cheeks, modesty in their bright eyes, and the indescribable charm of real maidenliness about them. So simply dressed, so quiet in manner, so unconscious of display, and so full of innocent gaiety, that the crustiest passenger could not help softening as they came in. Bless their dear hearts! what would they say if they could see the little fashion-plates school-girls are now? The seven-story hats with jet daggers, steel arrows, and gilt horse-shoes on the sides, peacocks' tails in front, and quantities of impossible flowers tumbling off behind. The jewelry, the frills and bows, the frizzled hair and high-heeled boots, and, worst of all, the pale faces, tired eyes, and ungirlish manners.

Well, well, I must not scold the poor dears, for they are only what the times make them—fast and loud, frivolous and feeble. All are not spoilt, thank heaven; for now and then, a fresh, modest face goes by, and then one sees how lovely girlhood may be.

I saw many little romances, and some small tragedies, in my early days, and learned to take such interest in human beings, that I have never been able to become a mere machine.

When one of my worthy old gentlemen dropped away, and I saw him no more, I mourned for him like a friend. When one of my housewifely women came in with a black bonnet on, and no little lad or lass clinging to her hand, I creaked my sympathy for her loss, and tried not to jolt the poor mother whose heart was so heavy. When one of my pretty girls entered blushing and smiling, with a lover close behind, I was as pleased and proud as if she had been my own, and every black button that studded my red cushions twinkled with satisfaction.

I had many warm friends among the boys who were allowed to "hang on behind," for I never gave a dangerous lurch when they were there, and never pinched their fingers in the door. No, I gave a jolly rumble when the steps were full; and I kept the father of his country beaming so benignly at them that they learned to love his old face, to watch for it, and to cheer it as we went by.

I was a patriotic 'bus; so you may imagine my feelings when, after years of faithful service on that route, I was taken off and sent to the paint-shop, where a simpering damsel, with lilies in her hair,

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replaced G. Washington's honored countenance. I was re-christened "The Naiad Queen," which disgusted me extremely, and kept to carry pic-nic parties to a certain lake.

Earlier in my life I should have enjoyed the fun, but I was now a middle-aged 'bus, and felt as if I wanted more serious work to do. However, I resigned myself and soon found that the change did me good, for in the city I was in danger of getting grimy with mud, battered with banging over stones, and used up with the late hours, noise and excitement of town life.

Now I found great refreshment in carrying loads of gay young people into the country for a day of sunshine, green grass, and healthful pleasure. What jolly parties they were, to be sure! Such laughing and singing, feasting and frolicking; such baskets of flowers and fresh boughs as they carried home; and, better still, such blooming cheeks, happy eyes, and hearts bubbling over with the innocent gaiety of youth! They soon seemed as fond of me as I was of them, for they welcomed me with shouts when I came, played games and had banquets inside of me when sun or rain made shelter pleasant, trimmed me up with wreaths as we went home in triumph, and gave three rousing cheers for the old 'bus when we parted. That was a happy time, and it furnished many a pleasant memory for duller days.

After several seasons of pic-nicing, I was taken to an asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind, and daily took a dozen or so out for an airing. You can easily imagine this was a great contrast to my last place; for now, instead of rollicking parties of boys and girls, I took a sad load of affliction; and it grieved me much to know that while some of the poor little creatures could see nothing of the beauty round them, the others could hear none of the sweet summer sounds, and had no power to express their happiness in blithe laughter or the gay chatter one so loves to hear.

But it did me good; for seeing them so patient with their great troubles, I was ashamed to grumble about my small ones. I was now getting to be an elderly 'bus, with twinges of rheumatism in my axletrees, many cracks like wrinkles on my once smooth paint, and an asthmatic creak to the hinges of the door that used to swing so smartly to and fro. Yes, I was evidently getting old, for I began to think over my past, to recall the many passengers I had carried, the crusty or jolly coachmen I had known, the various horses who had tugged me over stony streets or dusty roads, and the narrow escapes I had had in the course of my career.

Presently, I found plenty of time for such reminiscences, for I was put away in an old stable and left there undisturbed a long, long time. At first, I enjoyed the rest and quiet; but I was of a social turn, and soon longed for the stirring life I had left. I had no friends but a few grey hens, who roosted on my pole, laid eggs in the musty straw on my floor, and came hopping gravely down my steps with important "cut, cut, ka da cuts!" when their duty was done. I respected these worthy fowls, and had many a gossip with them; but their views were very limited, and I soon tired of their domestic chat.

Chanticleer was coachman now, as in the days of Partlet and the nuts; but he never drove out, only flew up to my roof when he crowed, and sat there, in his black and yellow suit, like a diligence-driver sounding his horn. Interesting broods of chickens were hatched inside, and took their first look at life from my dingy windows. I felt a grandfatherly fondness for the downy things, and liked to have them chirping and scratching about me, taking small flights from my steps, and giving funny little crows in imitation of their splendid papa.

Sundry cats called often, for rats and mice haunted the stable, and these grey-coated huntsmen had many an exciting chase among my moth-eaten cushions, over the lofts, and round the grain-bags.

"Here I shall end my days," I thought, and resigned myself to obscurity. But I was mistaken, for just as I was falling out of one long doze into another, a terrible commotion among the cats, hens and mice woke me up, and I found myself trundling off to the paint-shop again.

I emerged from that fragrant place in a new scarlet coat, trimmed with black and ornamented with a startling picture of a salmon-colored Mazeppa, airily dressed in chains and a blue sheet, hanging by one foot to the back of a coal black steed with red nostrils and a tempestuous tail, who was wildly careering over a range of pea-green mountains, on four impossible legs. It was much admired, but I preferred George Washington, like the loyal 'bus that I am.

I found I was to live in the suburbs and carry people to and from the station of a new railway, which, with the town, seemed to have sprung up like mushrooms. Well, I bumped passengers about the half-finished streets; but I did not like it, for everything had changed much during my retirement. Everybody seemed in a tearing hurry now,—the men to be rich, the women to be fine; the boys and girls could n't wait to grow up, but flirted before they were in their teens; and the very babies scrambled out of their cradles as if each was bent on toddling farther and faster than its neighbor. My old head quite spun round at the whirl everything was in, and my old wheels knew no rest, for the new coachman drove like Jehu.

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It is my private opinion that I should soon have fallen to pieces if a grand smash had not settled the matter for me. A gay young fellow undertook to drive, one dark night, and upset his load in a ditch, fortunately breaking no bones but mine. So I was sent to a carriage factory for repairs; but, apparently, my injuries were past cure, for I was left on a bit of waste land behind the factory, to go to ruin at leisure.

"This is the end of all things," I said, with a sigh, as year after year went by and I stood there alone, covered with wintry snow or blistered by summer sunshine. But how mistaken I was! for just when all seemed most sad and solitary, the happiest experience of my life came to me, and all the world was brightened for me by the coming of my dearest friends.

One chilly spring night, when rain was falling and the wind sighed dismally over the flats, I was waked from a nap by voices and the rustling of straw inside my still strong body.

"Some tramp," I thought, with a yawn, for I had often taken lodgers for a night, rent free. I remembered one very odd-looking old gentleman, an artist with no money to spare, who had taken up his abode in me for two days. He would use my cushions for a table, as he spread out his dinner

THE LODGER.

of dry biscuit and drier sausage, then go out in the wood to make sketches, and at last come back to me again for his night's lodging. Once he sketched the sunset from my top, and his low whistling was quite pleasant to me; but he had gone long ago. Besides, the sounds I now heard were the voices of children, and I listened with interest to the little creatures chirping and nestling in there like the chickens I told you of.

"It's as nice as a house, Hans, and so warm I'll soon be dry," said one of the homeless birds who had taken shelter in my bosom.

"It's nicer than a house, Lotte, because we can push it about if we like. I wish we could stay here always; I'm so tired of the streets," sighed another young voice.

"And I'm so hungry; I do wish mother would come," cried a very tired baby voice, with a sob.

"Hush, go to sleep, my Lina! I'll wake you if mother brings us bread, and if not you will feel no disappointment, dear."

Then the elder sister seemed to wrap the little one close, and out of my heart came a soft lullaby as one child gave the other all she had—love and care.

"In the shed yonder I saw a piece of carpet; I shall go and bring it to cover us, then you will not shiver so, dear Lottchen," said the boy; and out into the rainy darkness he went, whistling to keep his spirits up and hide his hunger.

Soon he came hurrying back with the rude coverlet, and another voice was heard, saying, in the tone that only mothers use:

"Here is supper, dear children. Eat all; I have no wish for any more. People were very good to me, and there is enough for everyone."

Then, with cries of joy, the hungry birds were fed, the motherly wings folded over them, and all seemed to sleep in the poor nest they had found.

All night the rain pattered on my old roof, but not a drop went through; all night the chilly wind crept round my windows, and breathed in at every broken pane, but the old carpet kept the sleepers warm, and weariness was a sure lullaby. How pleased and proud I felt that I could still be useful, and how eagerly I waited for day to see yet more of my new tenants! I knew they would go soon and leave me to my loneliness, so I longed to see and hear all I could.

The first words the mother said, as she sat upon the step in the warm April sun, pleased me immensely, for they were of me.

"Yes, Hans, it will be well to stay here a day at least, if we may, for Lina is worn out and poor Lotte so tired she can go no more. You shall guard them while they sleep, and I will go again for food and may get work. It is better out here in the sun than in some poor place in the city, and I like it well, this friendly old carriage that sheltered us when most we needed it."

So the poor woman trudged away like a true mother-bird to find food for the ever-hungry brood, and Hans, a stout lad of twelve, set about doing his part manfully.

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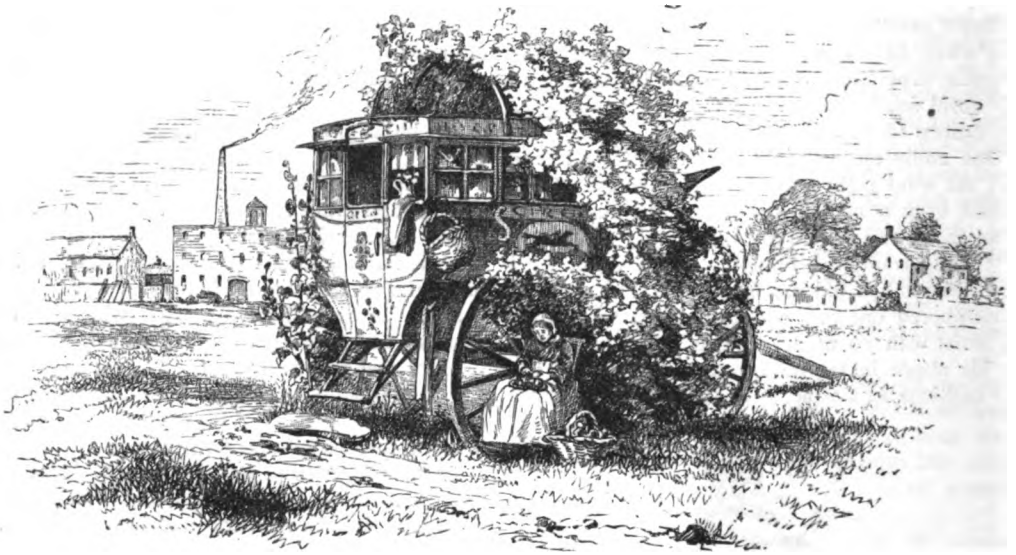
When he heard the workmen stirring in the great factory, he took courage, and going in told his sad tale of the little tired sisters sleeping in the old omnibus, the mother seeking work, the father lately dead, and he (the young lad) left to guard and help the family. He asked for nothing but leave to use the bit of carpet, and for any little job whereby he might earn a penny.

The good fellows had fatherly hearts under their rough jackets, and lent a helping hand with the readiness the poor so often show in lightening one another's burdens. Each did what he could, and when the mother came back she found the children fed and warmed, cheered by kind words and the promise of help.

Ah! it was a happy day for me when the Schmidts came wandering by and found my door ajar! A yet happier one for them, since the workmen and their master befriended the poor souls so well that in a week the houseless family had a home and work whereby to earn their bread.

They had taken a fancy to me, and I was their home, for they were a hardy set and loved the sun and air. Clever Hans and his mother made me as neat and cosy as possible, stowing away their few possessions as if on shipboard. The shed was given to mother Schmidt for a wash-house, and a gipsey fire built on the ground, with an old kettle slung over it, in which to boil the clothes she washed for such of the men as had no wives. Hans and Lotte soon found work selling chips and shavings from the factory, and bringing home the broken food they begged by the way. Baby Lina was a universal pet, and many a sixpence found its way into her little hand from the pockets of the kindly men, who took it out in kisses or the pretty songs she sang them.

All that summer my family prospered, and I was a happy old 'bus. A proud one, too, for the dear people loved me well, and in return for the shelter I gave them, they beautified me by all the humble means in their power. Some one gave Lotte a few scarlet beans, and these she planted among the dandelions and green grass that had grown about my wheels. The gay runners climbed fast, and when they reached the roof, Hans made a trellis of old barrel hoops, over which they spread their broad leaves and bright flowers till Lina had a green little bower up aloft, where she sat as happy as a queen with the poor toys which her baby fancy changed to playthings of the loveliest sort.



"I WAS A HAPPY OLD 'BUS."

Mother Schmidt washed and ironed busily all day in her shed, cooked the soup over her gipsey fire, and when the daily work was done sat in the shadow of the old omnibus with her children round her, a grateful and contented woman. If anyone asked her what she would do when our bitter winter came, the smile on her placid face grew graver, but did not vanish, as she laid her worn hands together and answered with simple faith:

"The good Gott who gave us this home and raised up these friends will not forget us, for He has such as we in His especial charge."

She was right, for the master of the great factory was a kind man, and something in the honest,

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hard-working family interested him so much that he could not let them suffer, but took such friendly thought for them that he wrought one of the pleasant miracles which keep a rich man's memory green in grateful hearts, though the world may never know of it.

When autumn came and the pretty bower began to fade, the old omnibus to be cold at night, and the shed too gusty even for the hardy German laundress, a great surprise was planned and gaily carried out. On the master's birthday the men had a holiday, and bade the Schmidts be ready to take part in the festival, for all the factory people were to have a dinner in one of the long rooms.

A jovial time they had; and when the last bone had been polished off, the last health drank, and three rousing cheers for the master given with a will, the great joke took place. First the Schmidts were told to go and see what had been left for them in the 'bus, and off they ran, little dreaming what was to come. *I* knew all about it, and was in a great twitter, for I bore a grand part in it.

The dear unsuspecting family piled in, and were so busy having raptures over certain bundles of warm clothes found there that they did not mind what went on without. A dozen of the stoutest men quietly harnessed themselves to the rope fastened to my pole, and at a signal trotted away with me at a great pace, while the rest, with their wives and children, came laughing and shouting after.

Imagine the amazement of the good Schmidts at this sudden start, their emotions during that triumphal progress, and their unspeakable surprise and joy when their carriage stopped at the door of a tidy little house in a lane not far away, and they were handed out to find the master waiting to welcome them home.

Dear heart, how beautiful it all was! I cannot describe it, but I would not have missed it for the world, because it was one of the scenes that do everybody so much good and leave such a pleasant memory behind.

That was my last trip, for the joyful agitation of that day was too much for me, and no sooner was I safely landed in the field behind the little house than one of my old wheels fell all to pieces, and I should have tumbled over like a decrepit old creature if the men had not propped me up. But I did not care; my traveling days were past, and I was quite content to stand there under the apple-trees, watching my family safe and busy in their new home.

I was not forgotten, I assure you; for Germans have much sentiment, and they still loved the old omnibus that sheltered them when most forlorn. Even when Hans was a worker in the factory he found time to mend me up and keep me tidy; pretty Lotte, in spite of much help given to the hard-working mother, never forgot to plant some common flower to beautify and cheer her old friend; and little Lina, bless her heart! made me her baby-house. She played there day after day, a tiny matron, with her dolls, her kitten and her bits of furniture, as happy a child as ever sang "Bye-low" to a dirty-faced rag-darling. She is my greatest comfort and delight; and the proudest moment of my life was when Hans painted her little name on my door and gave me to her for her own.

Here my story ends, for nothing now remains to me but to crumble slowly to ruin and go where the good 'busses go; very slowly, I am sure, for my little mistress takes great care of me, and I shall never suffer from rough usage any more. I am quite happy and contented as I stand here under the trees that scatter their white petals on my rusty roof each spring; and well I may be, for after my busy life I am at rest; the sun shines kindly on me, the grass grows greenly round me, good friends cherish me in my old age, and a little child nestles in my heart, keeping it tender to the last.

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A LEAF FROM A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

I am going to put some things about Effie in my diary, and this is the reason why I am going to put them in. My mother says when Effie is a great girl she will like to read some of the things she did and said when she was three years old. And so will the Jimmyjohns when they grow up; and so I shall put in some of their things, too, when I have done putting in some of Effie's things. The Jimmyjohns are my little brothers—both of them twins, just alike.

One time, Effie wanted to be dressed up in her best clothes to go up in the tree and see the sun-birds. She thinks that the tops of the trees are close up to the place where the sun is, and that makes her call birds sun-birds. And she thinks the birds light up the stars every night. My mother asked her, "What makes you think the birds light up the stars every night?" and Effie said, "Because they have some wings to fly high up."

My father brought me home a pudding-pan to make little puddings in. It does n't hold very much; it holds most a cupful. And Joey Moonbeam is going to have a party; and when she does, my mother is going to show me how to make a pudding in it. Joey Moonbeam is my very great rag-baby. She has got a new hat. I made it. Cousin Hiram says he is going to draw a picture of it on Joey Moonbeam's head in my diary, before she wears it all out. Betsey Ginger is going to have some new clothes to wear to Joey Moonbeam's party, and Dorothy Beeswax is going to have one new arm sewed on. Susan Sugarspoon and Eudora N. Posy and Jenny Popover are not careful of their clothes, and so they cannot have some new ones. N. stands for Nightingale. Dear little Polly Cologne was the very smallest one of them all. She was the baby rag-baby. She was just as cunning, and she had hair that was n't ravelings. It was hair, and all the others have ravelings. Her cheeks were painted pink. She had four bib-aprons, and she had feet. We don't know where she is. Rover—that little dog that we used to have—carried her off in his mouth, and now she is lost. Rover went away to find her when I told him to, and he did not come back. We don't know where Rover is. We think somebody stole him, or else he would be heard of. We feel very sorry. He was a good little dog. My father says he was only playing when he carried her off.

JOEY MOONBEAM.

I love all my rag-babies. I love Snip, but not so much as I do Rover. I love dear little baby-brother. I love the Jimmies—both of them. I love Effie, and I love my mother and my father, and Grandma Plummer. I don't love Aunt Debby. Aunt Debby does not love little girls. When little girls have a pudding-pan, Aunt Debby says it is all nonsense for them to have them. My mother said I might have plums in my pudding. I like to pick over raisins. Sometimes my mother lets me eat six, when I pick them over, and sometimes she lets me eat eight. Then I shut up my eyes and pick all the rest over with them shut up, because then I cannot see how good they look. Grandma Plummer told me this way to do. Effie is not big enough. She would put them in her arm-basket. She puts everything in her arm-basket. She carries it on her arm all the time, and carries it to the table and up to bed. My mother hangs it on the post of her crib. When she sits up to the table, she hangs it on her chair.

One time, when the Jimmies were very little boys, they picked up two apples that did not belong to them, under Mr. Spencer's apple-tree, and ate a part. Then, when they were eating them, a woman came to the door and said, "Did n't you know that you must n't pick up apples that are not your own?" After she went in, the Jimmies carried them back, and put them down under the tree in the same place again.

I am going to tell what Effie puts in her arm-basket. Two curtain-rings; one steel pen she found; some spools; some strings; one bottle—it

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used to be a smelling-bottle; my father's letter when he was gone away; a little basket that Hiram made of a nutshell; a head of one little china doll; Betsey Beeswax sometimes, and sometimes one of the other ones; a peach-stone to plant; a glass eye of a bird that was not a live one; and a pill-box, and a piece of red glass, and pink calico, and an inkstand, and her beads, and a foot of a doll. One time it got tipped over when we played "Siren." Mr. Tompkins was in here when we played "Siren." He looked funny with the things on. Cousin Floy told us how to play it. The one that is the siren has to put on a woman's bonnet and a shawl, and then go under the table; and then sing under there, and catch the ones that come close up when they run by. I caught Hiram's foot. Hiram was so tall he could not get all under. Cousin Floy stood up in a chair to put the bonnet on him. My father did not sing a good tune; it was not any tune but a noise. My mother did, and cousin Floy did, too. Mr. Tompkins squealed. Mr. Tompkins could get way under. The one that is caught has to be the siren. Soon as the siren begins to sing, then the others go that way to listen, and go by as fast as they can. The siren jumps out and catches them. My father got caught. He did not want to put on the bonnet, but he did. He did not sing such a bad tune as Hiram did, but a pretty bad one. He made it up himself. My mother told Hiram that sirens did not howl. When Johnny was caught, Jimmy went under there, too, and had another bonnet, and they both jumped out together to catch. The tune the Jimmies sung was:

> Toodle-doo was a dandy cock-robin;
> He tied up his tail with a piece of blue bobbin.

Effie was afraid to go under. Her arm-basket got upset and made her cry. Snip flew at Hiram when Hiram caught Johnny. He went under, too, when they went under, and barked most all the time. I was the one that got caught the most times, and so then I had to be judged, and I chose Cousin Floy for my judge, and she judged me to tell a story.

We are going to have pumpkin for dinner—I mean squash. Joey Moonbeam's party is going to be a soap-bubble party. When Clarence was the siren, he sang:

> Hop! hop! hop!
> Go and never stop.

Sometimes Clarence stops to play with us when he comes here. My mother says he is a very good boy. His father is dead; his mother is sick; so is his little brother. He has got two little brothers and two little sisters. They do not have enough to eat. He comes here to get the cold victuals my mother has done using.

OUR LIGHT-HOUSES AND LIGHT-SHIPS.

By William H. Rideing.

If you have ever crossed the ocean and have approached land in the night-time, you know something about the utility of light-houses. It was in this way that I learned my first practical lesson on the subject. I came home from England in a Guion steamer during the stormy December of 1872. With ordinary good fortune we should have been in New York on Christmas Day, but instead of that we were 1,500 miles away, tossing about in the wildest sea. Five dispirited passengers ate a lonely Christmas dinner together in the saloon, with our good old captain at the head of the table. The stewards had kindly sought to cheer us with a tiny plaster-of-Paris Santa Claus, and as if to cast our drooping hearts lower, a lurching wave struck the vessel abeam, and threw the smiling little figure to the other end of the saloon, breaking him into a thousand chalky atoms. Then we all prayed to be able to make our New-Year calls as usual; but New-Year's Day came, and still we were afloat in a driving storm, with the wind dead against us, the air filled with snow, sleet and rain, and the decks flooded. We did not meet a passing ship in all the long voyage.

One day when we were crossing the banks of Newfoundland, a dreamy little owl was wafted into the rigging, and was caught and given to the stewardess, who cried over it; but that was all we had to remind us that we were not in a world without form, and without land for its boundaries.

In our twentieth day out, the reckonings showed that we were near Long Island, and the wind fell, only to be followed by a dreary grey mist. The captain was a bluff, mirth-loving old salt, but now his face wore an anxious look, and he was not for a minute absent from the bridge. It was time for a

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pilot to board us, and guide us past the shoals hereabout into port. The night came on, and the quivering engines that had been plodding ceaselessly these twenty days were ordered "dead slow." Men were on the look-out at the bow and at the mast-head. At intervals there was heard coming from the watches overhead, as out of heaven, a long-drawn cry: "All-l-l-l 's well-l-l-l." And oftener yet was heard the cry of the quarter-master as he measured with a line attached to a leaden plummet the number of fathoms of water in which we moved: "By the deep, nine!" "By the deep, ten!" and so on through many changes. The captain was grave and silent, almost rude to those who interrupted him. The fog-whistle shrieked discordantly every minute, and all ears were awake for a response. The steamer labored cautiously onward in the mysterious night as if uncertain of her position. We five passengers stood shivering in our thickest wrappers near the wheel-house.

The mist came down suddenly, and suddenly it arose. "Fire Island light abeam!" That was the glad sound that we now heard. We could see the light glimmering in the haze on the starboard bow. Soon, too, there appeared ahead of us the yet brighter beams of the Highland lights. The captain then came down from his chilly post on the bridge, with his ruddy, storm-beaten face wreathed in smiles, and his changed manner showed that all was safe, and how great was the care that had been removed from his mind by these sentinel "pillars of fire." He had crossed the ocean ten times a year for nearly a quarter of a century, and since the Fire Island and Highland lights were built, they had ever been the best of friends to him, throwing warmth and joy into his heart when its cares were the heaviest.

"FIRE ISLAND LIGHT ABEAM!"

Many other vessels were beating towards our coast on that bleak January night, with its deceptive mist and angry seas, and many hundred mariners were seeking in the darkness for the lights that point the way to safety. It is the same every night in the year, winter and summer. The ships have their compasses, and the officers their sextants and quadrants. When the sun is in sight they can determine their position with tolerable certainty.

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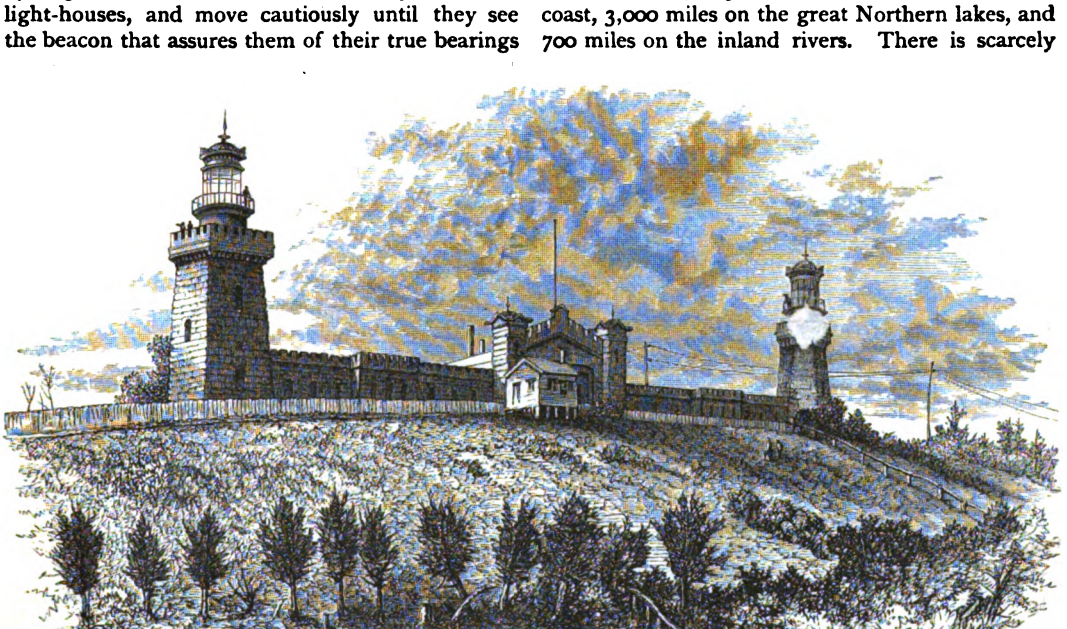
But sometimes the sun is hidden under the clouds for days together, and they have to depend on what they call a "dead reckoning," which is not so certain. The mysterious currents of the ocean may carry them miles out of their course without a warning.

This was the case when the steamship "Atlantic" was wrecked, about two years ago. She was bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and one day at noon a dead reckoning showed that she was about 200 miles away from that port. Her engines were making twelve miles an hour; but she drifted into a current setting inland, which accelerated her speed to eighteen miles without indicating it. Thus, when she was thought to be at sea she was actually close to the coast, and ran into the rocks, drowning 400 human beings.

So you will understand that in nearing the land by night the mariners strain their eyes for the light-houses, and move cautiously until they see the beacon that assures them of their true bearings and aids them as the finger-posts aided the road-side travelers of old.

I ought to tell you here, before I speak of other things, that the finest lights in America are those called the Highlands. They are built on a beautiful knoll in the Highlands, New Jersey, and overlook the Atlantic ocean. There are two massive stone towers, each 53 feet high, and placed 248 feet above the sea-level. The apparatus is the best, and the light can be seen 25 miles away.

The light-houses simplify navigation and lessen its dangers, thus encouraging commerce by preventing the shipwrecks that increase the cost of transportation. But it is not alone for their economy that they are valuable. They protect the lives of our sailors, and were established, first of all, with that noble purpose. Less than one hundred years ago there were only eighty-four light-houses in the United States. To-night, as you sit by the window watching the lamp-lighter hurrying through the darkening streets at sunset, five hundred and ninety-one beacons twinkle seaward on the coast from the St. Croix river, on the boundaries of Maine, to the Rio Grande, on the Gulf of Mexico, and cover a distance of over 5,000 miles on the Atlantic coast, 1,500 miles more on the Pacific coast, 3,000 miles on the great Northern lakes, and 700 miles on the inland rivers. There is scarcely a square foot on the margin of the sea throughout the 5,000 miles of Atlantic coast that is not illuminated by light-house rays, and, in clear weather, the mariner passing out of sight of one light immediately gains another.



LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE "HIGHLANDS," NEW JERSEY.

If all these lights were alike they would lead to disastrous mistakes, and instead of guiding they

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would confuse. Accordingly, they are divided into six kinds. The first-order lights are intended to give warning of the approach of land, and are supplied with the best apparatus, visible at the greatest distance; the second-order lights are of the next best quality, not so powerful as the first, and they mark capes and approaches to bays and sounds; the third-order lights are inferior to either of the above, and point bays that are very wide and intricate, like the Delaware bay; the fourth, fifth and sixth-order lights are usually simple lanterns, marking the shoals, wharves and other prominent points in smaller bays and rivers.

They are also distinguished more exactly in another way. In some instances the lights are white and fixed; in others they are white and revolve at stated intervals, of which the mariner is informed; in other instances they are red and fixed, or red and revolving, and again they are red and white,

LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE "THIMBLE SHOAL," HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA.

exhibiting each color alternately, or varying a steady white flame with a crimson flash. The distinctions are so decided and numerous that the look-out at the mast-head can tell in an instant which light it is that he sees. The principal guides to the harbor of New York for incoming ocean steamships are those that served so well the Guion steamship about which we spoke at the beginning, and the lights of the Sandy Hook light-ship. If these were all the same in color and form, the oldest captain might possibly mistake one for the other, and so run his vessel aground. But each is different. The Fire Island light-house exhibits a white flash, the Highland a fixed white light, and the light-ship a fixed red light. Upon such distinctions as these the success of the system much depends. Another very important point is that no changes shall be made in the appearance of the light-houses until a notice of them has been published in the maritime columns of the newspapers and in official circulars distributed among seafaring men. The sites of light-houses and the stations of light-ships are chosen in the most exposed neighborhoods, and where wrecks are most frequent. On Block Island, in the approach to the Long Island Sound, fifty-nine ships were lost between the years 1819 and 1838, in several instances with all their crews. Think of that, children! There was a place for a beacon, and a beacon was built which has since warned off many an imperiled vessel. In the recommendations of sites made by inspectors to the Light-house Board for new houses, we read such statements as these:

This is a dangerous reef, and an obstruction to navigation. The channel is habitually used by the Providence steamers, and it is recommended that a light-house and fog-bell be erected immediately.

This is one of the most difficult places for even experienced navigators to pass at night. The soundings vary from one hundred feet to five feet within the space of a hundred yards. It is therefore recommended that a light-house be built at an expense of $40,000.

I have quoted these two paragraphs from an official document containing many others of the same nature. They explain more briefly than I could the objects of the light-houses. You will readily understand, of course, that the construction of the lights is often attended with the greatest difficulty, owing to the fact already mentioned that the locations selected are exposed to the fiercest buffets of winds and sea. The best skill of the engineers and as much money as would pay for a palace are sometimes expended in an apparently insignificant and cheap-looking tower of granite.

About seventeen miles by water from Boston, there is a rock called Minot's Ledge, exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic ocean. It is about a mile and a-half from the nearest mainland, and within thirty years ten barques, fourteen brigs, sixteen schooners, and three sloops were cast upon it and wrecked. At extreme low water, an area about thirty feet in diameter is visible, the highest point not more than three and a-half feet above the water-line. But when the weather is rough, the breakers alone tell of its hidden dangers. In 1842 it was said that a light-house was more urgently wanted here than at any other point in New England, but it was deemed almost impossible to build one. Nevertheless, the task was accepted by some engineers, and successfully done at a cost of $250,000. In the first year only thirty hours of work were done, and one hundred and fifty-seven hours' work in the second year. And even more difficult was the building of the light-house on Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron, which cost $300,000. Several times the whole thing threatened to come

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tumbling down before the weather gave the engineers a chance to put it on a firm foundation. Some of the light-houses are slight frame structures, not costing more than $10,000 or $20,000, and these cheaper ones appear much more pretentious than others like that solitary, unadorned pillar that gleams the night long on the dreaded Minot's Ledge.

Perhaps, by this time, you are ready to ask who it is that builds and contracts the light-houses. It is an organization called the Light-house Board, which includes eminent soldiers, eminent sailors and eminent scientific men. I doubt that there is another official body in the United States where members are so well adapted for their duties. One of them is especially fitted by a minute knowledge of the coast to select proper sites; another is an army engineer, thoroughly qualified to plan and build; a third is a naval officer, who can direct the equipment of the light-ships and tenders and choose the most suitable crews, and a fourth is a scientific man, who can decide upon new inventions that promise new sources of light or improvements in the optical parts of the light-houses. Thus you will see that each part of the system is under the care of some one who, by education and experience, is most capable of doing the work that is expected from him.

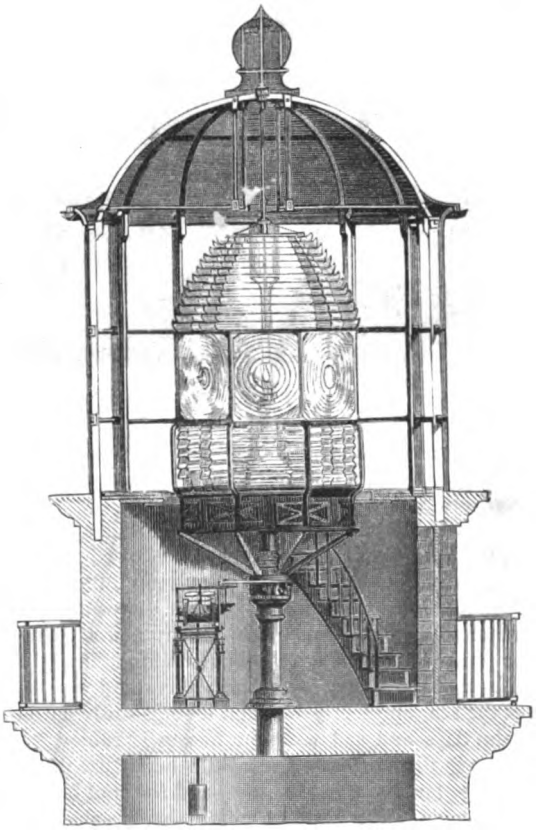
For instance, the scientific man has to select the apparatus that will give the greatest light at the least cost. The simplest light possible is the common torch or candle, but this is wasteful, as it sends its beams in every direction,—toward the ground beneath, the zenith above, and to the interior of the land as well as towards the sea. An improvement is made by adding a reflector, which throws all the light seaward. Another improvement is made by combining several reflectors, each with a separate light. The light is thus much increased in quantity, but not in penetrating power, which is most essential, the mirrors scattering the rays too widely. The latest improvement is a beautiful apparatus consisting of lenses and prisms of glass, which concentrate and intensify every ray of light, and send one broad beam out towards the sea.

A light-house, with this apparatus, may be visible twenty-five miles off, while a common lamp consuming more oil would be lost at half that distance. All such things as these the scientific man must find out and put in effect. The soldier and the sailor would be out of place here; they have their work in manning and equipping the houses and vessels that the engineer has built and the scientific man has lighted.

I should add that the Light-house Board also establishes and takes care of the buoys, which are anchored as day-marks over shoals and along the channels of harbors. Like the light-houses, they are divided into many distinct kinds, to prevent mariners from falling into error. Some of them are massive iron cans of balloon shape, and others are mere floating spars. They are also distinguished by triangles, cages and bells, and by their color, which is sometimes red, sometimes red and black, sometimes black and white, sometimes yellow and sometimes all black.

In addition to these guides for the mariner, the Light-house Board provides at points along the coast immense fog-horns, which are blown by steam or hot air in foggy weather. The light-ships are ordinary schooners of great strength, which exhibit powerful lights at their mast-heads.

Light-houses are strange and lonely homes for men to live in. Some of them are perched out on the ocean, with the land scarcely in sight, and the



LANTERN OF A FIRST-ORDER LIGHT-HOUSE.

restless sea forever beating and moaning around them. The keepers of these do not see other human faces than their own in a quarter of a year. Night and day they are on the watch, gladdened

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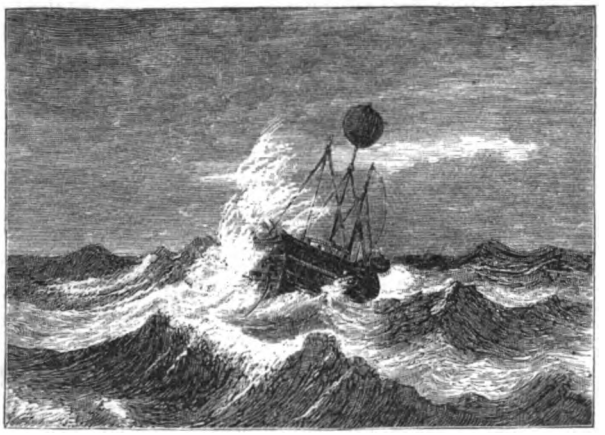
awhile by a sail that appears for a little while and then floats out of sight, below the horizon. They might be out of the world, for all they know of its concerns, its losses and gains, its battles and its victories, the changes that each day brings forth. There are other light-houses situated on the coast, but so remote that they are never visited; and others that are surrounded by the civilization of a fishing village, and on summer days are crowded by fashionable people from the neighboring watering-places. But for the most part, except in the approaches to flourishing ports, they are built out on the farthest margin of the land, on far-reaching capes and peninsulas, on iron-bound headlands, on detached rocks and sandy shoals. The light-ships are still worse off, anchored as they are in stormy waters, and forever rolling, plunging, leaping in



A LIGHT-SHIP.

perpetual unrest, clipped of their wings, while other vessels are passing and repassing, shortening sail as they enter port and spreading the canvas as they start out anew.

The light-ships are manned by men alone, but in the light-houses the keepers are allowed to have their wives, and children are born unto them and brought up with the sea and the sea-birds and the distant ships for companions. Many a pretty story or poem has been woven about children living in this fashion. They learn the secrets and wonders of the sea, and feel glad when it sings softly on the calm days and sad when its bosom is ruffled and white in the storms. Their little heads are full of strange fancies about Nature, and I do not believe they could understand or enjoy the life that you and I lead at home. Somehow I cannot think of them as real children. They seem more like water-sprites that have their home in the blue depths among other delicate plants that blossom there. But they have lessons to learn from school-books, and a great many things to do in their father's household. Their life, with all its romance, is not one of idleness, you may be sure. Sometimes their work is hard and earnest. There is a light-house off Newport, where an old man lives, and with him his daughter. From a wild little girl she has grown to be a young woman, full of color, and strength, and courage. She was born by the sea and has always lived by the sea. When she was very small she used to talk to the waves and listen to their moaning answers. Oftentimes from her nest on the ledge of rocks, when the wind, and sea, and sky have been in fiercest strife, she has seen some vessel in distress, and in a small row-boat has pulled herself out and brought the men to the warmth of her father's house. I do not exactly know how many lives she has saved, but nearly every year she does a heroic deed of the kind. You have heard of her, no doubt; she was married some time ago, but she is still known by the name of her childhood—Ida Lewis.

Light-houses and light-ships often are able to send aid to the shipwrecked, and are virtually life-saving stations. The annals of the Board show that whenever it is practicable the keepers bravely assist in bringing sailors to the shore. Thus I have before me a printed form which is headed as follows: "Quarterly Return of Shipwrecks in the Vicinity of the Light-vessel stationed at Bartlett's Reef, for the quarter ending on the 31st of March, 1874." Two schooners — the "Cahill" and the "Speedwell"—were cast ashore on the reef, and became total wrecks, during a strong gale blowing from the north-west on March 23d. Two columns in the exhibit tell this simple story:

No. of Crew and Passengers Lost.	No. of Crew and Passengers Saved.
None.	All.

Complete details are supplied by the keepers in another report, showing the condition of the weather, the hour when the vessels were first seen from the light, the hour when they struck, and proof that every assistance possible was rendered to them.

The keepers and their assistants are mostly old sailors and soldiers who have seen actual service in the wars. There are eight hundred of them, each paid between four hundred and six hundred dollars a year, besides board and lodging. The regulations require them to be able-bodied, over eighteen years of age, and able to read and write. They must also be intelligent, and have a knowledge of the general principles of optics and mechanics, for

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the lenses and machinery in their care are both delicate and costly. An unskillful or careless man might spoil the lamp; and as the stations are sometimes hundreds of miles away from civilization, as on the Pacific coast, several weeks might elapse before it could be repaired. In the meantime, the shipping would be in constant danger. On the intelligence, fidelity and experience of the keepers thousands of lives and millions of dollars depend.

ROBBIN'S REEF LIGHT-HOUSE, IN NEW YORK BAY.

You must not think that they are perfectly secure from danger. Sometimes, in a heavy gale, a light-ship parts her moorings and is threatened with destruction on a lee shore, and all the skill and all the bravery of her crew are needed to save her. Sometimes, too, a light-house is destroyed, toppled over by the sea. On the shoals about the southern coast, the light-houses are mostly fragile iron frames bedded in the sand, as you will see in the picture on the next page of the light-house at Alligator Reef, Florida.

Such a one as this—a screw-pile light-house it is called—formerly stood on a lonely place known as Dog Island, also off the coast of Florida. One fearful night during the November gales of last year, the light was burning brightly over the foaming seas, and the keeper was on duty watching the lantern. The wind blew from a severe gale to a hurricane, and the frame of the house trembled under the force that beat it. Still the wind increased in violence, rocking the lantern and soon upsetting it. The keeper then feared for his life, and decided to trust himself to the waves in a small boat and make for the shore. He had scarcely left the tottering structure when it fell and disappeared, an utter wreck, into the water.

A ROOM IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT ROBBIN'S REEF.

The first duty of the keepers is to exhibit their lights punctually at sunset and extinguish them punctually at sunrise. The flame must be kept at its greatest attainable height, and the whole illuminating apparatus perfectly clean and free from dampness. One man is on watch constantly. In thick and stormy weather he must see that there is no snow or moisture on the lantern glass, and he is strictly forbidden to stand in front of the light or to allow any other person to do so. If by an evil chance one of the panes of glass is blown out or dashed out by sea-birds, another must be in readiness to replace it immediately. As soon as his own

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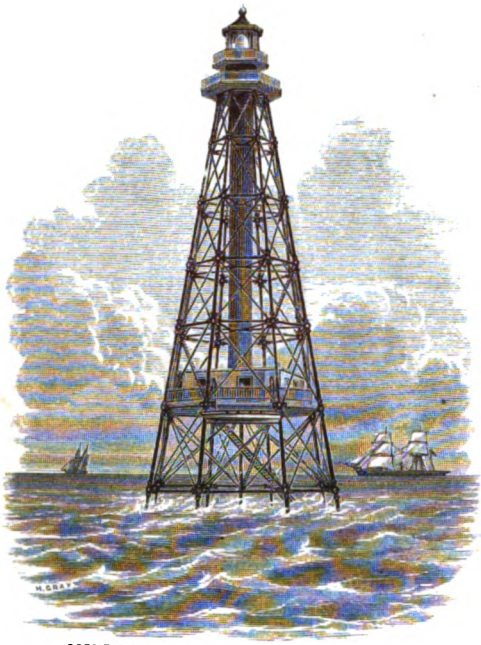

LIGHT-HOUSE AT ALLIGATOR REEF, FLORIDA.

lights are burning, he must note in his journal the names of such other light-houses and lighted beacons as are visible, specifying how they appear, whether bright or faint, and whether the weather is thick or clear. In case any light that ought to be seen is not visible, he must inform the inspectors as soon as possible. Meantime, the other light-house keepers are returning the compliment, and noting in their journals the condition of his light. In this manner a careless or inattentive keeper is soon found out. There are also on patrol a number of steam and sailing vessels belonging to the Light-house Board, whose captains observe and report on the exhibition made at each light-house.

Four times a year the more distant houses are visited by tenders, which supply them with food for the next three or six months. It often happens that the keepers are confined at their station for this length of time by stress of weather or extreme distance from the shore. Usually, however, the smaller vessels passing near hail them, and exchange fresh vegetables and fruit for salt pork, perhaps throwing a newspaper, several weeks old, into the bargain. Vegetables and newspapers are the greatest luxuries you can bestow on the Crusoe keepers. The pilot-boats are especially good friends to them, calling often, and doing many little kindnesses for them.

THE PET MONKEY.

(Translation of French Story in August Number.)

My children, this is Jack, the prettiest little monkey that ever was seen; but as his portrait gives but a faint idea of what he is, I add a few words for you.

Jack came from Africa, from a good missionary who is one of our friends, who sent him to us across the sea. Great was our joy, as you may well suppose, when one day a stout sailor presented himself with this little black creature in his arms. At once Jack showed himself very tame, and even affectionate, as soon as he saw himself supplied with sweetmeats and bon-bons.

He is not much bigger than one of those grey squirrels which you see running in the woods. He has a little brown head, with a collar and long whiskers of white hair, which would give him the air of a little old man, with a skull-cap of velvet, if his great black eyes, so keen and bright, did not quickly change his venerable appearance; and as, on account of the cold, to which he is very sensitive, we are obliged to cover him with a little dress of red flannel, he has, I can assure you, a very young and frisky air, in spite of his white beard. He has for his special use a tiny chair, placed in the warmest corner of the chimney, and nothing is more amusing than to see him gravely seated on it, warming his feet at the fire, and holding on his knees a *doll*, for which he has a great affection, and with which he plays as could the prettiest little girl.

Unhappily, Jack will not keep still long in one place, any more than a child of his age. He touches everything; he rummages everywhere; he turns the hands of the clock to hear it strike; he scratches the books, and opens all the boxes which he can put his little hand on, in quest of sugar and of cakes, of which he is very fond. Sometimes his power of imitation gets him into trouble and causes him a great fright, as when he locked himself in a closet by turning the key, so that it was necessary

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to send for a locksmith to get him out of his prison, where he was lamenting his fate with piercing cries.

Like all spoiled children, Jack dislikes to go to bed; and when he sees the preparations to take him away from the warm and lighted parlor, he runs to his mistress, climbs on her shoulder, and puts his arms around her neck and fairly *cries* to be kept, like a real baby. He is very much offended, and protests with all the force of his lungs, if he is excluded from the dining-room at the hour of meals. Seated on his little chair, holding, with much address, a saucer on his knees, he follows with his great black eyes all the details of the service with an interest which shows itself noisily at the appearance of the dessert. Everything is good to him, whether it be the ice-cream or only an apple or a nut. But he has his preference, which he testifies by a low grunt of satisfaction, or by pushing away from his plate any morsels which do not suit his taste.

They tell us that Jack might be taught a hundred amusing tricks; and his education was probably commenced by the sailor during his long voyage, for he turns a somersault like a real acrobat. It must be said in his praise that he seems anxious to cultivate this unique talent, and often practices of his own accord, supporting himself on his head, his feet in the air, and turning himself over with a dexterity of which he seems very proud; but no one of us has the courage to impose upon him too severe studies.

His life in our climate, so severe for these poor little creatures, accustomed to the sun of Africa, cannot be a very long one. He is going to pass the summer in the country, in the midst of flowers and fruits; and then if the first frosts should take from us our little pet, we shall bury him under a rose-bush, happy to think that we have at least enjoyed for some months his pretty ways, and have filled his short existence with as much happiness as was possible.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXX.

A GIRL AND A GUN.

A short distance beyond the place where Kate had been left, there was a small by-path; and when, still carefully carrying her gun, she reached this path, Kate stopped. Here would be a good place, she thought, to wait for game. Something would surely come into that little path, if she kept herself concealed.

So she knelt down behind a small bush that grew at a corner of the two paths, and putting her gun through the bush, rested the barrel in a crotch.

The gun now pointed up the by-path, and there was an opening in the bush through which Kate could see for some distance.

Here, then, she watched and waited.

The first thing that crossed the path was a very little bird. It hopped down from a twig, it jerked its head about, it pecked at something on the ground, and then flew up into a tree. Kate would not have shot it on any account, for she knew it was not good to eat; but she could not help wondering how people ever did shoot birds, if they did not "hold still" any longer than that little creature did.

Then there appeared a small brown lizard. It came very rapidly right down the path towards Kate.

"If it comes all the way," thought Kate, "I shall have to jump."

But it did not come all the way, and Kate remained quiet.

For some time no living creatures, except butterflies and other insects, showed themselves. Then, all of a sudden, there popped into the middle of the path, not very far from Kate, a real, live rabbit!

It was quite a good-sized rabbit, and Kate trembled from head to foot. Here was a chance indeed!

To carry home a fat rabbit would be a triumph. She aimed the gun as straight towards the rabbit as she could, having shut the wrong eye several times before she got the matter arranged to her satisfaction. Then she remembered that she had not cocked the gun, and so she had to do that, which, of course, made it necessary for her to aim all over again.

She cocked only one hammer, and she did it so

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gently that it did not frighten the rabbit, although he flirted his ears a little when he heard the "click, click!" Everything was so quiet that he probably thought he heard some insect, probably a young or ignorant cricket that did not know how to chirp properly.

So he sat very still and nibbled at some leaves that were growing by the side of the path. He looked very pretty as he sat there, taking his dainty little bites and jerking up his head every now and then, as if he were expecting somebody.

"I must wait till he's done eating," thought Kate. "It would be cruel to shoot him now."

Then he stopped nibbling all of a sudden, as if he had just thought of something, and as soon as he remembered what it was, he twisted his head around and began to scratch one of his long ears with his hind-foot. He looked so funny doing this that Kate came near laughing; but, fortunately, she remembered that that would not do just then.

When he had finished scratching one ear, he seemed to consider the question whether or not he should scratch the other one; but he finally came to the conclusion that he would n't. He 'd rather hop over to the other side of the path and see what was there.

This, of course, made it necessary for Kate to take a new aim at him.

Whatever it was that he found on the other side of the path it grew under the ground, and he stuck his head down as far as he could get it, and bent up his back, as if he were about to try to turn a somersault, or to stand on his head.

"How round and soft he is!" thought Kate. "How I should like to pat him. I wonder when he 'll find whatever it is that he 's looking for! What a cunning little tail!"

The cunning little tail was soon clapped flat on the ground, and Mr. Bunny raised himself up and sat on it. He lifted his nose and his fore-paws in the air and seemed to be smelling something good. His queer little nose wiggled so comically that Kate again came very near bursting out laughing.

"How I would love to have him for a pet!" she said to herself.

After sniffing a short time, the rabbit seemed to come to the conclusion that he was mistaken, after all, and that he did n't really smell anything so very good. He seemed disappointed, however, for he lifted up one of his little fore-paws and rubbed it across his eyes. But, perhaps, he was n't so very sorry, but only felt like taking a nap, for he stretched himself out as far as he could, and then drew himself up in a bunch, as if he were going to sleep.

"I wish he would n't do that," thought Kate, anxiously. "I don't want to shoot him in his sleep."

But Bunny was n't asleep. He was thinking. He was trying to make up his mind about something. There was no way of finding out what it was that he was trying to make up his mind about. He might have been wondering why some plants did n't grow with their roots uppermost, so that he could get at them without rubbing his little nose in the dirt; or why trees were not good to eat right through trunk and all. Or he might have been trying to determine whether it would be better for him to go over to 'Lijah Ford's garden, and try to get a bite at some cabbage leaves; or to run down to the field just outside of the woods, where he would very likely meet a certain little girl rabbit that he knew very well.

But whatever it was, he had no sooner made up his mind about it than he gave one big hop and was out of sight in a minute.

"There!" cried Kate. "He 's gone!"

"I reckon he thought he 'd guv you 'bout chance enough, Miss Kate," said a voice behind her, and, turning hurriedly, she saw Uncle Braddock.

"Why, how did you come here?" she exclaimed. "I did n't hear you."

"Reckon not, Miss Kate," said the old man. "You don't s'pose I was agoin' to frighten away yer game. I seed you a-stoopin' down aimin' at somethin', and I jist creeped along, a little a time, to see what it was. Why, what *did* come over you, Miss Kate, to let that ole har go? It was the puttiest shot I ever did see."

"Oh! I could n't fire at the dear little thing while it was eating so prettily," said Kate, letting down the hammer of the gun as easily as she could; "and then he cut up such funny little capers that I came near laughing right out. I could n't shoot him while he was so happy, and I 'm glad I did n't do it at all."

"All right, Miss Kate," said Uncle Braddock, as he started off on his way through the woods; "that may be a werry pious way to go a-huntin', but it wont bring you in much meat."

When Harry came back from hunting for the bee-tree, which he did n't find, he saw Kate walking slowly down the path towards the village, the gun under her arm, with the muzzle carefully pointed towards the ground.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MAN IN A BOAT.

ON a very pleasant afternoon that fall, a man came down Crooked Creek in a small, flat-bottomed boat. He rowed leisurely, as if he had been rowing a long distance and felt a little tired. In one end of the boat was a small trunk.

As this man, who had red hair, and a red face,

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and large red hands, pulled slowly along the creek, turning his head every now and then to see where he was going, he gradually approached the bridge that crossed the creek near "One-eyed Lewston's" cabin. Just before he reached the bridge, he noticed what seemed to him a curious shadow running in a thin, straight line across the water. Resting on his oars, and looking up to see what there was above him to throw such a shadow, he perceived a telegraph wire stretching over the creek, and losing itself to sight in the woods on each side.

A telegraph wire was an ordinary sight to this man, but this particular wire seemed to astonish him greatly.

"What on earth is this?" he asked out loud. But there was no one to answer him, and so, after puzzling his mind for a few minutes, he rowed on.

When that man reached the point in the creek to which he was bound, and, with his trunk on his shoulder, walked up to the house where he used to live, he was still more astonished; for a telegraph wire ran through one corner of the back-yard.

Cousin Maria now lived in this house, and George Mason was coming to pay her a visit. His appearance was rather a surprise to her, but still she welcomed him. She was a good soul.

Almost before he asked her how she was, he put the question to her:

"What telegraph line 's that?"

"WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?" HE ASKED OUT LOUD.

So Cousin Maria wiped her hands on her long gingham apron (she had been washing her best set of china), and she sat down and told him all about it.

"You see, George," said she, "that there line was the boys' telegraph line, afore they sold it to the Mica people; and when the boys put it up they expected to make a heap of money, which I reckon they did n't do, or else they would n't have sold it. But these Mica people wanted it, and they lengthened it at both ends, and bought it of the

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boys—or rather of Harry Loudon, for he was the smartest of the lot, and the real owner of the thing—he and his sister Kate—as far as I could see. And when they stretched the line over to Hetertown, they came to me and told me how the line ran along the road most of the way, but that they could save a lot of time and money (though I don't see how they could save much of a lot of money when, accordin' to all accounts, the whole line did n't cost much, bein' just fastened to pine-trees, trimmed off, and if it had cost much, them boys could n't have built it, for I reckon the Mica people did n't help 'em a great deal, after all),—if I would let them cut across my grounds with their wire, and I had n't no objection, anyway, for the line did n't do no harm up there in the air, and so I said certainly they might, and they did, and there it is."

When George Mason heard all this, he walked out of the back-door and over to the wood-pile, where he got an axe and cut down the pole that was in Cousin Maria's back-yard. And when the pole fell, it broke the wire, just as Mr. Martin had got to the sixth word of a message he was sending over to Hetertown.

Cousin Maria was outraged.

"George Mason!" said she, "you can stay here as long as you like, and you can have part of whatever I've got in the house to eat, but I'll never sit down to the table with you till you've mended that wire and nailed it to another pole."

"All right," answered George Mason. "Then I'll eat alone."

When Mr. Martin and the Mica Mine people and the Akeville people and Harry and Kate and all the boys and everybody black and white heard what had happened, there was great excitement. It was generally agreed that something must be done with George Mason. He had no more right to cut down that pole because he had once lived on the place, than he had to go and cut down any of the neighbors' bean-poles.

So the sheriff and some deputy-sheriffs (Tony Kirk among them), and a constable and a number of volunteer constables, went off after George Mason, to bring him to justice.

It was more than a week before they found him, and it is probable that they would not have captured him at all had he not persisted in staying in the neighborhood, so as to be on hand with his axe, in case the line should be repaired.

"It's all along of my tellin' him that that line was got up by them Loudon children," said Cousin Maria. "He hates Mr. Loudon worse than pisen, because he was the man that found out all his tricks."

Mason was taken to the court-house and locked up in the jail. Almost all the people of the county, and some people belonging to adjoining counties, made up their minds to be at the court-house when his trial should take place.

On the second night of his imprisonment, George Mason forced open a window of his cell and went away. And what was more, he staid away. He had no desire to be at the court-house when his trial took place.

No one felt more profound satisfaction when George Mason left the country, and the telegraph line was once more in working order, than Harry and Kate.

They had had an idea that if George Mason should persist in cutting the telegraph line, the Mica Company would give it up, and that they might be called upon to refund the money on which Aunt Matilda depended for support. They had been told that they need not trouble themselves about this, as the Mica Company had taken all risks; but still they were delighted when they heard that George Mason had cleared out, and that there was every reason to suppose that he would not come back.

Chapter XXXII.

AUNT MATILDA'S LETTER.

One afternoon, about the end of October, Aunt Matilda was sitting in her big, straight-backed chair, on one side of her fireplace. There was a wood fire blazing on the hearth, for the days were getting cool and the old woman liked to be warm. On the other side of the fireplace sat Uncle Braddock. Sitting on the floor, between the two, were John William Webster and Dick Ford. In the doorway stood Gregory Montague. He was not on very good terms with Aunt Matilda, and was rather afraid to come in all the way. On the bed sat Aunt Judy.

It must not be supposed that Aunt Matilda was giving a party. Nothing of the kind. These colored people were not very much engrossed with business at this time of the year; and as it was not far from supper-time, and as they all happened to be near Aunt Matilda's cabin that afternoon, they thought they 'd step in and see her.

"Does any of you uns know," asked Aunt Matilda, "whar Ole Miles is now? Dey tells me he don't carry de mails no more."

"No," said John William Webster, who was always quick to speak. "Dey done stop dat ar. Dey got so many letters up dar at de Mica Mines, dat dey send all the big ones to de pos'-office in a bag an' a buggy, and dey send de little ones ober de telegraph."

"But whar's Ole Miles?" repeated Aunt Matilda.

"He's a-doin' jobs up aroun' de mines," said

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Uncle Braddock. "De las' time I see him, he was a-whitewashin' a fence."

"Well, I wants to see Ole Miles," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I 'll carry yer letter, Aunt Matilda," said Dick Ford; and Gregory Montague, anxious to curry favor, as it was rapidly growing near to ash-cake time, stated in a loud voice that he 'd take it "fus thing in de mornin'."

"I do' want none o' you uns," said Aunt Matilda. "Ole Miles is used to carryin' letters, and I wants him to carry my letter. Ef you 'd like ter keep yerse'f out o' mischif, you Greg'ry, you kin go 'long and tell him I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I 'll do dat," said Gregory, "fus thing in de mornin'."

"Better go 'long now," said Aunt Matilda.

"Too late now, Aunt Matilda," said Gregory, anxiously. "Could n't git dar 'fore dark, no how, and he 'd be gone away, and I spect I could n't fin' him."

"Whar is yer letter?" asked Uncle Braddock.

"Oh, 't aint writ yit," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants some o' you uns to write it fur me. Kin any o' you youngsters write writin'?"

"Yes, ma'am," said John William Webster. "Greg'ry kin write fus-rate. He 's been ter school mor'n a month."

"You shet up!" cried Gregory, indignantly. "Ise been to school mor'n dat. Ise been free or four weeks. And I know'd how to write some 'fore I went. Mah'sr George teached me."

"You 'd better git Miss Kate to write yer letter," said Aunt Judy. "She 'd spell it out a great sight better dan Gregory Montague, I reckons."

"No, I don't want Miss Kate to write dis hyar letter. She does enough, let alone writin' letters fur me. Come 'long hyar, you Greg'ry. Reach up dar on dat shelf and git dat piece o' paper behin' de 'lasses gourd."

Gregory obeyed promptly, and pulled out a half-sheet of note-paper from behind the gourd. The paper had been there a good while, and was rather yellow-looking. There was also a drop of molasses on one corner of it, which John William said would do to seal it up with; but Gregory wiped it carefully off on the leg of his trousers.

"Now, den," said Aunt Matilda; "sot yerse'f right down dar on de floor. Git off dat ar smooth board, you Dick, an' let Greg'ry put his paper dar. I haint got no pen, but hyar 's a pencil Miss Kate lef' one day. But it aint got no pint. Ef some of you boys has got a knife, ye kin put a pint to it."

Uncle Braddock dived into the recesses of his dressing-gown, and produced a great jack-knife, with a crooked iron blade and a hickory handle.

"Look a-dar!" cried John William Webster. "Uncle Braddock 's agwine ter chop de pencil up fur kindlin'-wood."

"None o' yer laughin' at dis knife," said Uncle Braddock, with a frown. "I done made dis hyar knife mese'f."

A better knife, however, was produced by Dick Ford, and the pencil was sharpened. Then Gregory Montague stretched himself out on the floor, resting on his elbows, with the paper before him and the pencil in his hand.

"Is you ready?" said Aunt Matilda.

"All right," said Gregory. "Yer kin go 'long."

Aunt Matilda put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and looked into the fire. Gregory and everyone else waited quite awhile for her to begin.

"Ye had better put the number ob de year fus," suggested Uncle Braddock.

"Well, ye kin put dat," said Aunt Matilda, "while I 'm a-workin' out de letter in me mind."

There now arose a discussion as to what was the "number of the year." Aunt Judy knew that the "war" was somewhere along in "sixty," and thought it must certainly be seventy or eighty by this time; while Uncle Braddock, who was accustomed to look back a long way, was sure it was "nigh on to a hun'red."

Dick Ford, however, although he was not a writer, could read, and had quite a fancy for spelling out a newspaper, and he asserted that the year was eighteen hundred and seventy, and so it was put down "180070," much to the disgust of Uncle Braddock, who did n't believe it was so much.

"Yer ought to say ef it 's before Christ or after Christ," said Aunt Judy. "Old Mah'sr Truly Mathers splained dat to me, 'bout years."

"Well, then," said Gregory, ready with his pencil, "which is it?"

Dick Ford happened to know a little on this subject, and so he told Gregory how he should put down "B. C." for "before Christ," and "A. C." for "after Christ," and that "A. C." was right for this year.

This was set down in Gregory's most careful lettering.

"Dat dar hind letter 's got de stumic-ache," said John William Webster, putting his long finger, black on top and yellow underneath, on the C, which was rather doubled up.

Nobody thought of the month or the day, and so the letter was considered dated.

"Now, den," said Gregory, "who 's it to?"

"Jist never you mind who 's it to," answered Aunt Matilda. "I know, an' that 's enough to know."

"But you 've got to put de name on de back," said Aunt Judy, anxiously.

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"Dat's so," said Uncle Braddock, with equal anxiety.

"No, I haint," remarked Aunt Matilda. "I 'll tell Ole Miles who to take it to. Put down for d fus thing:

'Ise been thinkin' fur a long time dat I oughter to write about dis hyar matter, and I s'pose you is the right one to write to.'"

"What matter 's dat?" asked Aunt Judy.

"Neber you mind," replied Aunt Matilda.

Slowly and painfully, Gregory printed this sentence, with Dick Ford close on one side of him; with John William's round, woolly head stuck almost under his chin; with Uncle Braddock leaning over him from his chair; and Aunt Judy standing, peering down upon him from behind.

"Dat 's wrong," said Dick Ford, noticing that Gregory had written the last words thus: "rite 1 ter rite 2." "She don't want no figgers."

"What did she say 'em fur, den?" asked Gregory.

"Now, Greg'ry," said Aunt Matilda, "put down dis:

'I don't want to make no trouble, and I would n't do nothin' to trouble dem chillen; but Ise been a-waitin' a good long while now, and I been thinkin' I 'd better write an' see 'bout it.'"

"What you want to see 'bout?" asked Aunt Judy, quickly.

"Neber you min' what it is," replied Aunt Matilda. "Go on, you Greg'ry, and put down:

'Dat money o' mine was reel money, and when I put it in, I thought I 'd git it back ag'in afore dis.'"

"How much was it, Aunt Matilda?" asked Uncle Braddock, while Aunt Judy opened her eyes and her mouth, simply because she could not open her ears any wider than they were.

"Dat 's none o' your business," replied Aunt Matilda. "Now put down:

'I spect dem telegrum fixin's cost a lot o' money, but I don't spect it 's jist right to take all an ole woman's money to build 'em.'"

"Lor 's *ee!*" ejaculated Uncle Braddock, "dat 's so!"

"Now you Greg'ry," continued Aunt Matilda, "put down:

'Ef you write me a letter 'bout dat ar money, you kin giv it to Ole Miles.'

Now sign my name to dat ar letter."

The next day, having been summoned by the obliging Gregory, Old Miles made his appearance in Aunt Matilda's cabin.

The old woman explained to him that the letter was so important that she could trust it to no one who was not accustomed to carry letters, and Miles was willing and proud to exercise his skill for her benefit.

"Now, den," said she; "take dis hyar letter to de man what works de telegrum in Hetertown, and fotch me back an answer."

Chapter XXXIII.

Time to Stop.

About a week after this letter was written, Kate said to Harry:

"You really ought to have Aunt Matilda's roof mended. There are several holes in it. I think her house ought to be made tight and warm before winter; don't you?"

"Certainly," said Harry. "I 'll get some shingles and nail them over the holes to-morrow."

The next day was Saturday, and a rainy day. About ten o'clock Harry went to Aunt Matilda's cabin with his shingles and a hammer and nails. Kate walked over with him.

To their surprise they found the old woman in bed.

"Why, what is the matter, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate. "Are you sick?"

"No, honey, I is n't sick," said the old woman; "but somehow or other I don't keer to git up. Ise mighty comfurt'ble jist as I is."

"But you ought to have your breakfast," said Kate. "What is this basin of water doing on the foot of your bed?"

"Oh, don't 'sturb dat ar tin basin," said Aunt Matilda. "Dat 's to ketch der rain. Dar 's a hole right ober de foot o' de bed."

"But you wont want that now," said Kate. "Harry 's going to nail shingles over all the holes in your roof."

"An' fall down an' break his neck. He need n't do no sich foolishness. Dat ar tin basin 's did me fur years in and years out, and I neber kicked it ober yit. Dere 's no use a-mendin' holes dis time o' day."

"It 's a very good time of day," said Harry, who was standing in the door; "and it is n't raining now. You used to have a ladder here, Aunt Matilda. If you 'll tell me where it is, I can mend that hole over your bed without getting on the roof at all."

"Jist you keep away from de roof," said the old woman. "Ef you go a-hammerin' on dat ole roof you 'll have it all down on me head. I don't want no mendin' dis time o' day."

Finding that Aunt Matilda was so much opposed to any carpenter-work on her premises at that time, Harry went home, while Kate remained to get the old woman some breakfast.

Aunt Matilda felt better that afternoon, and she sat up and ate her supper with Uncle Braddock (who happened to be there); but as she was evidently feeling the effects of her great age, an ar-

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rangement was made, by which Aunt Judy gave up her cabin and came to live with Aunt Matilda and take care of her.

One morning, about a week after the rainy Saturday, Mrs. Loudon came over to see Aunt Matilda. She found the old woman lying on the bed, and evidently worried about something.

"You see, Miss Mary," said Aunt Matilda, "Ise kind o' disturbed in me min'. I rit a letter a long time ago, and Ole Miles aint fetched me no answer yit, and it sorter worries me."

"I did n't know you could write," said Mrs. Loudon, somewhat surprised.

"Neither I kin," said Aunt Matilda. "I jist got dat Greg'ry Montague to write it fur me, and dear knows what he put in it."

"Who was your letter to, Aunt Matilda?" asked Mrs. Loudon."

"I do' know his name, but he works de telegrum at Hetertown. An' I do' min' tellin' you 'bout it, Miss Mary, ef you do' worry dem chillen. De letter was 'bout my money in de telegrum comp'ny. Dat was reel silber money, an' I haint heerd nor seed nothin' of it sence."

When Mrs. Loudon went home she told Harry and Kate of Aunt Matilda's troubles.

Neither of them said anything at the time, but Harry put on his hat and went up to the store, while Kate sat down to her sewing.

After awhile, she said:

"I think, mother, it 's pretty hard in Aunt Matilda, after all we 've done for her, to think of nothing but that ten cents she put into the stock of the company."

"It is perfectly natural," said Mrs. Loudon. "That ten cents was her own private property, and no matter how small a private property may be, it is of greater interest to the owner than any other property in the world. To be sure, the money that was paid for the telegraph line is for Aunt Matilda's benefit, but you and Harry have the management and the spending of it. But that ten cents was all her own, and she could spend it just as she chose."

The next day Kate went over to Aunt Matilda with two silver ten-cent pieces that Harry had got from Mr. Darby.

"Aunt Matilda," said she, "This is not the very same ten-cent piece you put into the company, but it 's just as good; and Harry thinks that you about doubled your money, and so here 's another one."

The old woman, who was sitting alone by the fire wrapped up in a shawl, took the money, and putting it in the hollow of her bony hand, gazed at it with delight.

Then she looked up at Kate.

"You is good chillen," she said. "You is mighty good chillen. I don't spect I 'll lib much longer in dis hyar world. Ise so precious old dat it 's 'bout time to stop. But I don't spects I 'll find nobody in heben that 'll be more reel comfort to me dan you chillen."

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Kate. "Why, you 'll meet all your friends and relations that you talk so much about and who died so long ago."

"Well——," said Aunt Matilda, very deliberately, "perhaps I shall, and perhaps I sha' n't; dere 's no tellin'. But dere aint no mistakin' 'bout you chillen."

That afternoon, when Uncle Braddock called, Aunt Matilda said to him:

"Ef you see Ole Miles ye kin tell him he need n't bring me no answer to dat letter."

Quite early one morning, a few days after this, Kate went over to Aunt Matilda's cabin.

She saw Aunt Judy standing at the door.

"How 's Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Gone to glory," said Aunt Judy.

Aunt Matilda was buried under a birch-tree near the church that she used to attend, when able to walk.

That portion of her "fund" which remained unexpended at the time of her death was used to pay her funeral expenses and to erect a suitable tombstone over her grave. On the stone was an inscription. Harry composed it, and Kate copied it carefully for the stonecutter.

And thus, after much hard labor and anxious thought, after many disappointments and a great deal of discouragement, Harry and Kate performed to the end the generous task they had set themselves, which was just what might have been expected of such a boy and such a girl.

THE END.

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A LITTLE girl,
Quite well and hearty,
Thought she'd like
To give a party.

But as her friends
Were shy and wary,
Nobody came
But her own canary.

LE PETIT PARESSEUX.

PAR A. C.

IL y avait une fois un petit garçon fort paresseux, et par conséquent, fort ignorant, dont il semblait que rien ne pouvait corriger les défauts. Au lieu d'aller à l'école, où ses parents l'envoyaient tous les jours, il flânait dans les rues, les mains dans ses poches, les yeux fixés sur le vide, ou battant des mains, sifflant et faisant du bruit sans rime ni raison. Ou bien, quand on le forçait à aller droit à l'école, il bâillait un peu de temps sur ses livres sans faire le moindre effort pour apprendre; puis il disposait ses bras en forme d'oreiller sur son pupitre, et posant la tête dessus, il dormait pendant toute la leçon.

Un jour, cependant, comme il gaspillait son temps selon son ordinaire, un vieux savant le trouva, le prit par la main, et le conduisit dans une chambre vaste et tout-à-fait dénuée de meubles et d'ornements. Le petit fainéant craignit d'abord de recevoir quelque punition de sa paresse; mais le vieillard avait un tel air de bonté, qu'il se rassura, et dès qu'il le vit sourire, il ne le redouta plus.

Quand ils furent entrés dans la chambre, le savant

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ferma la porte; puis s'adressant au petit garçon, tout surpris de ce qui lui arrivait, il lui dit ces mots:

"Dis-moi, mon enfant, si tu le peux, qu'est-ce que le *néant*—c'est-à-dire le rien?"

Le petit ouvrit bien les yeux, mais ne répondit pas.

"Si tu ne me comprends pas," dit alors le savant, "peut-être pourras-tu me dire *où* se trouve le néant."

"Où se trouve-t-il?" répéta le petit garçon, tout surpris de cette question; "mais c'est ici, n'est-ce pas? Il n'y a rien dans cette chambre que nous-mêmes."

"Pense encore," répliqua le savant; "je crois que tu n'as pas sagement répondu."

Le petit garçon pensa quelques moments; puis il dit d'un air d'assurance. "Il n'y a ici autre chose que nous-mêmes, j'en suis bien sûr."

Sans répondre, le vieillard agita la main. "Que sens-tu maintenant?" demanda-t-il.

"Oh! je sens le vent," répondit le petit en riant.

"C'est-à-dire," répliqua le savant, "tu sens l'air. Maintenant, écoute bien ce que je vais te dire. Cet air que tu sens enveloppe ou entoure toute la terre; il n'y a point d'endroit où il n'entre pas, car il se trouve partout. Tu vois, donc, qu'il ne peut pas y avoir une telle chose que le *néant* dans tout le monde, puisque tout lieu, tout espace est rempli de quelque chose. Il en est de même par tout l'univers. Nulle part tu ne sauras trouver le néant; il ne se trouve que dans un lieu seulement. Sais-tu où est ce lieu?"

"Mais, non," répondit le petit garçon. "S'il ne se trouve pas dans le monde, je ne sais pas, moi, où le chercher."

"Eh bien, je te le dirai; à quoi pensais-tu avant que je t'aie parlé?"

"Mais, à rien."

"Rien! et pourquoi? N'est-ce pas parce que tu ne sais, mon petit, à quoi penser? parce que tu as la tête vide? Oh! combien d'enfants sont comme toi! Sache, mon fils, que le néant, proprement dit, ne se trouve que dans les cervelles des fous et les cœurs des infidèles. Et puisque Dieu a si bien rempli le monde qu'il n'y a point d'espace où il ne se trouve pas quelque chose de bon ou de beau, n'as-tu pas honte de penser que seulement dans ton âme il y a un vide?"

Le petit ne répondit pas; mais il rougit de honte. Il pensa sérieusement à l'affaire; et dès ce jour il cessa d'être paresseux ou nonchalant. Il se mit à étudier avec tant de courage et de persévérance qu'il devint à la fin le plus studieux et le plus instruit de sa classe.

We shall be glad to have our boys and girls send us translations of this instructive story.

TRANSLATIONS OF "LA SINGE FAVORI" have been received from Edward L. Anderson, Grace G. Hiler, Mary M. Farley, Frank H. Burt, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Ellen G. Hodges, Emilie L. Haines, M. S., "Plymouth Rock," Emma C. Preston, Lidie V. B. Barker, Marion A. Coombs, "Hal and Lou," "Dean Swift," E. D. K.

A DOG-DAY FANCY.

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THE CUNNING LITTLE LAMB THAT KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

DUTCH KASSY.

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"Oh, see that girl and snow-white lamb!"
Said pretty Kassy Carr.
"Dear little girl, what is your name?"
The lammie answered, "Ba-a!"

"Your head and tiny feet are bare,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Come, tell me, did you run away?"
The lammie answered, "Ba-a!"

"I came to see you," said the child;
"I 'm little Eva Starr;
And lammie would not stay behind."
Said lammie, nodding, "Ba-a!"

"Look! mother there is picking beans,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Come in—she 'll give the lammie some."
Said lammie, frisking, "Ba-a!"

"And father, he is cutting grass,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Would lammie like to roll in it?"
Said lammie, skipping, "Ba-a!"

Then Eva, running through the gate,
Kissed pretty Kassy Carr;
And nodding, frisking, skipping, went
The lammie, saying, "Ba-a!"

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HURRAH for grapes and fall-pippins and blushing maples! October is at hand. Are you not glad, my dears? By the way, I heard the pretty school-teacher say that the word October came from the Latin *Octo*, meaning "eight." How do you make that out? It's the *tenth* month, or my name is not Jack. Very likely, though, those long-ago folk, who spoke Latin even on week-days, arranged the months to suit themselves.

Look into this matter, my dears. Did the ancient Roman youngsters wish each other a "Happy New Year" on the first of January? or, if not, when and wherefore?

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD news, children! Here's something that a house-cricket heard somebody say, and he immediately told it to a canary; the canary told it to a sparrow; the sparrow told it to my friend, R. Redbreast; and my friend, R. Redbreast, told it to me:

Mr. Trowbridge's grand new story for the next volume of ST. NICHOLAS, though it will be complete in itself, is to have a great deal in it about Jack Hazard and Vinnie! And Miss Alcott's story will tell about some girls that you can't help being delighted with. Miss Alcott is away up in the mountains writing the story for you at this very moment! Should n't you like to peep over her shoulder?

I don't read serial stories myself, but I know how you youngsters delight in them, and as I'm sure these will not do you a bit of harm, I'm right glad to know of the treat in store for you.

METEORS.

MANY a time when I wake and lean back in my pulpit on clear nights, I see meteors or shooting stars. I don't know much about them as yet; only, in fact, the names by which a few different nations have called them. Strange as you may think it, my birds know more about nations than they do about astronomy. I suppose that is because the nations are very much nearer to them than the stars. Though they live in the sky so much of the time, they really can't see a planet much better than we can; and I know as a positive fact that they're very much more afraid of a shooting gun than of a shooting star.

By the way, if any of you children think that a so-called "shooting star" is an actual *star* darting through space, you must study up on the subject. The Swedes were no wiser than the English in naming the fall of meteors *stjirnjfall*, nor the Italians in calling it *stella-cadente*, both meaning star-fall, for they, too, once considered it as the falling of stars from their places in the heavens.

The Germans call meteors *stern-schnuppe*, or star-snuff, from a queer notion once held by the ignorant that once in awhile the stars should be snuffed like candles or their light would grow dim!

I remember hearing long ago, that whenever a star shot across the sky a soul had passed away from earth. But now we know that, whatever else meteors may be, they are not stars, nor snuff, and that, so far, they have had nothing to do with the passing of souls from earth.

PAYING HIM BACK.

HERE comes a letter giving a true incident that happened the other day in New Jersey:

Montclair, August 8th, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you of something that occurred under my own eyes to one of those creatures who, as you say, "are wise and keep silent." To us, who have not always lived in the country, the incident was very interesting. A day or two ago, after a severe thunder-storm, James, the coachman, found that several birds had sheltered themselves in a small tool-house near our cottage. Among them was an owl. He put it into an old canary-bird cage, and brought it to us to look at. It is not often that one gets so near a view of one of these curious creatures. The cage was then placed just back of the house on a frame made to hold milk-pans. There he sat all day, not moving from the perch, occasionally rolling his eyes, but not seeing much, as those organs are more useful to him at night than in the daylight.

The day passed on, and we had almost forgotten that our owl was there, when we heard such a chattering while we were at supper that we ran to the door to see what it could mean. There we found Mr. Owl surrounded by a great company of sparrows, blue-birds, wrens, robins, all excited and noisy, flying about, sitting on the trees close by, hovering over the cage, and all showing signs of rage. It seemed as if they felt their enemy was in their power and they would like to tear him to pieces. They could not very well attack him, as he was in the cage, and the small door, which was open, was scarcely large enough to allow them to make a combined assault. Soon, when it began to get dusky, he came out of the cage in the midst of the commotion, and started for the woods near the house, the small birds in full pursuit, screaming and scolding. As we saw no more of them, we suppose that he reached his shelter in safety.

I would like to know if small birds ever are able to destroy this devourer of themselves and their little ones. Celia Thaxter speaks of a large white owl that she saw sitting high on a rock, surrounded by snow-birds.

"The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled long and loud,
But never a plume stirred he."

I remain, dear Mr. Jack, yours truly,
J. E. D.

Jack never heard of a case where small birds succeeded in killing an owl. It is quite common in Great Britain, I'm told, to use owls as a kind of bird-snare. The sleepy bird is secured and exposed in open sight during the daytime. Very soon numbers of small birds collect, and thinking at last that they have their enemy in their power they hover about and taunt him in every possible way. But the owl only blinks at them in the most tantalizing manner. He knows, wise bird! what

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it all means, and that the birds are caught in their own trap; for thus congregated, they fall easy victims to the hunters, while he is left unharmed.

THREE SUNRISES A DAY.

ONE of my birds, in telling me of something, has just put a scientific riddle into my head:

Where and how can you see the sun rise and set two or three times within three or four hours?

Why, by rising in a balloon to about 12,000 feet and watching for morning effects.

Three gentlemen who made an ascent from London in the autumn of 1836 saw this very thing, and I 'd be obliged if the ST. NICHOLAS editors would kindly print a few words of the account for you, if only to set you thinking:

At 5.10 in the morning of November 8, Messrs. Holland, Mason and Green, who had left London the day before, were at an elevation of 12,000 feet. The view spread over an area of 300 miles diameter. At 6.15 the sun rose to them. It set as they descended; and rose and set again, and at last appeared a third time ascending the horizon. About 7.30 they succeeded in finding a resting-place, which proved to be in the Duchy of Nassau, near the town of Weilburg, about 500 miles from London.

SCOTCH PIG.

YOU 'VE heard of the piper, my dears, who bade the cow consider; have you not? But that 's neither here nor there. What I want *you* to consider is Scotch pig. What is it? What is it good for? Is it better than our American pork? Is it pork at all?

It 's black, I am told, and very heavy of its size; also, immense quantities of it are exported every year to these United States. A talkative black-bird, who had been to a Caledonian pic-nic, tried to tell me about it; but all I could make out was "carboniferous formations," whatever they are, "rich beds," "black band," "West of Scotland," "soft and running" and "cheap." Not very satisfactory, you 'll admit.

But your young eyes and bright wits will soon put this pig where he belongs, I 'm thinking.

SLEEPY-PLANT.

LIVE without sleep! A Jack-in-the-Pulpit live without sleep? Preposterous! I 've just heard of a boy saying that he wished he was like the plants and flowers, so that he could live without sleep. You see, the little fellow liked to study hard, and keep at the head of all his classes, and, at the same time, he wanted to play, and to spend a good deal of time in roaming about the woods and fields, and he did n't very well see how he could do all of these things and sleep too.

When I heard this I laughed till my pulpit fairly shook under me at thinking what a miserable-looking Jack I should soon be if I tried to live without sleep.

Now, I advise this young gentleman to go into his papa's garden two or three hours after sunset, and see how the plants have folded in their leaves and are nodding their graceful flowers in sleep.

Why, bless your hard little brown fist, my boy! plants and flowers can no more live and grow without sleep than boys and girls can.

My friend Poll Parrot has told me about a South American plant, which sleeps so much and so often, that the Spanish call it *dormideras*, or sleepy-plant. Very likely some of my ST. NICHOLAS children have seen one of these plants in a conservatory, and have heard it called mimosa, or sensitive-plant. It has very delicate, feathery leaves, that go to sleep at any time of day or night if but a fly lights on them; so the parrot told me. In our cold climate the sleepy-plant can't live out-of-doors, excepting in very warm weather; but after all, it must be better off than in its own country, for there, I am told, the great herds of cattle eat the sensitive-plants in preference to grass. Perhaps, now (queer I did n't think of it before)—perhaps they go to sleep so easily on purpose that they may not feel the wounds when their delicate tops are torn off. Who knows?

THE BEACH OF ST. MICHAEL.

"NOW, children," said the pretty school-teacher one day, during a pic-nic in our meadow, "I 'll translate for you a strange legend of Brittany, from the French of Emile Souvestre. First I must tell you that though legends are not true stories, these Brittany legends are firmly believed in by many of the French peasants.

"Once upon a time," began the pretty teacher, "where now is seen nothing but the sand of the beach of St. Michael there was a great city, which was swallowed up under the dunes for its wickedness."

"Teacher," said a little girl, timidly, "please what is a dune?"

The teacher looked patiently and inquiringly around the group of children.

"Dunes," said a big boy, stoutly, "are hills of movable sand. They are common along the coast of England, France, Holland and other places."

"*Very* good," said the teacher, approvingly; and, still keeping her finger on the page before her, she read on:

"Every year at Pentecost, at the first stroke of midnight, a passage opens, leading to a grand hall, brilliantly lighted, where great treasures of the buried city are heaped up. But at the last stroke of midnight the passage closes with a loud rumbling, and the city remains hidden and in darkness until Pentecost comes again. Some men, too daring, seeking what God wishes to hide, have tried to penetrate into the lighted hall, but not one of them has ever returned."

"Oh!" exclaimed two or three of the girls with a heavy sigh, and then they all rose and passed on.

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THE LETTER BOX.

BOYS AND GIRLS!—Many of you have written welcome letters to ST. NICHOLAS, telling of the pleasant work you have learned to do from directions given in these pages; but this sweet little note from a Boston boy pleases us most of all. You will be pleased too when you read it. John's beautiful little house is before us as we write, and we do not wonder at his delight in making it. If any of you know of any pleasant employment for his deft little fingers, send him word through the Letter Box.

Boston, July 20th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame boy. I was hurt by a fall two years ago, and have been lame ever since. I cannot play all games like other boys, but "Christmas City," in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS, taught me how to amuse myself. I have made all the patterns given, and more than one of many of them. I am going to send one to you. Dr. Grey thinks my little city is wonderful, and everybody thinks it pretty. I am very proud of it. I hope you will give us some more patterns. The doctor told mamma it was vastly better than medicine for me. The little church is perfectly beautiful. I am eleven years old. Please put me down a Bird-defender.

JOHN STURTEVANT.

MR. JOHN A. S., who sends a list of bird-defenders, writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: The above names are from my school. I have kept ST. NICHOLAS upon my desk in the school-room ever since it came out, and I find it a capital text-book. I also find that it is a great help in governing. The children look forward eagerly for the coming of a new magazine, and as Jack does not like idle girls and boys, we have good lessons. Please tell Jack that his paragraphs are fine things for school, since they put all the pupils at work studying, in order to find out something about the wonderful things of which he tells them. He kept my department busy for three days on the transit of Venus. I would tell them nothing until they first told me all they could learn of it. It was an excellent exercise. You may also enroll me in this company. JOHN A. SEA.

The names of Mr. Sea and his boys were printed in the September Letter Box, under the head of "First Kansas Regiment, Army of Bird-defenders."

LUCY G. T., "HARRY," and others.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, Publishers, New York, have offered to receive contributions toward the Hans Christian Andersen Fund, and forward the money to the noble old poet, to whom we all owe so much. You can each send your subscription to these gentlemen, or to the editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and it will be sure to go safely to its destination. We hope all our boys and girls who enjoy Hans Andersen's stories, and who are able to spare even ten cents, will join in this good cause.

As Andersen is a Dane, his stories are written in Danish; but they have been translated into English and all the other languages of Europe. If the publishers of various countries who have printed translations of his work had paid him the sum on each copy sold, that, as an author, he had a moral right to expect, he would be a very rich man to-day. But there is no international law to enforce this, and it is stated that, except in the case of one New York publisher, he has never received any payment for his writings outside of his native Denmark.

But his friends, the children, may, in a measure, make some amends for this wrong. Hans Christian Andersen is an old man now, and in very feeble health. He is not in need of charity, and would be deeply wounded if it were offered, but he is in need of justice and of true recognition from those who owe a great deal of enjoyment to him. It will do his noble heart good to receive a testimonial from the boys and girls of America; and if the testimonial goes in the form of money it may buy him certain luxuries and comforts that will cheer and brighten his old age, provided it does not go to him too late.

MARY E. DE F.—Read White's "Natural History of Selborne," which you will find in almost any public library. It will give you what you need, and also afford you some capital hints in the way of giving clear accounts of what you see and hear. You are not correct in saying "long words certainly are the most important." Webster, in preparing his big dictionary, found it necessary to give two entire columns to the little word GO, and three to its kinsman RUN; but he despatches the mighty word VALETUDINARIANISM in about one line.

PERHAPS the best way of sending this letter to Jack is to commit it to the care of our boys and girls:

Vallejo, Cal., Aug. 1, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have seen "water on fire," such as you tell of in August ST. NICHOLAS. It was when I was coming from New York to San Francisco by steamer. From Panama to Matzatlan we saw lots of it every night in the wake of the steamer. It was very pretty. I liked it very much. Mamma said it was "phosphorescent light." There is one thing more, dear Jack: I want to be one of the Bird-defenders.—Yours respectfully,

HELEN T. BROWN (aged 9 years).

Jasper Scott, H. E. F., "Ned," and several others have finished Jack's "phos——" for him; and Charles Corey, who joins the Bird-defenders, writes "phosphorescence" with the rest.

GOOD ADVICE.—I would like to tell all the little ST. NICHOLAS people whom the October number may find in the country, to take with them when they go walking, a stiff-covered, half-worn book, about as long as this magazine, plucking, as they go along, delicate fern, wild strawberry, lily of the valley, birch, and ivy leaves (wreaths of the latter), and putting them in the book, one in each place, being careful to lay each tiny part of every leaf perfectly smooth between the leaves of the book.

Here will be the foundation for a work of art that will surprise them by the simplicity of its execution, and its beauty when finished.

The book containing the leaves may be laid away until some stormy day next winter, before which time I hope to be allowed to tell what to do with them.

The leaves should be pressed *now*; they cannot be found in the fields and woods next winter. AUNT LIBBIE.

"PLYMOUTH ROCK."—Yes, the author of the Latin story, "Sancti Petri Ædes Sacra," furnished the translation which was published in the August number.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Again we have to record a list of recruits to the Army of Bird-defenders. There must now be a great many boys and girls in this movement. Will some member be so good as to count them for us and send in a report? Ever since the publication of the "preamble and resolutions" in our December number, scores of young folks from all parts of the Union have flocked to the ranks, pledging themselves never to wantonly injure the birds, and to give them all the protection in their power. Here are some new names and lists just received—heartily welcome, one and all: Richard L. Hovey, Helen T. Brown, Joseph S. Steele, Charles Corey, Ella Moore, Anna J. Ewing, Howard B. Smith, Gertie Bradley, Frank H. Burt, Emma C. Preston, Carrie A. Johnson, John Sturtevant, Oscar Hale, George C. Parker, Lidie V. R. Parker, John W. Parker, Jimmy Rogers, Lulu and Willie Habirshaw, Alexander Wiley, Harry Brandt, Ira Cobver, Luke Herring, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Willie H. Frost, Edwin C. Frost, Charles C. McLaughlin, Frank Collins, Carlos Collins, Eddie Lindeman Davenport, Libbie Yocum, T. Miller, Laura Yocum, Nannie Yocum, J. H. Yocum, W. C. Miller, Emily Miller, Kleyda Richardson, and Elliott Verne Richardson.

Jessie A. Hall's list: Allie F. Chapin, A. M. Billings, Clara Coates, Fannie Deane, Lizzie Z. Whitney, Nina Z. Hall, Mary H. Pratt, Mira Thornton, Albert T. Hall, Frank J. Pratt, George Thompson, Miss Mattie E. Lucy, and Mrs. E. A. Hall.

Mary C. Ayers, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following names besides her own: Edith E. Ayers, Morton H. Ayers, Theodore May, Oscar May, Frank T. Bowman, Bessie J. Bowman, Florence A. Bowman, and George H. Bowman.

Edw. W. Robinson sends his own name and the following list: Joseph Greenthall, Joseph Strausser, Sol. Kayser, John Smith, Henry Lafor, John H. Hanan, Louis Vogler, Lewis Robertson, Sam Manheimer, David Manheimer, Julius Lamkay, Adam Fox, Andy Acker, Frederick Acker, Emanuel Bach, Henry A Van Praag, Edward Dennerlein, Emil Nehl, and Moses Berg.

Katie Bachert and Mary Morris, of Cleveland, Ohio, join the army, and also send the following list: Sarah Barnett, Julia Floyd, Maggie Wolfe, Annie Hundertmark, Minnie Hundertmark, Emma Schyslar, Sophie Schyslar, Wm. Geltz, Mrs. B. Bachert, Jno. M. Bachert, Lizzie Kline, Fannie Robinson, Laura Roberts, Carrie Brightman, Louise Elmer, and Flora Lloyd.

And here comes another list from Ohio, sent by Ambrose Morris,

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of Canton: Willis Earnshaw, Charley Remillet, Willie Shower, Willie Rogers, M. A. Earnshaw, George Best, August Holland, Charley E. Wilson, E. H. Morris, Cary Roberts, Norviel Earnshaw, Willie Yant, James Wherry, Frankie Singer, Patrick Welsh, and Levite Best.

ST. NICHOLAS IN THE WEST.—We are delighted to see many evidences that these pages are as thoroughly enjoyed by the children of the far West as by those nearer New York. Scores of our stoutest and most enthusiastic Bird-defenders send their names from beyond the Mississippi, and the Letter Box constantly testifies to the hearty interest of our far-away young friends. Therefore we fully appreciate an item in the *Nebraska City News*, which says: "One of the prettiest sights we have seen this year was that of a little girl, perched upon a hitching-post in Laramie street, eagerly reading ST. NICHOLAS by the light from one of the street-lamps."

TWO GOOD PIECES FOR RECITATION.—Our crowded space compels us to disappoint many correspondents who will look for a "speaking piece" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. In our second volume, which begins next month, we hope to offer many excellent pieces for recitation. Meantime, to "Mamie," "Concord Boy," and "Fidget," we recommend "The Wind and the Moon," by George Macdonald. It is a fine, breezy, dramatic little poem, in eleven easy verses—just the thing to recite. You will find it on page 244 of "Sheldon's Fourth Reader" (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York), which, by the way, is the best "Fourth Reader" for school use or home instruction that we have yet seen. Harry V. L., "Winnie's Brother," and others will find precisely the speaking piece *they* need on page 326 of this same Fourth Reader.

ROYAL TOM OF CHICAGO.—Here is a letter from a little Chicago girl, eleven years of age:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if all the children in the United States were bragging about their smart cats. Now, I don't brag, for it's the truest truth that my Tom is, without any doubt, the champion cat of North America. If you could see him, you would give him the prize, and he deserves it too. On Sundays he wears a bright green ribbon on his neck, which makes him look gay and handsome as a picture. He is so bright and smart that he almost talks. As for his queer tricks, the Letter Box would not contain half of them; but I must tell you of one of his sharp practices:

A wire that rings the front-door bell comes along under the house, up through the kitchen floor. This champion cat has noticed that some of us always open a certain door when this bell is rung. So what should he do one night but try his skill. We were all reading in the sitting-room, when the bell began ringing in such a hurry! Mother said our fortune had come. I thought some little girls had come to see us; so I went to let in the children, or take the box of diamonds,—but what do you think? No one was there, and yet we all heard the ringing! What makes children feel so shivery, if they open the door to let in whoever rang, and they see no one there? The first thought is bad boys; the next is goblins; then, if the hall-lamp is not lit, just think what a long, long time it takes to get where you can tell what is coming next. In a few moments, however, I happened to open the kitchen door, when in walked Mr. Tom. Since that time, he has kept up his trick, and rings whenever he wants to come in—so often, in fact, that papa says we ought to keep a page to open the door for his royal highness. NETTIE E. WILLIAMS.

Detroit, Mich., July 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two sisters, and we belong to your army of Bird-defenders May we tell you of one instance of intelligence in a bird, that has always seemed to us very wonderful? My sister and myself were sitting in our courtyard in New York City, when we heard a sudden rustling and chirping from a hole under the wall. We ran to see what was the matter, and found that a little sparrow had fallen from its nest and struggled into a hole only just large enough to receive it. We tried to draw it out, but the poor little thing was terribly frightened, and shrank back so that we could not reach it, and we returned to our play. In a few minutes, the mother bird appeared and flew down to the hole, chirping and calling to the little one; but it was too frightened to stir. Then the old bird flew away, and in a moment came back with a worm in her mouth, which she laid just inside the hole. The little bird hopped forward to eat it, and the mother laid another still nearer the entrance, and then another, till finally the little one stood entirely without. Was n't that clever? We wanted to put it in the nest again, but we were called away, and when we returned both birds were gone. Don't you suppose the old sparrow thought it all out?—Yours truly,

ALICE AND FANNY EDDY.

Warsaw, N. Y., August 8, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a flower-bed, with a great many pretty flowers in it. Yesterday I found a *double* pansy, and papa said I might send it to you. Will you ask the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS if they have ever found any? I was seven last March. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. IRVING DANN.

Thanks, Irving. The double pansy is so pretty and curious that we wish we could show it, with its bright colors, to all the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS. It looks, at first sight, like one flower; but, on examination, proves to be two perfect pansies growing, back to back, from one stem.

CHARLETON G. C., who, we are pleased to hear, is going to "try Grace Hunter's plan, in the August Letter Box," says he is an invalid, and cannot go up and down stairs, so he has a flower-bed "on the roof of the piazza." Every day he is rolled in his easy chair "right out of the bedroom into this garden;" "for it is a real, true, beautiful garden," he adds, "if it *is* on top of a piazza—isn't it, ST. NICHOLAS?" Yes, Charleton, and a lovely garden, we should say, judging from your letter,—a sort of "hanging garden," for the "hanging gardens" of Babylon were in something of this style. Perhaps, too, a garden in another sense, of which you probably have not thought. The word *garden* originally meant girded or *guarded*, —that is, enclosed. Our Saxon forefathers called any fenced or walled spot not covered by a roof, a garden; and no place, however beautifully laid out or gay with flowers, was known as a garden unless it had a fence or hedge about it.

A STORY TO BE TOLD.

In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 617, we presented six pictures, requiring a story to be told about them, and invited all our boys and girls to tell it. The response has been as surprising as it has been pleasant. Day after day, and from every direction, the stories have been pouring in,—long stories, short stories, sad stories, funny stories, straightforward stories, roundabout stories, and stories so mixed up that the three candid persons who examined them were in danger of losing their wits.

Still they persevered, sometimes praising, sometimes condemning mildly, and sometimes mercifully laying aside utter failures in solemn silence, until on the last day, August 15, the allotted time being up, they settled down to the difficult task of deciding which was the very best story on hand.

And difficult indeed it proved to be. The stories, though wonderfully alike in plot, were so varied in style, spirit and execution, and so nearly balanced as to good and bad qualities, that it seemed impossible to say which was best in every respect. The committee considered and reconsidered. First a doggerel by George V. was pronounced best, but was set aside because it evidently was written by a grown person. Then a funny boyish imitation of Victor Hugo, by *L'Homme qui rit*, stood No. 1: then the quiet "Harry's Lesson," by Alice W. I.; then "Johnny's Holiday," by Bonny Doon, ranked highest, except that its length exceeded the allowed limit by nearly a thousand words. Finally the committee, after taking every point into consideration, decided in favor of Master George M. Griffith, of Blandford, Mass., at the same time resolving that Honorable Mention should be made of the boys and girls who most closely competed with Master Griffith, viz: Susie A. M., George Bunner, Bertha F——n, L'Homme qui Rit, Charles B. P., Philip C. K., Alice W. I., Lizzie Greenway (best penmanship), H. W. S., Herbert H. W., Annie A. F., Minnie Fisher, "Flo," Henry R. H., Lillie L. B., T. J. Dela H., Bertie M. G., Hezekiah H——ll, Ralph R. S., "Nimpo," Frank F. B., Martha J. D., Mabel D., W. R. Jones, N. G. P., Fred M. L., Lulu Albee, George M. R., "Allie," May Ogden, Tony Tompkins, Laura Chamberlin (the last two were the best pair of very short stories), Lawrence P., Lizzie F. S., Georgiana P. C., "Sweet Pea," W. L. B., "Fressie," Willie H. F., Clarence H. C., Seargent P. M., Mattie V. D., and Bessie B. R.

Besides the above, special mention should be made of stories written by two very little girls, Julia Plummer R. and Arabella Ward.

CRUEL SPORT: A TRAGEDY.

Johnny Bates needed—as many boys do—decision of character, or in other words, strength and firmness to resist temptation. Therefore, when his aunt told him he might go to his Uncle Jim's to tea, she was morally certain that he would get into mischief before he reached

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there; but as Johnny was just as morally certain that he would not, she let him go, with many warnings.

A little out of the village, just where Tobias Green's high board fence shut off the frog-pond from fun-loving boys, he met Tom Lawkins and Bill White, two big boys, and Pat Garvey, a little shock-headed fellow, with a pair of blue overalls held by one suspender. Pat was much admired by the boys, and feared by some, for his funny tricks and practical jokes.

"Oh, my! we've got new clothes, have n't we? and us is going to see us's little girl. 'Um! Ah!" said Tom, in a mocking voice as he eyed Johnny's fine Sunday-go-to-meeting suit over Bill's shoulder.

Now, it is repugnant to every boy to have his clothes made fun of, and it is, to say the least, slightly embarrassing to have any little girl you have a liking for poked at you, and to have both of these coupled in one sentence is simply exasperating. But Johnny swallowed his wrath, or as you might say, "lumped" it as you would a dose of quinine, and said, in a particularly hail-fellow, well-met air,—that is, for him:

"Well, fellows, what 's going on now?"

"Oh, only a little money venture."

This from Pat, who was called by most of the boys "Gravy." He spoke the last two words with a kind of a smack, as if he liked the sound.

Now I would not like to say that Johnny was a mercenary boy, but just now money had a peculiar attraction for him on account of a certain kite at the village store.

"I say," quoth John, "do tell me, 'Gravy.'"

"Not till you 'let up' in bein' so proud," said Pat.

"Oh, I 'm not proud; am I?" said Johnny, turning around to appeal to the other boys; but they were gone off.

After a little more teasing, Pat said:

"Well, then, I 'll tell you. One of the village boarders has promised me ten cents for every pair of frogs' hind-legs we get him. Oh, but you 're such a 'fraid cat you would n't dare go."

Johnny gave an undecided grunt.

After a little more fun, "Gravy" changed his tactics to coaxing.

"Come now, Johnny, you go with me and ——" But John, with a sanctimonious look, put his hand on his breast, and said:

"My aunt said not to get into mischief."

"But this aint mischief," said "Gravy," patting him patronizingly on the back, and pointing toward the board fence, "The frog-pond aint far off neither."

"But how can we get over? Perhaps he may see us," feebly remonstrated Johnny.

"No one is in the lot," said "Gravy," peeking through a crack in the fence. "You just creep right under here," he added, pushing aside the bushes and showing a hole under the fence. "Hurry, now." And before Johnny knew it, he was under the fence and Pat after him.

"Now, come quick." And in a few minutes they were wading their way through the deep grass to the frog-pond.

In a few moments they were deep in the excitement of hunting the poor froggies, and did not realize how time flew.

During a specially hard chase for one of the frogs, the little animal seated himself under a log that jutted out over the water. Upon this "Gravy" climbed out first, and was just raising his stick to demolish the frog when Johnny, who was creeping out after him, all of a sudden whispered, "Oh, my! Tobias Green 's coming!"

The effect of that whisper was something dreadful. In an instant, "Gravy" had jumped off the log, which shook it so that off tumbled Johnny into the mud and slime of the frog-pond.

Tobias Green did n't make much "bones" of throwing John over the high board fence, and the poor fellow had to walk home as he was, nearly covered with mud.

He slunk through the "by-ways and hedges," as he said; and the thought that rankled in his bosom most was that Pat, as he ran off, shouted out, "Well, 't any rate, your clothes have had a christening, Jack."

At the gate, he met his sister Sally, who just gasped, "Why, John Bates!" and led him to his aunt. Her horror-stricken face sent Johnny into fresh tears.

"Why, John Bates! where have you been? Your uncle's been here to get you, and I know these clothes 'll never wash. O, dear!"

But she took him into the house and gave him a cookey, only saying, "It's half-past six, and time you had a decent supper;" for with all her cross words she pitied him, and tried to soothe him with everything but words.

If you feel at all concerned about his clothes, you have only to look at the picture, and you will see them on the line. They do look quite decent, after all, so there is something consoling in this tragedy.

GEO. M. GRIFFITH.

On second thoughts, we have decided to let our young readers see George Valentyne's pathetic account of

THE LUCKLESS BOY WHO FELL IN.

To the district school in our town,
Went Bobby Patchet and Marmaduke Brown
And a lot of other boys,
To whom we do not intend to refer in this narrative, as they were too numerous to mention and only prominently remarkable
For making a noise.

Bobby Patchet was round and fat,
He went bareheaded 'cause he had n't a hat.
He needed a coat
Also, as well as several other articles that go to make up a gentleman's wardrobe, but which he did without, as he had no cash wherewith to make purchases, and the storekeeper refused
To accept his note.

Little cared he for pride or riches,
While one suspender held his breeches.
He went out to play
As a regular business, which he conducted with that constant energy and close attention so characteristic of American youth
At the present day.

Marmaduke Brown was longer of limb,
Taller and just a trifle more slim
Than Master Bobby Patchet;
And dressed constantly in store-clothes, for his parents were more wealthy than Bobby's, and if his mother had seen him in the street in as careless a costume as Bobby's, she would have told him to go right into the house, where
He 'd have been sure to "catch it."

His clothes were clean, and bright, and new,—
His jacket and cap a beautiful blue,—
His shoes were elegant fits;
But his capacity for getting into trouble with his wearing apparel and disarranging his garments, was sufficient to worry his painstaking mother
Almost out of her wits.

To search for knowledge is noble—hence,
Bobby Patchet peeped through the fence
That guarded a bog
Near by the Patchet residence, where in the cool of the evening he had often heard the mellifluous,
Trilling song of a frog.

Marmaduke Brown, splendidly dressed
From top to toe in his Sunday best,
Was going down street,
On his way to visit his uncle's family, at whose delightful home he hoped to remain for several days, if convenient,
When whom should he meet

But Bobby Patchet after a stick,
With which he meant to kill very quick
That frog in the bog.
So he generously invited Master Brown to come and see the fun, also promising to exhibit afterward a recent acquisition by the Patchet family, viz.,
A large yellow dog.

Passing the fence, they joyfully see,
In proper position, a root of a tree
Over the bog.
With stealthy steps and hurried care, they make their way out upon the exposed root, toward the clump of vegetation whereon reposed, in watchful idleness,
The aforesaid frog.

Marmaduke, carefully balancing, stood
Over the mud-hole as long as he could,
And then tumbled in.
Ker—splash—much to Bobby's surprise, scaring away Mr. Frog and discovering the depth of the mud to be
Just up to his chin.

Scrambling and crawling out of the mire,
Came Marmaduke Brown in his Sunday attire,
And started for home,
Carrying with him a large quantity of—and dropping along the road at intervals samples of—a rich, creamy, well-moistened,
Light yellow loam.

Marmaduke's sister, Sophronia Brown,
Met him returning, and, holding her gown
Back out of the dirt,
Took him by the shoulder, and, marching him around to the back-door, went for him with an old broom and a pail of water, only stopping to see
How much he was hurt.

Marmaduke's clothing hangs out on the line;
He stays in the house under guard feminine
All the day long.
But Bobby Patchet is still hunting for that frog; for if he does not catch him, he is sure that in the cool of the evening will be repeated, without request, the somewhat
Monotonous song.

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THE RIDDLE BOX.

RIDDLE.

My first is refreshing; oh! many it 's fed;
My next is a prominent part of the head;
My third lends to beauty its power to please;
My fourth is the very quintessence of ease;
My fifth is the head of all species of fun.
My whole is a criminal good people shun.

A. S.

ENIGMA.

The answer contains thirteen letters, and is the name of a plant. The 8, 2, 4, 13, 10 is a plant; the 1, 9, 6, 5, 11 is an opening; the 12, 3, 7 is a vessel. RUTHVEN.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.

(Fill the first blank with a word the letters of which may be used in filling the following blanks.)

The —— in Summer's hues we saw
Near the —— of the mountain's brow;
The favoring —— —— far behind,
And —— some were the songsters now.
Down in the —— the willows waved
The streamlet —— us far away;
Into the sunlit, rocky ——,
Where we could ramble —— the day.

ALDEBARAN.

REBUS, No. 1.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

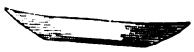
1. Was —— supposed to have carried an ——? 2. Did —— ever cross the Isthmus of ——? 3. Were not both —— and —— produced by Juno striking the earth? 4. —— must frequently have encountered a ——. 5. Oh, ——! arouse from thy long ——. 6. We will appeal to —— the god of ——. 7. Depart, pale —— from ——.

RUTH.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Minnie sat down, one morning, to make some drawings in her sketch-book. She looked out at the window, and saw an old bucket. She took great pains with her sketch, and, after awhile, produced a drawing like this:

Next she drew a picture of an old pewter wash-basin which was sitting on a shelf. Here you see the picture of the basin:



Then she tried to draw the profile of the boy who washed his face in the basin. Her work was not very satisfactory this time.

Her next trial was a drawing of a brush which was used to sweep up the ashes from the hearth. This is the picture of the brush:

She looked out in the yard again, and spied a croquet mallet with a broken handle. It was soon transferred to the sketch-book.

Then she drew a picture of one of the wickets, from memory. This was not hard to do, as you may judge from this:

Her riding-whip was resting against the wall, so she made a sketch of that.

Just then her string of beads broke. After she had gathered them together, she commenced to draw them; but, as the sketch looked very much out of proportion, she did not finish it. Here it is:

At last, Minnie cut the drawings out and put them together, like a "dissected" map; and, behold! they formed the picture of what her grandfather termed "A young man 'of ye olden time.'"

By tracing these pictures, and then cutting them out and putting them together, you can make the same picture that Minnie made.

Lucius Goss.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.

If I were captured by a ——
It sure would make me very ——
My captor would I soundly ——
And poison everything he ——

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a pronoun, and get a possessive. 2. Syncopate a measure, and get a plant. 3. Syncopate anger, and get a place. 4. Syncopate fleeced, and get preserved. 5. Syncopate renown, and get bloody.

H. B. F.

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REBUS, No. 2.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in lost, but not in found;
My second is in hit, but not in pound;
My third is in poor, but not in rich;
My fourth is in tar, but not in pitch;
My fifth is in money, but not in gold;
My sixth is in young, but not in old;
My seventh is in pike, but not in rock;
My eighth is in hen, but not in cock;
My ninth is in winter, but not in fall;
My tenth is in hammer, but not in maul;
My eleventh is in three, but not in four;
My twelfth is in fly, but not in soar.
And my whole is the name of a bird. NIP.

PUZZLE.

I FISHED in the Thames this summer day,
And drew from its depths, quite unaware,
Four Biblemen who were buried elsewhere:
Wonder of wonders! Who are they?

L. S. G.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THERE is much musical —— in the —— family. 2. Let us —— in and hear ——. 3. Oh! if —— could but —— again. 4. —— deserves a —— for his non-appearance. 5. I heard of —— even in ——. 6. Have you any music of —— ——? RUTH.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Largentiere.—1. Kabooloosoo. 2. Lancaster. 3. Larraga. 4. Lages. 5. Lea. 6. N. 7. Ita. 8. Laino. 9. Laneend. 10. Landriano. 11. Junglebarry.

ENIGMA.—"A new broom sweeps clean."

HIDDEN WORD.—Black-board.—Be—Ella—seek a bee—oh—aye—are—Dee.

CHARADE.—Chinchilla.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Conundrum.—1. C. 2. Rob. 3. Renew. 4. Regular. 5. Conundrum. 6. Beldame. 7. Warms. 8. Rue. 9. M.

PICTURESQUE ENIGMA.—Confectionery.

SEXTUPLE SQUARE WORD.—1. Olivet. 2. Lamina. 3. Impost. 4. Violet. 5. Ensecal. 6. Tattle.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—"Fast bind, fast find."

BLANK SQUARE.—Mite, Item, Team, Emma.

REBUS.—Great men on both continents begun life poor.

PATCHWORK.—Love.

PUZZLE.—"Six young ladies:" Hannah, Ada, Eve, Anna, Bab and Nan. "Three lads:" Bob, Otto and Asa. Noon, madam, bub, sis, nun, tenet, peep, tot, gog, deed, minim, aha, eye, tat, civic, gig, tut-tut, level, bib, redder, toot, pip, pap, dad.

A PERFECT FIGURE-SQUARE.—

8 9 4 3 3 4 9 8
9 4 3 8 8 3 4 9
4 3 8 9 9 8 3 4
3 8 9 4 4 9 8 3
3 8 9 4 4 9 8 3
4 3 8 9 9 8 3 4
9 4 3 8 8 3 4 9
8 9 4 3 3 4 9 8

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Wren—Lark.—

Cra—W L—ing.
Fo—R A—ge.
Cov—E R—ely.
Tha—N K—ful.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER have been received, previous to August 18, from Harry M. D. Erisman, "Cassy," Freddie Bradley, "Jicks," Edward W. Robinson, Susie G. and Mary H. Wilson, Lucy R. and Sophie Johnson, Thomas Baldwin, "Mamie and Bessie," William A. Howell, "Hardnut," Eddie H. Eckel, Lulu M. Sutton, "Frank and Laura," Lizzie C. Brown, Carrie Wells, "Flo," Louise F. Olmstead, Harry C. Powers, Kittie Saintor, John S. Peckham, Henry C. Hart. S. T. Nicholas, Helen B. Fancharl, Thomas J. De la Hunt, Mary M. Farley, Frank H. Burt, Mary C. Ayers, "Hattie and Ella," Clarence H. Campbell, Florence Palmer, Bertha Ferguson, Fannie D. Musgore. Carrie A. Johnson, Florence Graham, Edna H. Kiersted, Rebekah Yates, Nellie Du Puy, Gertrude H. Rugg, Florence Chandler, Willie and Dorah Bryan, Willie R. Collins, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Lucy A. Pryor, T. O. M., Ellen G. Hodges, Emilie L. Haines, William T. Roberts, A. C. C., "Hallie & Co.," Carrie Mairs, Sallie Bush, Mary L. Hubbard, Grace E. Rockwell, Emma C. Preston, Lewis C. Preston, Carrie S. Simpson, "Pond-lily," "Mignonette," Hattie Crane, Minnie Boyer, Mattie C. Haskins, David H. Shipman, Lillie T. Gray, Fred Worthington, Willie Boucher Jones, "Osgood," Worthington C. Ford, John Maryland, Joseph Frank Bird. Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin H. Smith, D. W. McCullough, Eddie E. De Vinne, Florence P. Spofford Belle R. Hooper, Lulu and Willie Habershaw, Marion A. Coombs, Fannie Humphrey, Jessie O. Mallory, Grace G. Hiler, Fred M. Loomie, S. Walter Goodson, Georgie D. Clemens, Ida Crouch, Rose White, G. Davison, Cedar Hill (Tarrytown), "Claire," Fred A. Pratt, Oscar Hale, Mary Dimond, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Jimmy Rogers, Mamie Irvine, Sarah J. Russell, Clara L. Anthony, "Oliver Twist," Hattie C. Smith, "Queen Pickaninny," Willie H. Frost, W. F. Bridge, J. Bridge, "Fan and Ted," M. C. Sherman, S. Young, Nellie S. Colby, James Sherwood, Johnnie Sherwood, May Brodnax, M. C. G., Susie E. Avery, George B. Crow, Carrie R. Leake, John S. Adriance, Isaac Adriance, M. N. McElroy.

MAR 18

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